Spirit of the Times

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE } CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST. IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1839.

VOL. IX.—No. 10.

PROPERTY NEW-YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are compelled most reluctantly to withhold No. III. of "The London Stage Twenty Years Ago," till next week. The arrival of so many packets at once renders this absolutely necessary, much as we dislike retaining so interesting a paper in our desk.

"Twigg" is received, as likewise "Miss Julia," and we shall look after both forthwith.

Glad to hear from the "old 'un" in the far West, but positively too long and too late for this week. Capital story that!

E. H. B. will find his favor attended to in our next. Too many races this week to see, and too many foreign papers to read,—haven't thought of sleeping for four days past.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 11, 1839.

News by the Liverpool.

This fine steam ship arrived on Tuesday evening last, having sailed the 20th ult.; she brought Liverpool dates to the 20th, and London to the 19th, both inclusive. We may just note the political intelligence received by her, premising that it is infinitely less interesting than the sporting news, which the reader will find further onwards.

The British House of Commons were engaged from the 15th ult. till the Liverpool sailed, with Lord John Russell's motion upon the administration of Ireland. It is made the test question, and should he fail to carry it, the present ministry will at once resign. The debate had not concluded on the 19th, but the best opinion appears to be that the ministry will succeed by a majority of about twenty. Lord John Russell made a very long speech upon introducing his motion, and was replied to at equal length by Sir Robert Peel. The papers laud the one and decry the other, as the politics of each incline them. We should suppose that the ministry had chosen this question as their strongest position. They will be sustained by many who, on other questions of policy, are radically opposed to them.

English politics present this curious spectacle. The present ministry have been kept in power by the Irish interest and the Radicals. The Radicals are now divided; one portion of them, of which the "Spectator" is the organ, being determined to oust the ministry, and throw the government into the hands of the Tories, as ultimately their own shortest way to power. The other portion, whose sentiments we have through the "Examiner," deprecate this course with great earnestness, alleging that it would be impossible to turn out the Tories within seven years should they now get into office. The "Spectator" allows that it is now optionary with Sir Robert to take office or not, and all the press indicate that he does not yet think the time ripe for doing so. Verily the Radicals are aiming at their remote ends by a very circuitous route.

The "Disputed Territory" question excites very little attention in England, less, indeed, than any other political topic which is discussed at all. There is a persuasion prevalent in England, we fully believe, that we have all the right of the controversy, but that it is indispensible for the security of the Canadas that England should secure a right of way across the "territory," by negociation or bullying, if she can—if not, then by purchase. The Maine people are supposed by them to be ready to drive a bargain in the last resort.

The affairs of the French government are extremely worthy of attention. The reader was informed last week of the difficulty of Louis Philippe in forming a Cabinet. A provisionary one has been formed, made up of men little known at home, and not at all here; but it is avowedly a *temporary* Cabinet, formed merely to comply with the forms of their constitution, and give the King time to break up the Coalition against him, or die with decency. The Chambers met under these circumstances, they were opened by commission, and there was no "king's speech." Violent debates ensued in verifying the credentials of the different members, and the time thus gained the King employed in operating upon the Coalition. He succeeded in winning over—buying off is the word used *there*,—thirty *Doctrinaires*, with M. Guizot at their head, and twenty of the *Centre gauche*, with M. Passy. This gentleman was thereupon elected President, in opposition to Odillon Barrot, who was the candidate of Thiers and the rest of the Coalition. This is claimed, and justly, as a great victory on the part of the monarch, but it is by no means yet confirmed, and no one should be surprised at learning by the next arrival that no ministry the King may be able to compose, can resist the attacks of two such orators as Thiers and Barrot.

The truth is, that the *people* in France have very little weight in the government. The number of electors in a population of thirty millions is so surprisingly small, (we will not name it, having no authority at hand,) that the government cannot be said to be of popular choice. The correspondent of the "Times" calls it "a government of Coteries." These coteries are swayed by the meanest of motives; there is of course no stability about them, nor can we look for a fixed and settled government in France till the representative principle has there been brought into unlimited operation. Revolutions do not march backwards, nor henceforth will the world—and however the timid, the cautious, and the interested may struggle against it, the world must settle down upon the basis on which our own constitution rests, *the complete political equality of conditions among men.*

From politics let us turn to fashion and personal news received by the Liverpool. The Queen of England has held two "Drawing Rooms," and columns of the fashionable journals are filled with the names of those presented, and pages, with descriptions of the dresses of the ladies. Will our fair readers forgive us if we omit to copy these last, and refer them to the "Lady's Companion" for further information?

The Marquis of Douro, the eldest son of England's great Captain, has married Lady Elizabeth Hay. This event, with the names of those present at the ceremony, and at the subsequent reception, and stories about the jewels presented to his daughter-in-law by the Duke, command columns of room in the London journals.

John Galt, the author, is no more; he was carried off by a succession of paralytic attacks.

Paganini is ill, and, as is thought, past recovery. They are already speculating upon the division of his great fortune of two millions of dollars. The press say that it is to be divided among five or six hundred contemporary musicians. Should this meet the great fiddler's eye before his exit, we beg to inform him that we once practised "the German flute" ourselves, and now listen daily, with the patience of a martyr, to the soothing notes of an amateur, just over our heads, who is learning the bassoon, or French horn—we cannot possibly distinguish which.

Queen Victoria has just received a present from Persia, of all things that would be likely best to please her Majesty. It consists of between fifty and sixty superb shawls, woven in the looms of Shiraz and Ispahan, and exhibiting proofs of skill and taste that fully authorize the Shah to anticipate a favorable reception for the "rich gifts" he has transmitted.

Victoria proposes visiting her relative Leopold, the King of the Belgians. It causes great indignation in the breasts of her German-hating subjects, who are infinitely suspicious of the influence of the Cobourg family. She has never been on the Continent.

Her Majesty has involved herself not a little by her course in the affair of Lady Flora Hastings. The family of that lady are determined to hold the Queen, *through* Melbourne, to a strict account for the mortification it has cost them. Two pages further on, the reader will find a full and interesting correspondence on the subject.

The sporting intelligence brought by the late arrivals is unusually interesting. The racing season has now fairly commenced, and on the next page will be found the returns of the Newmarket Craven Meeting. It is full of interest as so many of the horses that figure in the report, are engaged in the Derby. The reader will observe how the odds on that great event have fluctuated from this cause. (By the way, it is proper here to say that the report is from "Bell's Life in London," which is a model of a sporting journal. Whenever our readers are at a loss for our authority for any English sporting event, credit being inadvertently omitted, he will do no wrong if he ascribe it at once to Bell's Life.)

SULTAN is dead,—that sire of a host of winners, among which we may note Bay Middleton and Glencoe, as the most distinguished. He broke his thigh at Burghley, on the 28th of March, and was consequently obliged to be destroyed. He was in his twenty-third year. He was the property of Lord Exeter. In a future number we shall find room for a more extended notice of him.

A brother of Bay Middleton has been the first favorite for the approaching Derby, since that event came into the market. Our readers will observe on another page, that he has just won the Riddlesworth, for which he had been backed at heavy odds. Since that event he has been christened CÆSAR. Lord Jersey has likewise won the "Tuesday's Riddlesworth," with Ilderim, by Ishmael or Emilius out of Filagree, the grand dam of Cæsar. This stock of horses has won a deal of money for his Lordship. In "Riddlesworths" and "Tuesday's Riddlesworths" he has no compeer, as may be inferred from the annexed statement which we find in "Bell's Life."

Lord Jersey has won the Riddlesworth seven times, viz.:	Value.
In 1827 with Glenartney, 7 ran	£2000
In 1831 with Riddlesworth, 5 ran	1900
In 1833 with Lucius, 5 ran	2000
In 1836 with Bay Middleton, 6 ran	2600
In 1837 with Achmet, 6 ran	2500
In 1838 with Phœnix, 3 ran	1800
In 1839 with Cæsar, 2 ran	1500
Total	£14,300

The winner's stake is deducted from the above. Of the above seven winners Cobweb is the dam of all except Glenartney and Riddlesworth.

He has won the Tuesday's Riddlesworth three out of the six years it has been established, viz.:—

1834, Glencoe, 4 ran	£1400
1835, Ibrahim, 4 ran	£1400
1839, Ilderim, 4 ran	£1400
Total	£4200

Winner's stake deducted.

Lord Suffield has been compelled to go over to the Continent. He was largely engaged upon the turf, and we always found his name in the reports from Melton Mowbray, and of the great Steeple Chases. The turf, however, it is understood, has had nothing to do with his misfortunes. His horses were sold the first day of the Craven Meeting, by order of the Sheriff, at very paltry prices, which may yet be worth annexing.

Arsenic, 6 yrs. old, by The Colonel, out of Arsena by Morisco, out of Arethissa, by Quiz, &c.—no engagement	110 gs.
Marie, 3 yrs., by Waverley, out of Benevolence by Figaro, her dam by Shuttle—engaged in the St Leger	21
Alms, 3 yrs., by Langar, out of Valiant's dam, by Tramp, Shuttle, &c.—*either with or without her engagements*	60
Vernon, 3 yrs., by Laurel, out of Datura's dam, by Don Cossack, Sorcerer, Justice, &c.—with his engagements	100
St. Luke, 6 yrs., by Bedlamite, out of Eliza Leeds by Comus Helen, by Hambletonian	50
Bay filly, by Filho da Puta; a good hack	56
Bay hack	50

Considerable time was lost before any one would venture to make an offer for either Alms or Vernon, owing to the number of their engagements. Lord Lichfield, Captain Rous, and Mr. Tattersall "argufied the topic," and it was a last agreed that Vernon should be put up with his engagements, and Alms either with or without hers. Vernon was bought by Lord Lichfield, who received 300 ft. from the Duke of Richmond's Glenlivat, matched with Vernon, and entered in the list for the very day of the sale. Hereafter we may give some further notice of the causes which led to the pecuniary embarrassments and departure of Lord Suffield.

Lord De Roos is dead—a nobleman who was brought into disgraceful notoriety by his cheating at cards. The result of the action which he brought against the gentleman who had defamed him, as he alleged, was damning, and since that period he has lived in retirement and disgrace. We published a full report of the trial at the time. The remains of this nobleman were interred in the Cemetery, Kensal-green. The funeral was conducted in the most private manner, and the only relative who attended was Colonel De Roos, the brother of the deceased. Death does not silence the wholesome indignation at his guilt, nor stay the jests of the wits. Theodore Hook was conversing at the Garrick Club with some of his compeers when the recent death was brought upon the tapis. Some one observed he wondered what sort of an epitaph would be placed upon his monument, when Hook instantly replied, "Oh! I'll tell you. Here lies Henry, 15th Baron de Roos, anxiously waiting for the last *trump*." Another good thing we likewise have seen. A noble Lord having at the Garrick Club declared his disbelief of the "card-playing" imputation upon Lord de Roos, said in the presence of a wag, "And, indeed, so persuaded am I of his innocence, that I even left my card at his house." "Did his Lordship *mark* it!" was the natural inquiry. "Not that I am aware," was the reply. "Oh, then," replied the querist, "you may depend his Lordship thought it no *honor*."

A paragraph has been going the rounds of the papers, alleging that Lord Ward had lost to a noble Earl, and a gentleman of sporting celebrity, the sum of £200,000, which paragraph seems to have been copied from a Worcester paper. The same report, with the addition of the names of the supposed implicated parties, appeared in a scandalizing Sunday paper. Lord Ward, in a letter to the *Times*, says:—"The Earl alluded to I have met in society, and the gentleman of sporting celebrity in the field, but with neither have I ever been engaged in play for one moment, nor to either have I ever lost one farthing."

The Hon. Edward Petre, who has been residing on the continent for the last four years, is on the eve of returning home. His losses on the turf, five years since, exceeded two hundred thousand pounds, and his other debts were considerable. Every claim is now liquidated, under the able superintendence of the principal trustee, his uncle, the Duke of Norfolk.

The retirement of Lord Henry Seymour from the French turf is thus announced in the New Sporting Magazine:—

It is with sincere regret that we have to communicate to our readers, that that best of noble English turfmen in France, Lord Henry Seymour, is about to bring all his thorough-bred stock to the hammer. It is not for us to inquire into his lordship's reasons for this painful distribution; but we look upon it with that trouble of spirit, which attends the perusal of a catalogue of some great book-collector's sale. All the black-letter works—all the rare *Wynkin de Wordes—Caxtons* and *Maxcys*,—assembled in the *paddock* of one Library, with such zealous care, and at such heedlessness of cost—sent at once all abroad, scattered, depreciated,—at a *single knock*—Lord Henry Seymour's stock is of the purest blood; a rare admixture of all that is famed for speed and stoutness; they are the *black-lettered* works of the stud,—the *Caxtons*—the *Wynkin de Wordes* of the turf!—We find, in looking at the following splendid list, the richest and wisest amalgamation of the blood of Whisker, Catton, (Royal-Oak) Rainbow, Bustard, Blacklock, Sultan, (Ibrahim), Whalebone, Woful, and Walton, (Direct,) Cain, Cadland, Terror, and Reveller! It would be as interesting, and less fatal to a turf enthusiast to trace these streams of *blood* up to their Eastern sources,—as it has been to a Clapperton, or a Park, to seek the sources of the Niger or the Nile. *The Arabs are accountable for all Lord Henry's stud.*

It appears that we gave our readers a wrong impression as to the American horse matched against the "Birmingham mare," to trot three mile heats. It is not, we learn, *the* Rattler, the competitor of Dutchman, but another American horse of the same name, that is destined to beat the "Lady." "Whankey" is the new *nom de guerre* of this latter Rattler.

Winning the Riddlesworth placed Cæsar far a-head for the Derby, his friends requiring less than 3 to 1. £2000 to £700 against him was often taken. But the result of the "First Spring Meeting," (of which we have received four days, though we have not room for them this week,) has sent him to the right about. Indeed, the whole betting has fluctuated strangely of late. The Craven Meeting drove a number of favorites completely out of the field, and fixed Cæsar apparently with perfect security at the top of the list. In the following week a new favorite came into the market. Bell's Life remarks of the betting on the 8th of April that "the grand movement of the day was in Scott's stable, which has at length furnished a 'rattling favorite' in an outsider of long standing, Dragsman; the first odds taken were 25 to 1, and the next 15 to 1, for two or three hundred pounds; 16 to 1 was then betted several times, and at this price, with backers, he left off; a large amount has been laid out during the winter on this new fancy at 50 to 1 and upwards. Of the rest of Scott's lot, Erin-go-Bragh was the only horse in any demand, and in him very little improvement was discernible—Dragsman, in fact, has *driven* the *team* out of the market." The Thursday following (the 11th) proved that the movement on Monday was no mistake, for in double quick time (so eager were his patrons to secure good places) he rose from 16 to 10 to 1; the next offer to this, 9 to 1, being swallowed with equal zeal; his present quotation cannot be said to exceed 17 to 2. "Judex" thus writes of this *jump*:—

The betting at Tattersall's on Monday is worthy of some notice, inasmuch as a horse in Scott's stable, so long neglected, Dragsman by name, jumped, in the space of three hours, from 50 to 15 to 1, the latter price accepted to about £200; so strong an "office" could hardly have been given without good cause, and it was naturally inferred that some trial had come off on the Sunday, an opinion considerably strengthened by the fact that 12, 10, and finally 9 to 1 was taken on Thursday. The speculation on which is Scott's best has been most interesting. Some persevere that it is Zimmerman, while others maintain that Erin-go-Bragh is the nag. Epidaurus has throughout the winter found supporters, while the proceedings this week would induce all to believe it must be Dragsman. Dangerous work to back one against so many: back the lot, I say, and lay against those you do not fancy. The Lord Mayor receded from 25 to 40 to 1. If another in the same stable comes it so strong, of course for the time being, the previous favorites must go back. That Scott has a good horse I have little doubt; but far be it from me, in my public capacity, (for I have many followers,) to give a preference without very good reason.

The First Spring Meeting commenced on the 15th of April, on the evening of which day the following was the state of the odds on the great event at Newmarket:—

THE DERBY.

2 to 1 agst	Lord Jersey's lot
3 to 1 ——	Scott's lot
3 to 1 ——	Lord Jersey's Cæsar, by Sultan, out of Cobweb [t]
7 to 1 ——	Mr. G. Clerk's Dragsman, bro. to Lady Jane, by St. Nicholas [t]
8 to 1 ——	Col. Peel's The Dey of Algiers, by Priam, out of Tamworth's dam
16 to 1 ——	Mr. Thornhill's Euclid, by Emilius, out of Maria
16 to 1 ——	Lord Jersey's Ilderim, by Emilius or Ishmael, out of Filagree
30 to 1 ——	Sir G. Heathcote's Valaincourt, by Velocipede, out of Paradigm
30 to 1 ——	Mr. Bowes's Erin-go-Bragh, by Emancipation, out of Cicely.
40 to 1 ——	Marquis of Westminster's The Lord Mayer, (the Honeymoon colt.)
40 to 1 ——	Mr. Batson's Bro. to Plenipo, by Emilius, out of Harriet.

The events of the week which were to affect these odds were the 2000 gs. stake and the Newmarket stake. In the former Cæsar was engaged; for this he was backed at starting at 6 to 1 *on* him, but he was beaten by a neck by a horse not named in the last quoted odds, Lord Lichfield's "Gulnare colt," as he *was* called, by Sir Hercules. Forty to one were the odds against him for the Derby in town the week previous. This race gave him a good name, The Corsair, and a better place in the betting, 9 to 1 against him. But singularly enough, Cæsar still ranged higher, for only 7 to 1 was to be had against him. The race is thus described by the Morning Post's correspondent:—

The Gulnare colt went away with the lead, Cæsar lying about half a length behind him to the bushes, where he went in front; at the bottom he was clearly in difficulty, and the Gulnare colt "coming again," collared him as soon as they faced the hill; a terrific race followed, and terminated in the last stride in favor of Lord Lichfield's colt by a neck. Æther was well laid up throughout, and was not beaten more than a length. Wakefield rode the winner in a highly creditable manner. It was obvious that Cæsar neither liked going down or up hill, which some of his friends attribute to his being "sore;" it appeared to us, in addition, that he went none the better for a taste of the whipcord.

The 1000 Guineas Stake on Thursday was won by Mr. Watts' Cara, by Belshazzar, now in this country, out of Fanchon, sister to Lapdog, beating the Duke of Portland's Cænis, (who was the favorite at 11 to 10 against her,) and several others.

The Newmarket Stake was run on the day before the Liverpool sailed, and the result had not reached our agent in Liverpool when the steamer left.

Don John, who was beaten at the Craven by Grey Momus, ran again successfully at the First Spring Meeting, though his competitors were of small account.

(*Continued on the 3d page.*)

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

On reaching head-quarters on Sunday last, we found everything in the extremity of dullness; not a dozen people were to be seen, and we at once took it for granted either that the races had lost their wonted attractions, or that from some powerful motive they had been postponed; a few minutes of inquiry put us right on both points: several arrivals had taken place, but the intense coldness of the weather had converted every house into a prison, from which few of the inmates were disposed to emerge. The sky, it is true, was bright, and it was what is called a "fine day," but a fierce easterly wind gave a winterly character to the day, and promised little comfort on the heath. The Telegraph brought down a good load, and several of the higher class of visitors having arrived "post" in the course of the day, we took our usual station in the Coffee-room yard, in the expectation that a ring would be formed, and a little business done either on the Riddlesworth or Derby; nothing of the sort, however, took place; there was not even an apology for a ring, and we did not hear a single bet, or an offer to bet, in any part of the day. There was a pretty good muster at the Jockey Club Dinner, but the only bets we could hear of were 50 to 1 each agst Montreal and Æther in one bet, and 250 to 200 on Camellino against Montreal.

Monday.—The weather was nearly the same in character as on Sunday, fine, but not quite so cold. A great many fresh arrivals took place in the course of the morning, and the sale of Lord Suffield's race horses (a compulsory one, we regret to add) was well attended. Some expected to see Caravan put up, not being aware that the Noble Earl had disposed of him to Capt. Berkeley. The sale realized a very small sum.

On the completion of this unpleasant business, the ring was formed under one of the piazzas in the Coffee-room yard, and the betting, small as it was, at once showed two or three highly important changes in the Derby, 11 to 1 was first laid in hundreds agst Cæsar (the name given to Bro. to Bay Middleton after his race); 10 to 1 was then betted, and at that price he closed. Several offers were made to take 15 to 1 about The Dey of Algiers; there was so general a shyness, however, on the part of the layers of the odds, that nothing was done, and we were unable to get at his price. Mr. Thornhill's Euclid (the Maria colt) was backed freely at 20 to 1; Kremlin at the same price; and 35 to 1 taken about Montreal; no other bets were made. Not a single engagement was made on the Riddlesworth; it was known that Cæsar and Euclid were all that were left to run, and the question was actually raised—"Will they not divide?" This, we believe, was never contemplated, but the mere dread that it might take place naturally enough prevented any speculation. The races commenced at 1 o'clock, and continued until four, an hour having been allowed between the last two races, in consequence of Euclid being engaged in both. The attendance was tolerably good, considering the severity of the weather, and included the following fashionables:—Dukes of Portland, Rutland & Beaufort; Marq. of Exeter & Tavistock; Count Bathanany; Lords Jersey, Verulam, Lichfield, Albemarle, Godolphin, S. Osborne, Stradbroke, G. H. Bentinck, J. Fitzroy, C. Manners, & Villiers; Sirs D. Baird, S. Graham, & J. Shelley; Lady Chesterfield; Honourables: Gen. Grosvenor, G. Anson, G. S. Byng, J. Villiers, — Villiers, — Grimston, H. Rous, W. Rous, W. Fitzroy, and Col. Peel; Messrs. C. (and Mrs.) Wilson, Thornhill, Thornhill, jun., — Portman, Etwall, M. P., — Watt, Bowes, M.P., Gardnor, Payne, Greville, Clive, Cotterell, Delme, Radcliffe, Hunter, Crommelin, Worrall, Foulis, J. Bayly, Dolphin, Irby, Sloane, Stanley, Hawker, Newton, Newton, jun., &c. &c.

The following are details of the running:—

The Craven Stakes of 10 sovs. each; for three yr. olds, 6st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 13lb.; six and aged, 9st. 5lb.; A.F.; ten subs.

Mr. Rayner's Quo Minus, by Zingance, 4 yrs	(Robinson)	1
Mr. Bowes' Epirus, 5 yrs	(H.Edwards)	2
Col. Peel's Paganini, 4 yrs	(Pavis)	3
Lord Albemarle's Barcarole, 4 yrs	(E. Edwards)	0
Lord Lichfield's ch. c. by Actæon, out of Wings, 3 yrs	(Cotton)	0
Mr. Worrall's Antler, 3 yrs	(a lad)	0
Lord Exeter's f. by Reveller, out of Amina, 3 yrs	(a lad)	0

Only three placed; Dash, Scamander, and Nickleby, were drawn.

Betting: 6 to 4 agst Epirus, and 3 to 1 agst Quo Minus.—Barcarole went off in front, followed, nearly abreast of each other, by Quo Minus and Paganini, Epirus lying in Quo Minus's wake. They kept this order to the bushes hill, where the mare gave up, and Quo Minus went on with the running, Paganini officiating as second. Epirus waited on both into the bottom, where he made his effort, defeated Paganini at the cords, but could not reach Quo Minus, who won cleverly by three parts of a length, the same space parting second and third; the three were two or three lengths clear of the lot behind, the rear being brought up by Lord Exeter's filly and Barcarolle.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; A.M.; thirteen subs.

Lord Albemarle's Domino, bro. to Masquerade, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb	(Cotton)	1
Lord Jersey's Joannina, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb	(Robinson)	2
Mr. Batson's Vespertilio, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb	(Nat)	0
Lord Exeter's Mecca, 4 yrs, 8st. 8lb	(Conelly)	0
Mr. Worrall's Dormouse, 4 yrs, 8st. 8lb	(Rogers)	0
Mr. Thornhill's Montezuma, 3 yrs, 7st. 3lb	(Pettit)	0
Lord Stradbroke's f. by Taurus, out of Arethissa, 3 yrs, 7st	(Wakefield)	0
Gen. Yates's Siroc (carried 7st), 3 yrs, 6st 10lb	(Pavis)	0
Mr. Newton's Retrospect, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb	(Doe)	0
Lord Exeter's c. by Mulatto, out of Marchesa, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb	(a lad)	0
Mr. Greville's Pydna, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb	(a lad)	0

Only two placed; Barcarolle 9st., and Marganss (Shoveller filly), 3 yrs., 7st. 7lb., paid.

The betting was 3 to 1 against Dormouse for a considerable time, but a few minutes before starting 2 to 1 was taken; 4 to 1 was offered agst Joannina, 5 to 1 agst Domino, who had a good many friends, 5 to 1 agst Vespertilio, 5 to 1 agst Retrospect, and 7 to 1 agst Marchesa. Domino took the lead, followed by Dormouse and the light-weight division, Joannina and Montezuma, steadied by the weight, being kept in reserve. When near the cords, Joannina came out at the upper side, and Dormouse and Montezuma on the lower, but neither could wrest the lead from little Cotton, who rode his horse very steadily, was never headed, and won cleverly by a length; Joannina was second, and Dormouse, as it appeared to us, third; Montezuma, however, ran him in so close, that neither obtained a place; Retrospect and Vespertilio were the last two, and Pydna only a length or two in advance of them.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; T.Y.C.; five subs.

Mr. Thornhill's Mendizabel, 6 yrs, 8st 10lb	(Conelly)	1
Lord Exeter's Corban, 5 yrs, 7st 12lb	(S.Mann)	2
Mr. W. Ridsdale's Tawney Owl, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb	(Rogers)	3

Epirus, 9st, and Chymist, 7st 13lb, did not show.

The betting was confined to Tawney Owl and Mendizabel, each being the favorite by turns; the closing prices were even on Mendizabel, and 11 to 8 agst. Tawney Owl.—A few words will suffice for the race. Mendizabel took the lead, kept it, and won, hard held, by a length.

The Riddlesworth (twenty-fifth) Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three yr. old colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 4lb; 3lb allowed to untried stallions or mares, and 5lb if both untried; Ab.M.; sixteen subs.

Lord Jersey's b. c. Cæsar, by Sultan—Cobweb, 8st 7lb	(Robinson)	1
Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Euclid, by Emilius—Maria, 8st 4lb	(Conelly)	2

The betting was brisk at 6 and 7 to 4 on Cæsar, the latter being the final quotation.—Euclid went off with the lead, Cæsar waiting on him so closely that, on reaching the bushes, Conelly, having a prudent recollection of his horse's other engagement, thought it as well to discover what chance he had; he found out in "less than no time," that it was a sorry one, and, in dropping the hill, Robinson removed all doubt on the subject by going to his side, shaking him off without the least difficulty, and passing the chair a gallant winner by two lengths. There are some who insist that, in rising the hill to the bushes, Robinson had to shake his horse, and that for a moment it was a race. We doubt it very much, not only from what we saw and heard, but from the unequivocal nature of the finish—nothing could be clearer. Before the race 10 to 1 was laid agst his winning the Derby.

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, for three yr. olds; colts 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 4lb; 3lb and 5lb allowed, &c; D.M; thirteen subs.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Euclid, 8st 7lb	(Conelly)	1
Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Kremlin, by Sultan—Francesca, 8st 4lb	(Lye)	2
Duke of Grafton's b. f. Drogheda, Sister to Dublin, 8st 4lb	(J. Day)	3

Betting: 5 to 4 on Kremlin, and 5 to 2 agst Euclid (taken); 20 to 1 offered agst Kremlin for the Derby. The favourite made steady running nearly the whole of the ground, Euclid following in his track right into the cords, when he went by him without difficulty, and won by a length; Kremlin ran very "unkindly" towards the last, threw his head up, and twisted about as if he was inclined to bolt. His fate for the Derby was sealed by this race, and it is very doubtful whether he will travel further south. Drogheda cut a wretched figure. [In consequence of an omission at the time of naming the stallions and mares, Euclid could not claim the 3lb allowance which he received for the Riddlesworth.]

The Produce Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for colts, 8st 7lb, and fillies, 8st 4lb; A.F.; four subs.

Lord Albemarle's c. Tros, by Priam, out of Ally .... rec'd ft.

Lord Lichfield's c. Vernon, by Laurel, out of Datura's dam, 8st. 3lb., rec'd ft. from the Duke of Richmond's c Glenlivat, by Rowton or Cetus, out of Camarine, 8st. 8lb.; R.M.; 500, 300 ft.

The Derby betting, after the races, was productive of some changes, but was not by any means heavy or general; Cæsar rose at once to 5 or takers of 6 to 1, while 40 to 1 was betted agst Euclid. The Dey of Algiers and Tros were also at improved prices, and three or four parties were so anxious to lay out a little on Montreal, that they were obliged to content themselves with the same odds laid in the morning. The closing prices were:—

5 to 1 agst Cæsar
12 to 1 —— Dey of Algiers (t)
16 to 1 —— Flambeau
23 to 1 —— Tros (t)
35 to 1 —— Montreal (t)
36 to 1 —— Chimborazo (t, aft. off)
40 to 1 —— Euclid (t)
60 to 1 —— Vernon (t)
4000 to 50 } agst Deception (t)
1000 to 15 }
1000 to 10 —— Domino (t)
20 to 1 —— Tros and Domino (t)
1000 to 800 on Cæsar agst Dey of Algiers and Flambeau (t)
1000 to 500 on Euclid agst Vernon (t)

OAKS.

12 to 1 agst Deception (t)

Tuesday.—Even when things are, to all appearance, at the worst, a change is not always acceptable; such was the case with the weather here this morning, for if it was cold yesterday, it was, at all events, dry; now, this morning, the wind blew with tremendous force from the east, and, till after eleven o'clock, was accompanied by alternate storms of snow, hail, and rain; luckily for those who were determined, *coute qui coute*, to "go through with the thing," the wind was left to blow uninterruptedly from morn until night; it blew, however, with unabated fury, and made the visit any thing but a pleasant one.

The only bets made before quitting the town for the heath, were 17 to 1 agst Tros, and 18 to 1 agst Flambeau.

The racing was very indifferent, and very little speculated upon; the fielders, it will be seen, had a sorry time of it:—

The Oatlands Stakes of 50 sovs each, h. ft., and only 10 if declared, &c.; the forfeits to go to the second horse. D.I. 13 subs, 4 of whom declared.

Capt. Berkeley's Caravan, by Camel, 5 yrs, 8st 3lb	(Pavis)	1
Fulwar Craven's I-wish-you-may-get-it, 4 yrs, 6st 13lb	(Chapple)	2
Gen. Grosvenor's Dædalus, 4 yrs, 6st 13lb	(Wakefield)	3
Lord Chesterfield's Caroline Elvina, 4 yrs, 6st 4lb	(a lad)	4

Betting: 6 to 5 against Caravan, 3 to 1 against the long-named filly, 5 to 1 agst Dædalus, and 5 to 1 agst Caroline Elvina. Caravan made all the running at a good pace, defeated Fulwar Craven's mare at the Duke's Stand, and won by ten lengths! a proof, it would seem, that Pavis was right in his often expressed opinion, that Caravan's forte was to go a good pace and make play; the other three filled the same places throughout that were assigned to them by the Judge on passing his chair; the third and fourth were beaten off a long way.

The Sixth Tuesday's Riddlesworth of 200 sovs., h. ft.; colts, 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 4lb; 3lb and 5lb allowed as for the Monday's Riddlesworth. Ab.M. 12 subs.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. Ilderim; by Emilius or Ishmael, out of Filagree, 8st 7lb	(Robinson)	1
Lord Exeter's b. c. by Sultan, out of Velvet, 8st 7lb	(Conelly)	2
Lord Tavistock's f. by Taurus, out of Leeway, 8st 1 lb	(E.Edwards)	3
Lord Lichfield's f. by Priam, out of Terry Alt's dam, 8st 1 lb	(Wakefield)	4

Betting: 7 to 2 on Ilderim, who contented himself with following the Leeway filly to the bushes, where he ran past her, followed by Velvet colt, had the race home to himself, and won cleverly by three lengths; about two lengths separated the second and third, but nearly ten times as many the third from the fourth. Immediately after the race one desperate gentleman betted 200 to 25 against Ilderim for the Derby.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; 8st. 7lb. D. M. 4 subs.

Lord Jersey's c. by Reveller, out of Joanna	(Robinson)	1
Lord Exeter's c. by Reveller, out of Advance	(Conelly)	2
Mr. Boyce's Boz, by Jerry, out of Snowball	(J. Day)	3

The betting opened at 5 and 6 to 4 on Joanna, and finished at 5 to 4 on the Advance colt. The latter cut out all the work to the cords, where the other two collared him; a tolerable race here ended in Lord Jersey's colt winning by a length, the other two making a dead heat for second. Boz hung near the chair, or the finish would have been closer.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb.; those out of mares which have produced a winner of the Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, or 2000gs. stakes, to carry 5lb. extra. D. M. 9 subs.

Duke of Rutland's b. c. Flambeau, by Taurus, out of Armadillo's dam, 8st.7lb	(Robinson)	1
Lord Exeter's b. c. by Sultan, out of Velvet, 8st. 7lb	(Conolly)	2

4 to 1 on Flambeau, who won, after making all the play, by three lengths; the pace was very poor up to the new ground. Flambeau's action was not much admired, and he afterwards declined several points in the Derby betting.

Match: 100 sovs., h. ft.; R. M.—The Duke of Rutland's Flambeau, 8st. 7lb., received from Lord Southampton's f. by Oppidan, out of Rarity, 8st. 4lb.

The betting in the afternoon was languid, but proved that winning does not always recommend a horse, no matter how easily; Tros at one time was backed at 1000 to 60, but the last odds were 20 to 1, taken to about three hundred pounds. The last prices were—

5 to 1 agst Cæsar (t)
10 to 1 —— The D. of Algiers (t)
20 to 1 —— Tros (t)
25 to 1 —— Flambeau (offered)
25 to 1 —— Accelerator
40 to 1 agst Euclid (t)
40 to 1 —— Derrynane (t)
40 to 1 —— Montreal (offered)
40 to 1 —— Ilderim (t)
40 to 1 —— Valaincourt (t)
200 to 100 agst Cæsar and Scott's lot (t)
500 even on Cæsar agst the Dey of Algiers, Flambeau, and Tros.
900 even between Ilderim and Derrynane
300 even between Camelino and Derrynane

OAKS.

9 to 1 agst Shadow (t)
16 to 1 agst Kathleen O'More (t)

In the course of the afternoon "I-wish-you-may-get-it" commenced her journey to Beckhampton in a pair-horse van.

Wednesday.—The list and the weather this afternoon were alike uninviting—two races and a piercing wind; the company was thin, and, if we may judge from our own feelings, not in the least sorry that their detention on the heath was so short. We have said that the sport was confined to two races, but we do not wish it to be understood that it was in other respects an idle day—on the contrary, there was an evident determination to do something, and a good many Derby books might be brought forward to prove that this determination was carried into effect; without requiring their production, we will quote what was done in the morning as a partial corroboration of what we have advanced:—

5 to 1 agst Scott's lot (taken in hundreds)
5 to 1 —— Cæsar (taken in hundreds)
20 to 1 —— Tros (t)
30 to 1 —— Epidaurus (t)
35 to 1 —— Accelerator (t)
33 to 1 —— Flambeau (t)
1400 to 40 agst The Lord Mayor (t)
45 to 1 —— Melbourne
50 to 1 —— Bro. to Plenipo (t)
50 to 1 —— Ilderim (t)
1000 to 10 —— Bosphorus (t)
3000 to 30 —— King of Kelton (t)
20 to 1 taken to two or three hundred pounds about Bro. to Plenipo in case he won the Column stakes.
500 even between Epidaurus and Erin-go-Bragh
1050 to 100 agst Flambeau, Accelerator, and Zimmerman
500 to 25 agst Erin-go-Bragh and Derrynane
500 even between Flambeau and Melbourne
300 even between Bro. to Plenipo and Melbourne

OAKS.

8 to 1 taken to about three hundred pounds about Deception
1000 to 50 agst Mickleton Maid (t)
800 even on the field agst the following eight:—Deception, Reel, Wapiti, Shadow, Lobelia, Appleton Lass, Lady Day, and Kathleen O'More. Several other parties were anxious to back the eight.

The racing came off as follows:—

Subscription plate of £50; 3 yr. olds, 7st.; 4, 8st 7lb., and 5, 9st.; T.Y.C.

Lord Stradbroke's Fifer, 5 yrs	(Nat)	1
Mr. Rayner's Minima, 3 yrs	(Chapple)	2
Mr. Howe's Scamander, 5 yrs	(S.Mann)	3

Mr. Dockeray's Laurestinus was drawn.

Betting: 2 to 1 on Minima, who made a poor figure in the race, for the Fifer took the lead at a merry pace, cut her down before she had gone half a mile, and won in a canter by two lengths. Scamander started badly, and never reached his horses.

The Column Stakes of 50 sovs each, h. f.; for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb.; R. M.; 3lb. and 5lb. allowed, &c.; 20 sovs.

Duke of Portland's ch. f. Cænis, by Tiresias—Souvenir (mare unt), 8st. 1 lb.	(Nat)	1
Mr. Batson's b. c. Bro. to Plenipo, by Emilius, out of Harriet, 8st. 7lb.	(Robinson)	2
Lord Exeter's b. c. Bosphorus, by Reveller, out of Marchesa (m. unt.) 8st.4lb.	(Conelly)	3
Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Reveller, out of Advance, 8st. 7lb.	(Mann)	4
Mr. Cookes's ch. f. Romaika, by Rowton, out of Katherine (h. unt.), 8st. 7lb.	(Chapple)	5

Betting: 7 to 4 on the Souvenir filly, 4 to 1 agst Bro to Plenipo, and 4 to 1 agst Bosphorus. After several false starts, occasioned by the restiveness of the Advance colt, the lot got away in pretty compact order, saving only the Bro to Plenipo, who lost several lengths. By way of making amends for his awkwardness the Advance colt took the lead at as good a pace as he could make it, Cænis waiting on him for about half a mile; he then dropt astern, and the filly carried on the running followed by Bro to Plenipo, Bosphorus lying up with them; neither whip nor spur could alter their positions, for the filly kept her place and won cleverly by half a length, a full one dividing the second and third. Romaika was beaten an immense distance from home, nor did the Advance colt cut a very respectable figure.

Match: 200 sovs., h. ft., 8st. 7lb. each; R.M.; Mr. Thornhill's b. c. Ephemeron, bro. to Manche, received forfeit from Lord Suffield's Sphynx.

Match: 200 sovs., 8st. 7lb. each, A. F.; Lord Suffield's b. f. Alms, by Langar, out of Charity, and Col. Anson's Poissarde by Cetus, out of Lucette, off by consent.

The betting after the races was scarcely less animated than it was in the morning; the crack and the Dey of Algiers were as strong in the market as ever; not so Tros, who gave way two or three points, offers having also been made to back Westonian against him. Scott's horses came into the betting; they were backed in the best quarters, and are certain to regain the station they formerly occupied; The Lord Mayor had the call of the lot. Derrynane had plenty of friends, and Euclid rose several points; Flambeau, now said to be a "shocking bad goer," declined to 33 to 1, nor were Bro to Plenipo or Ilderim in much favor. The following were the prices on breaking up:—

5 to 1 agst Cæsar (taken freely)
10 to 1 —— Dey of Algiers (t)
22 to 1 —— Tros
25 to 1 —— Westonian (t)
27 to 1 agst The Ld. Mayor (tk 30 to 1)
33 to 1 —— Derrynane (t)
33 to 1 —— Euclid
40 to 1 —— Ilderim
40 to 1 agst Bro. to Plenipo (taken and afterwards offered)
4000 to 80 —— Dragsman (taken and afterwards offered)
1000 to 50 —— Euclid and Dragsman (t)
1700 to 100 —— Accelerator and Erin-go-Bragh (t)
1700 to 100 —— Wapiti and Westonian (t)
1000 and 300 even between Euclid and Derrynane
1000 even between Bro. to Plenipo and Dragsman
250 to 200 on Sir G. Heathcote agst Derrynane
2200 to 1600 on Derrynane agst Bro. to Plenipo

1000GS. STAKES.

800 even, p.p., between Cænis and Mr. Watt's Cypa

NEWMARKET STAKES.

50 even between Euclid and Flambeau

Thursday.—The following is a list of the betting this morning, previous to the race:—

4 to 1 agst Lord Jersey's lot (t)
9 to 2 —— Cæsar
22 to 1 —— Tros
25 to 1 —— Westonian (t)
30 to 1 agst Flambeau
33 to 1 —— Derrynane
40 to 1 —— Ilderim
280 to 200 agst Lord Jersey's and Scott's lots (t)
500 even between Ilderim and Derrynane (t)
1300 even between Euclid and Flambeau (t)
300 to 200 on Tros agst Flambeau (t)
150 to 100 on Flambeau agst Valaincourt (t)
1000 even between Dragsman and Bro. to Plenipo (t)

The sport this afternoon was confined to two races, but was sufficiently interesting to attract a tolerably good attendance; the weather was a few degrees milder than on Wednesday. The racing terminated as follows:—

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; three yr. olds, 8st. 7lbs.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.; 3lb. and 5lb. allowed, &c.; R.M.; 8 subs.

Capt. Williamson's f. by Emilius, out of Farce (m. untried), 8st. 1 lb.	(Nat)	1
Mr. Cookes' ch. f. Lady Day, by Rowton, out of Tarantella (both unt.) 7st. 13lb.	(Chapple)	2

Three and 4 to 1 on the filly, who supported the character she obtained at the late Epsom Spring Meeting, by making her own running, and winning very easy by a length.

The Vacillation Stakes of 150 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.; each subscriber to name two foals, with the option of changing such foals, on Saturday in the Craven Meeting, 1837, upon paying a bonus of £10 extra, to go to the owner of the second horse; one to the post; 3lb. allowed to untried mares or stallions; R.M., 7 subs.

Lord Jersey's b. c. Cæsar, by Sultan, 8st. 7lb	(Robinson)	1
Lord Albemarle's bl c. Tros, by Priam, out of Ally, 8st. 7lb	(E. Edwards)	2
Mr. Greville's ch. c. Derrynane, by Langar, out of Dublin (m. unt.), 8st.4lb.	(Nat)	3

Cæsar and two others were substituted for others in 1837, according to the conditions.

Betting: 3 to 1 on Cæsar, 4 to 1 agst Tros, and 8 to 1 agst Derrynane; the places assigned them, respectively, agreed precisely with the odds. Cæsar made all the running, the two non favourites lying at his quarters till they reached the bushes, where Derrynane cried "enough;" Tros received his quietus in descending the hill, and the "crack" ran in three lengths in advance—it was merely a gallop for him. Derrynane was, at least, ten lengths astern of Tros. The estimate formed of this performance will be better shown by the quotations below than by any observations we can make.

Match: 200, half forfeit, R.M.; 8st. 7lb. each.
Mr. Thornhill's Euclid received forfeit from Lord Lichfield's Vernon.

BETTING IN THE EVENING.

5 to 2 agst Lord Jersey's lot
4 to 1 —— Scott's lot (t)
3 to 1 —— Cæsar (take 7 to 2)
8 to 1 —— Dey of Algiers (t to £300)
25 to 1 —— Euclid
28 to 1 —— The Lord Mayor (t)
30 to 1 —— Ilderim (t)
33 to 1 —— Epidaurus (t)
33 to 1 agst Valaincourt (t)
40 to 1 —— Melbourne
50 to 1 —— Dragsman
1000 to 10 —— Tros
5000 to 50 —— Domino (t)
1000 to 800 on Cæsar agst Scott's lot, barring Epidaurus.

Friday.—A Subscription Plate of £50, for three yr. olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.; D.M.; the winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Eddison's br. c. Rory O'More, by Langar, dam by Whisker, 3 yrs	(a lad)	1
Duke of Grafton's Chymist, 4 yrs	(J. Day)	2
Mr. Greville's Lyster, 3 yrs	(E. Manning)	3

The following were not placed:—Mr. Newton's Vicuna, 4 yrs old (Robinson); Mr. Batson's Barbican, 3 yrs old (Chapple); D. of Portland's f. by The Colonel, dam by Reveller 3 yrs old (A. Manning); Ld. Exeter's c by Mulatto, 3 yrs old (Pettit).

Betting: 6 to 4 agst Chymist, and 3 to 1 agst Rory O'More. Lyster made the running, followed by Rory O'More, with Chymist and the others well laid up, with the exception of the Marchesa colt, which never showed in front. At the new ground Vicuna attempted to take up the running, but could not manage it, and the young ones were left to carry it on. About 200 yards from home, Rory O'More took the lead from Lyster, and won easy by two lengths; Chymist just defeated Lyster for second place; Barbican and Vicuna were also well up.

A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three yr. old colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.; Ab.M.; those got by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, allowed 3lb.; 11 subs.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Euclid, by Emilius, out of Maria	(Conelly)	1
Duke of Grafton's b. c. Montreal, by Langar, out of Legend	(J. Day)	2

Betting: 3 to 1 on Euclid. Montreal made play to the hill, where Euclid went past him, and won in a canter by two lengths.

Match: Duke of Rutland's c. Flambeau (J. Robinson), by Taurus, out of Flame's dam, agst Duke of Portland's c. (J. Day), by Priam, out of Tragedy, 8st.7lb. each, R. M. 200, h. ft.

The betting varied from 5 and 6 to 4 on the Tragedy colt, to 6 to 5 on Flambeau, which was the closing price. The Tragedy colt cut out the work at a moderate pace for nearly half a mile; the speed then improved, but the positions continued the same; at the cords Flambeau challenged, but was beaten by a head after a splendid race.

The Port Stakes, a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for four yr. old colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb., not named in the Claret; T.M.M.; the owner of the second horse to withdraw his stake; 11 subs.

Lord G. Bentinck's Grey Momus	(J. Day)	1
Lord Chesterfield's Don John	(Nat)	2
Lord Exeter's Alemdar	(Conelly)	3

Betting: 3 to 1 on Don John. It would be waste of time to attempt a description of this race, for the "gallant Grey" had beaten the winner of the Leger, and won, hard held, by two lengths. There can be no doubt that he might have won by twenty lengths had it been necessary, for all that John Day had to do was to restrain him. It is impossible, looking at last year's running to receive this as Don John's proper form. He was amiss some time since, and is obviously far below "high water mark." Alemdar had nothing to do with the race.

The weather was exceedingly unfavourable, the rain having fallen without intermission, during the whole of the racing. The only bets made on the Derby in the morning, were 650 to 200 agst Cæsar, 25 to 1 agst Euclid, and 35 to 1 agst Flambeau. The last two bets were repeated just before the horses started for their respective races.

Mr. Boyce's c. Boz, 8st. 7lb., rec. ft. from Ld. Lichfield's f. by Priam, out of Miniature 8st. 4lb., D.M. 200 h. ft.

NEWMARKET.

Newmarket Heath is blessed with a celebrity unattainable by any other race-course in the kingdom: it stands alone, and is totally different in every respect from every other, and, as in the idea of many it is the only place to bet, so in mine it is the only course exclusively appropriate to racing. No man can or ever does go to Newmarket on any other plea; there is no attraction but the absolute sport—no gambling booths—no Punch—no organs—I must not say no monkeys—no theatre—no anything but a Heath, that extends for miles, here and there dotted with a naked, shivering plantation, or a suite of stables, which I am not at all clear now stand where originally planted, it being a well known fact that fields take occasional excursions, such is the impetus of the wind, to which this Heath, and the inhabitants of the town whence it derives its title are subject.

As so very important a race as the Riddlesworth comes off on Monday, almost all make it their business to arrive on the preceding day. At the same time that I deprecate this profanation of the sabbath, it is only justice to add that the committee of management do all in their power to render it unnecessary, by fixing the hour of starting on the first day as late as possible—say two or half-past two o'clock—thus allowing ample time to post from town the same morning. There was, however, this year, the additional but regretted attraction of the sale of Lord Suffield's stud, which will in some measure account for the extra run upon the road that took place on Easter Sunday. As this sale was first on the bill of fare, my attention was naturally directed to that quarter of the town holding the stables of W. Boyce, where on my arrival, at eleven o'clock, I found assembled the leading members of the profession and Jockey Club. The result of the sale, industriously and conspicuously set forth as being by order of the Sheriff, confirms what I am about to remark, which is, that a more ill-judged step on the part of the gentleman, the immediate creditor, I do not remember. In the first place, it is in the power of Lord Suffield to scratch out of his engagement any horse entered in his name. Who would—rather say who *could*—then have purchased Vernon, so deeply engaged as he is, except some friend of his Lordship's. Vernon, as nice a colt as ever was seen fetched 100 guineas. Again no horse in Lord Suffield's name can ever start in the United Kingdom, until the whole of the forfeits of *all* his horse are paid up. Suppose, then, some person bought Alms, and rode her as a hack, or sent her abroad, some other person buys Vernon, and before he can start, he must pay all the forfeits for Alms. It is not surprising, then under such circumstances, that Tattersall had much difficulty in finding purchasers. I believe the produce of Vernon, Alms, Marie, St. Luke, and Arsenic, amounted to something under four hundred pounds—a paltry sum, indeed, to meet the obloquy that must attach to so unnecessarily harsh a proceeding. Enough of a disagreeable subject. The sale interfered much with the regular betting; indeed I do not think a hundred pounds were laid on in the town—on the heath less than usual. The day was beautifully fine, but the Countess of Lichfield, the Countess of Chesterfield and the Hon. Mrs. Anson, were the only ladies tempted. The attraction of the day was, of course, the Riddlesworth, the crack, since christened Cæsar, having it was said, an awful antagonist in Mr. Thornhill's Euclid (Maria colt.) The parties were both "fond," as it is termed, and as the trial nags in each stable had made an equally respectable appearance, Joannina and Mendizabal, it was quite a lottery which to choose. The Newmarket people are, however, wonderfully prejudiced, for in spite of all Mr. Pettit's declamation, 6 and 7 to 4 was laid very freely on the brother to Bay Middleton, the Jersey horse. As my former letters will express, I was one of the prejudiced, but I confess I did not expect the horse would win so easy. His action is high, but he appeared to me to win in a canter. It remains to be added that the beaten horse Euclid appeared again in the very next race, in spite of the fact that the notoriously good horse Kremlin, had been imported in a new van expressly to win this race. Euclid won considerably easier than the crack, this still more showing the superiority of Lord Jersey's Cæsar. Kremlin and his van, as I understood, left Newmarket the same evening I should imagine not to return. 12 to 1 was laid freely against Cæsar for the Derby before his race; this shows that the Thornhill stable had booked to win; 5 to 1 was taken in the evening—the attendance on the Heath was very good, the excitement previous to, and the screaming that succeeded the Riddlesworth, was worth coming to experience and hear.

It is the custom at Newmarket to rise early in order to see the horses take their gallops; as the old woman says, however, "it would be Lombard-street to a *shiny* orange" to any betting, from what he could discover thus. It is difficult, indeed, to pick out the best in a string of twelve or more, clothed up to their ears and down to their heels. All were debarred the pleasure of exercising their judgment on Tuesday, as horses do not walk out in snow storms; indeed such a prospect presented itself about eleven o'clock that Capt. Rous the acting, or rather the only steward, consulted Lord Jersey and others having horses to run, on the propriety of transferring the racing to Wednesday. When horses are *set*, as it is termed in sporting language, and fit to run, trainers do not like the risk of delay. The measure was therefore negatived without a division. The wind was extremely cold, and the sport indifferent, each race being won without a struggle. My Lord Jersey's good fortune certainly does not forsake him, for he has this year carried of both Riddlesworths and a sweepstakes besides. 40 to 1 was bet against Ilderim before he won, 50 to 1 and 2,000 to 25 after. I think this is decisive as to Lord Jersey's best. Derrynane was backed freely against outsiders, Montreal, Dragsman, Camellino, &c. Flambeau won his race in a canter, and went back from 18 to 25 to 1; the latter price offered freely in the evening. Tros was backed for a great deal of money at 18 to 20 to 1. The betting about this horse has been mysterious, but I adhere to my former judgment that he won't do for Epsom: the Dey of Algiers second favourite at 9½ to 1, taken. Some amusement was afforded between the acts by a gentleman's horse rushing backwards among the carriages: the clerk of the course at length interfered, and good order was restored to the apparent annoyance of the pedestrian mob. Wednesday afforded but two races; the betting about the Column was heavy, Mr. Batson's brother to his celebrated horse Plenipo being much fancied. A horse of Lord Exeter's, by name Bosphorus, was also in favour until he was defeated. Lord Exeter rarely pays forfeit, and I believe I do not err when I say that his Lordship has not won one race out of the last fifteen for which his horses have run. A man must have some spirit to face such luck as this. Lord Jersey's Cæsar was backed for large sums at 5 to 1, but his enemies at five o'clock were still in the field. Thursday again only two races: considering the number of horses in training in Newmarket, this is disheartening. The crack was, of course, victorious, although the large sums that Tros was backed for by a Noble Lord induced many to anticipate a different result. I have hardly had sufficient time to decide if this second victory ought to make Cæsar a better favourite. He has beat two certainly, it is true; but if seeing is believing, they are not very valuable.

There are a certain number of gentlemen in Newmarket who make it a rule to stand against favourites. Up to the present evening there have been thirteen races, and the favourites have won ten. In a large handicap it is very well, but where the field is small—where two start—the Newmarket people know to a certainty which is to win. It is quite ridiculous to say racing is not a certainty; nothing but a tumble down can make it otherwise in hundreds of cases. It is totally different running across the flat at Newmarket and across the Downs at Epsom—the crowd, the noise, the large field, the *hill*—make just all the difference in the world. I say this to prevent people entertaining the idea that the Derby is invariably won by the best horse—instance Dangerous, Spaniel, and Phosphorus. If Cæsar was to run at Newmarket to-morrow against any horse in the present Derby, he should undoubtedly run for my money; but the Derby is yet six weeks off, and "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" is a musty old proverb, too often realised in racing. Ilderim, Lord Jersey's horse, will not, it is said, start again before the Derby. The reasons for this are obvious, and require no explanation.

A few words will suffice as to the termination of this Meeting—dull as to sport, dull as to the weather, dull in every thing but the result and return to town. The event of the last day (Friday) that astonished all was the Port. Don John of notoriety to be beat for the first time in his life, and in a canter, by Grey Momus—certes the most fortunate of his species. That the Don was thought fit to run is proved by the money that was laid out upon him, and at the enormous odds of 3 to 1 and 5 to 2. The Lord Chesterfield arrived from Northamptonshire the evening before solely to see him win! Some foreigners (of distinction, no doubt) arrived the same morning expressly to buy him! He had been seen in his gallops actually running away from Epirus, and by the side of Grey Momus it did not seem as if he could gallop. He was beaten at the ditch, and that's the fact. The only way of explaining so contrary a "come off" to general expectation is, that the Grey always was, and is still, an improving horse, and that Don John is not improved at all—is no better now than ever he was. That this will have some influence on the betting about Scott's horses is beyond a doubt, although it has been said that Don John was almost too good for a trial horse. All fears on this subject may now fortunately be set aside. Lord Exeter's Alemdar brought up the rear, and it occurs to me just now that the sporting Marquis will very soon obtain as great celebrity for running third as Lord Suffield enjoyed for being always second.

The run to town immediately after the races was great; about thirty-five pair of horses being in demand, exclusive of those reserved for Lord Geo. Bentinck. Nothing can have been more unpropitious than the weather; a violent snow-storm fell at and around Epping on Friday, while, certainly, at Newmarket, it was so good as only to rain very fast and wetting.

I have been considering the position of Lord Jersey's horse in the betting, and I have decided that he is too great a favourite for his performance. He won easy enough, it is true, but, alas! for those he defeated—Tros and Derrynane. Mr. Thornhill's horse again beat Montreal, but nothing can be much worse than the public running of the latter, a moderate third being the best place ever allotted to him. If I could discover anything good in any one horse that has yielded to Euclid, then I should say, take 3 to 1 about Cæsar, but with winds, weather, his engagements, and other chances, I should be inclined to wait: if, however, well on the day, with Jem Robinson on his back, the horse that beats him will be one I have never seen. Judex.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

The following correspondence between the Queen, the Dowager Marchioness of Hastings, and Lord Melbourne, we copy from the Morning Post of the 16th ult., to which it was furnished for publication by the mother of Lady Flora Hastings. Our readers have been sufficiently apprized of the circumstances out of which it has grown. The Premier certainly appears in an unenviable attitude, and it is clear that we are to hear yet more of the subject:—

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

Sir—Being unable to reach the original calumniator or calumniators of my daughter, Lady Flora Hastings, and having received no mark of public reparation from her Majesty's responsible advisers, I consider it due to my personal and family honour to show that I have sought it. I am reluctantly obliged to have recourse to the publication of the following letters.

The first letter in this correspondence, addressed to her Majesty, would have been very incorrectly placed here, had it not been for its official answer, and the report which is in circulation, that I had been guilty of writing an improper letter, called "An impertinent letter to the Queen." With whom such an imputation originated (as no copy of it has been given beyond my own family), may appear extraordinary, but it is to me quite immaterial; not so the refutation of a charge so serious.

Some other letters, received from and addressed to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, are not inserted, although connected with the same dreadful subject, from a wish to withhold, as far as possible, everything that would unnecessarily associate her Royal Highness's name with these occurrences; except the expression of my unalterable respect and gratitude for her Royal Highness's conduct towards my daughter, and her feeling towards myself.

Loudoun Castle, April 8, 1839. F. Hastings and (Mure) Loudoun.

(COPIES.)

THE MARCHIONESS OF HASTINGS, COUNTESS OF LOUDOUN TO HER MAJESTY.

Loudoun Castle, March 7, 1839.

Madam—It is hardly to be imagined that your Majesty should feel any surprise in receiving the present letter. The anguish of a mother's heart, under circumstances such as mine, can only be understood by a mother. But no one can be at a loss to know that loyalty to your Majesty, and justice to my innocent child, demand from me an explicit reference to your Majesty on the atrocious calumnies and unblushing falsehoods against my daughter's reputation, which the perpetrators have dared to circulate, even in the Palace of the Sovereign. I have the honour of remembering your Majesty in childhood; I am deeply and gratefully attached to your admirable mother; and I have cherished, in distance, absence, bad health, and many sorrows, a deep interest in the real honour and glory of your reign. My husband served his country honourably, and with devoted zeal, and was particularly known to your Royal race; and my own family, during a long line, have been distinguished as faithful servants of their Kings. My grandfather lost his life in the service of his Sovereign. With so many claims on my feelings of old—although now unfashionable—aristocracy, it is impossible to suppose me capable of disrespect or want of loyalty towards your Majesty—a feeling, Madam, not less unbecoming towards you than repugnant to what I feel suitable in myself. But, I trust, a sense of morality is not yet so callous a thing as not to be held in some due respect even in the sight of a thoughtless world, and to justify my appealing directly to your Majesty to refute, by some act, calculated to mark your indignant sense of the slanders which some person or persons have ventured to cast in your Majesty's presence upon my daughter, and betrayed your Majesty to follow up by a course of proceeding, such as was, no doubt, done on their part with a wish to try to degrade the victim of their persecution. It is my duty respectfully to call your Majesty's attention to its being not more important for my daughter, than essentially consonant to your Majesty's honour and justice, not to suffer the criminal inventor of such falsehoods to remain without discovery. To a female Sovereign especially women of all ranks in Britain look, with confidence, for protection, and (notwithstanding the difference of their rank) for sympathy. To such honest feelings of respect (for they take their origin in that) I ought not to suppose your Majesty indifferent—far less can I imagine that, as your Majesty increases in years, you will not feel, Madam, more and more the value of that estimate of your high place, which would make no one doubt your commanding reparation (as far as reparation can be made) for an infamous calumny, as not less incumbent as an act of necessary morality in the case of the public, as it assuredly is to the individual who so severely suffers from such defamation. This is not a matter that can or will be hushed up, and it is all-important that no time should be lost in calling the culpable to account. With this appeal to your Majesty's upright feelings, I have the honor to be, Madam, your Majesty's dutiful subject and servant, (Signed) F. Hastings and (Mure) Loudoun.

Loudoun Castle, March 8, 1839.

My Lord—I trouble your Lordship with the enclosed letter, in order to ensure its *immediate* and *safe* delivery, and I have to request you will present it yourself to her Majesty.—I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) F. Hastings and (Mure) Loudoun.

To Viscount Melbourne, &c.

South Street, March 11, 1839.

Madam—I have this morning received your Ladyship's letter of the 8th inst., together with a letter addressed to the Queen, which letter I will lose no time in laying before her Majesty; and I remain, Madam, your Ladyship's faithful and obedient servant, (Signed) Melbourne.

The Marchioness of Hastings, &c.

Downing Street, March 12, 1839.

Madam—According to your Ladyship's desire, I have delivered to her Majesty your letter of the 7th inst.

The allowance which her Majesty is anxious to make for the natural feelings of a mother upon such an occasion tended to diminish that surprise which could not be otherwise than excited by the tone and substance of your Ladyship's letter.

Her Majesty commands me to convey to your Ladyship the expression of her deep concern at the unfortunate circumstances which have recently taken place. Her Majesty hastened to seize the first opportunity of testifying to Lady Flora Hastings her conviction of the error of the impression which had prevailed; and her Majesty is still most desirous to do everything in her power to soothe the feelings of Lady Flora and her family, which must have been painfully affected by the events which have occurred.—I have the honour to remain, Madam, your Ladyship's obedient and humble servant, (Signed) Melbourne.

The Marchioness Dowager of Hastings, &c.

Loudoun Castle, March 10, 1839.

My Lord—When I observe that no steps are taken to repair, as far as reparation is possible, the indignity offered, three weeks ago, to my daughter, within the precints of her Majesty's Palace, your Lordship cannot be surprised at receiving this letter from me. I am told that, as the responsible adviser of the sovereign, your Lordship considers it as your constitutional right to appoint and to dismiss her Majesty's household. As it is known to be your Lordship's principle, I address myself to you, on whom the sacred trust and heavy responsibility rest, of marking respect for good order, and punishing abuse. The nature and the manner of the course pursued in this atrocious conspiracy (for it admits of no other name) were unexampled, and yet Sir James Clark remains her Majesty's Physician. I claim at your hands, my Lord, as a mark of public justice the removal of Sir James Clark.—I am, my Lord, your Lordship's most humble servant, (Signed) F. Hastings and (Mure) Loudoun.

To the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Melbourne.

South-street, March 17, 1839.

Madame—Late yesterday evening, the 16th inst, I had the honour of receiving your Ladyship's letter of the 10th inst. from Loudoun Castle. I mark these dates in order to acquit myself of any delay or neglect in replying to your Ladyship's communication.

The demand which your Ladyship's letter makes upon me is so unprecedented and objectionable that even the respect due to your Ladyship's sex, rank, family, and character, would not justify me in more, if, indeed, it authorises so much, than acknowledging that letter for the sole purpose of acquainting your Ladyship that I have received it.—I have the honour to remain, Madame, with the highest respect, your Ladyship's obedient and humble servant,

(Signed) Melbourne.

The Marchioness Dowager of Hastings, &c.

Loudoun Castle, March 15, 1839.

My Lord—Any expression of her Majesty's sorrow for late occurrences is consolatory to me.

If the Queen wishes any explanation of any part of my letter, which, from a dubious expression in your Lordship's, I am uncertain of, I am quite ready to give it.

If her Majesty had been thoroughly aware of all the circumstances of the case, "the tone and substance" of my letter could not have excited any surprise. Although *a woman*, the oath of allegiance, which I have taken to her Majesty, which is as dear to me as to any man; and to that, and the true circumstances of the late transactions, I refer your Lordship.—I am, my Lord, your Lordship's most humble servant,

(Signed) F. Hastings and (Mure) Loudoun.

The right Hon. Lord Viscount Melbourne, &c.

South-street, March 18, 1839.

Madame—I have the honour of acknowledging your Ladyship's letter of the 15th instant, which I received yesterday morning.

I neither had, nor have, it in command to express a wish for any explanation of your Ladyship's letter addressed to her Majesty, nor of any part of it.—I have the honour to remain, Madame, with high respect, your Ladyship's humble and obedient servant. (Signed) Melbourne.

The Most Noble the Marchioness Dowager of Hastings.

We annex the letter of the Marquis of Hastings, the brother of Lady Hastings, which was likewise sent to the Morning Post for publication. Though of a much later date, it shows the unsettled and discreditable position in which the affair at present remains.

FROM THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS TO VISCOUNT MELBOURNE.

Donnington Park, April 8, 1839.

My Lord—I am induced thus publicly to address you as Prime Minister of the Crown, not only from a feeling of duty to my own family, who have been insulted and wronged to the last degree by the late proceedings at Buckingham Palace, but from a sense that public justice and public opinion loudly demand my adopting such a course. I feel that no public reparation having been made for this outrage against every feeling of delicacy, of justice, and of honour, I should be wanting in every impulse which ought to actuate and guide a brother if I did not take the last means now left in my power of showing that it is not from the numerous difficulties which have been thrown in the way of finding out the slanderers of my sister that her family have been prevented from bringing them to justice and holding them up to the contempt and indignation of the world, but from the manner in which they have been screened by the Court (and whilst I use the word Court I will not allow my loyalty to be questioned,—such a supposition would ill apply to one who bears my name.) I impute nothing to the Sovereign but the misfortune of being betrayed by that baneful influence which now surrounds the Throne, and it is to clear that Court of these slanderers, and to place this infamous transaction in its true light, that I now address you as the responsible Minister of the Crown. My Lord, you have stated that the removal of these persons would be unprecedented. Need I say that *their* conduct has been unprecedented, and is calculated, in the highest degree to throw disgrace and discredit on the Court. A near relative of mine having from a kind feeling of the painful position in which all my family have been placed by the garbled statements which appeared in the public prints, published unknown to every one of its members an authentic statement of facts, I feel convinced that the thinking part of the community will no longer require from the wounded feelings of a brother a repetition of these disgusting proceedings. I once more urge upon you, my Lord, *that* course which you say is without precedent; the occasion will justify you in making one. My sister is daily subjected to the bitterness that results from the presence of those who have so basely slandered her. I should *instantly* have relieved her from this had I not known that by so doing I should give fresh opportunity for calumniating her, and act ungratefully to her illustrious and generous mistress, the Duchess of Kent, whose noble conduct will ever be gratefully remembered by my family, and duly appreciated and respected by every well-thinking person within this realm. Hastings.

The London papers of a subsequent date, though full of comments upon this correspondence, present nothing more from the immediate parties thereto. But from the whole tone of it, it is evident that we have not yet done with this theme.

LATE NEWS CONTINUED.

We hear little of new books by the last arrival, but the papers are full of extracts from "Cheverly," Lady Bulwer's novel. It was published by Edward Bull, in three volumes—at least so says the Morning Post, the critical notice by which paper is now before us. But the "Star's" correspondent thinks it is not out, and that it will be suppressed through the intercession of the mutual friends of Sir Lytton and his lady, who, according to the latter authority, are about to be reconciled.

To set the matter - published the book, as we see by the "Star" of last evening, and a fine copy now lying on our table.

Theodore Hook's novel, quaintly entitled "Births, Deaths, and Marriages," is warmly noticed in the London papers. It has already been re-published in America by Lea & Blanchard, of Philadelphia, and it is now on sale at the Carvills.

The magazines form a great staple in English letters. Those for April are on our table. Blackwood and the New Monthly are far the best of the lot this month. From each of them the reader will find an article in this day's paper—that upon Dogs, from Blackwood, is a glorious and scholar-like tribute to the fondest of brutes, though there is no story to it. "Koondah" will speak for himself and the New Monthly.

Willis's "Pencillings by the Way" are announced in a new edition, embellished with engravings, &c. &c. His story of the "Picker and Piler," which first appeared in the "Corsair," is called by the English prints the most delightful paper in the "New Monthly."

Mr. John Van Buren has been over on the Continent, visiting Brussels, and we know not what other cities. He was to return to London long ere this.

Another visitor, distinguished for his birth, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia, was daily expected in England. The papers pretend he has been unsuccessful in some matrimonial schemes in Austria.

Duels are becoming as frequent in England and Belgium as in this country. The mayor of an English city was recently wounded in a duel, but is likely to recover. Another, which makes more talk, lately took place between Capt. Maynard, of "the Blues," and a Mr. Jennings, of the 15th Hussars. The former threw away his fire, and then apologized—nobody injured. In Belgium they do things more thoroughly. At Brussels, a brother of the Minister of War and a son of a Mr. Person, of the Chamber of Representatives, recently fought, to determine whether the Minister had endeavored to aggrandize his family at the expense of the nation or not. The result we have overlooked, but it was not fatal. A few days after another took place, which was certainly serious as thus described. It was fought between two *militaires* at Diest on the 21st ult., and both have fallen, like Sempronius, for that *tetterima causa belli*, "a worthless woman." Capt. Hertz, of the 2d Regt. of Chasseurs-a-pied, and Capt. Vanderauvera, of the 2d Regt. of Lancers, met at ten o'clock in the morning with their swords outside the walls, and fought amidst an immense crowd during two hours, without any one attempting to interfere. Capt. Vanderauvera at last received a deep cut on the chest, near the right shoulder, and inflicted a similar one near the left shoulder of his adversary. In this state they still continued to fight, until Capt. Vanderauvera inflicted an awful gash on the abdomen of his rival, through which his bowels appeared, and in drawing back his sword nearly cut three of his own fingers off. The mangled combatants were then laid on straw, in a travelling artillery forge, and attended by their surgeons, but in vain. Capt. Hertz died in about two hours, the other lingered till next day. The police (who stood and looked on) are now very busy hunting out "the criminal participators."

The next was a stock-jobbing duel between M. de Brouckere and Col. Bire, fought with swords outside Brussels. The latter was wounded slightly in the hand. M. de Brouckere is left-handed—rather awkward for a swordsman—and was pinked near the heart, but not mortally. This terminated the duel *à la mort*, and the business of the Belgian Bank being pressing, M. Brouckere went to his bureau for a while, but so many kind inquiring friends called to see him that he thought it more seemly to go to bed, which he accordingly did. As soon as the latter is recovered it is to be renewed *a l'outrance*, Colonel Bire being irate in the extreme at losing a considerable sum by the failures of the Banque de la Belgique, of which de Brouckere was the principal director.

A young man in England by the name of Medhurst, recently stabbed a school-fellow, and the wound proved fatal. We have now the report of his trial, in which the most distinguished criminal lawyers of England were engaged. He was acquitted of murder, but found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to three years imprisonment in the House of Correction. The young man in another year will come into the enjoyment of a fortune of £7000 a year. He will be exposed to but slight temptations to spend the first years' income.

According to the last accounts from Lisbon, the enormously wealthy young heiress, Mademoiselle de Sampayo, had again vanished with her would-be mother-in-law, the Duchess de Palmella. In consequence of an autograph letter written to her by Donna Maria, wherein she was addressed as the "Marchioness de Fayal," the Sampayo family had had an audience of the Queen, and remonstrated upon the impropriety of their relative being thus prematurely acknowledged at Court as the lawful wife of the Duke de Palmella's eldest son. In reply to their respectful observations, the Queen had disclaimed any intention of influencing the pending suit in the Ecclesiastical Court. As, however, the young heiress was soon to accomplish her twelfth year, at which age, according to the Portuguese laws, marriages may be finally solemnised and concluded, a decree had been issued for removing Mdlle. de Sampayo from the Duchess de Palmella's house, and placing her in neutral hands until the period when her fate should be decided. On Messrs. de Sampayo taking steps to have the decree enforced they had been unable to obtain access to their young kinswoman, and had been compelled to promise a reward of £2500 to such as should discover the place where she had been secreted. It was suspected that she had been concealed in the Queen's Palace, which privileged roof was alone sheltered from the searches of the law officers and agents.

Foals.—Col. Thompson's mare, by St. Nicholas, out of Harriet, a colt, to Sheet Anchor. Valencia by Cervantes, the property of Mr. H. S. Thompson, a filly, to the same horse. Queen Bess, a colt, to Muley Moloch. Her Highness, a colt, to Bay Middleton. Louisa, a colt, to Bay Middleton. Dido, a colt, to Velocipede. Gipsy, a colt, to Velocipede. Lady de Gros, a colt, to Velocipede. Hope, a colt, to Samercand. Armida, a filly, to Velocipede.

Lord Jersey's famous mare Cobweb dropped a remarkably fine colt foal to Buzzard (sire to Phœnix, who is also out of her) on Friday week; she is now at Hampton Court, to be put to Slane, whose very superior performances have not failed to bring him a great number of mares.

The Duchess de Palmyre.—Last Thursday MM. Morize and Vatard, jewellers, of the Rue Mauconseil, at Paris, were honoured with the visit of a new customer in the shape of a lady, about thirty years old, dressed with the utmost fashion, covered with trinkets, and who alighted from a splendid carriage, leaning on the arms of a huge chasseur and a lacquey of no less magnificence. The *elègante* was graciously pleased to say that she had heard of the beautiful *a la Duchesse*, of their invention, which were to figure so conspicuously in the approaching exhibition, and that she and her family wished to be the first to wear them at an impending ball; she as graciously added, that she would take six home with her, of which four should be selected, and the two others returned when she sent for a valuable ring which she wished to have cleaned. Upon this the great unknown deposited a ring worth £48, and left the shop with the six *Peignes a la Duchesse*. In the evening a servant called with the two combs, and received the ring, telling M. Morize that his mistress, the Duchess de Palmyre, wished him to call next day at No. 102, Rue St. Lazare, as she had some trinkets to order of him. To Rue St. Lazare he duly repaired, when he was assured that no Duchess de Palmyre was known there, though a Queen of that name had reigned many years ago in the vicinity of Arabia Deserta.

BOAR-HUNTING.

BY THE OLD FOREST RANGER.

> "Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,
> Amaze the welkin with your broken staves."—RICHARD III.

The blazing Indian sun was already high in the heavens, and the reflected heat, from the scorched earth, was becoming painfully oppressive, ere our three horsemen came in sight of the sequestered village, where they intended to halt for the day. The cool tank, near which it was situated, reflected brightly from its glassy surface, the struggling sunbeams which found their way through the dense grove of tamarind and Indian fig trees, by which it was overshadowed; promising to the wearied traveller the grateful luxuries of deep shade and a refreshing bath. The panting steeds, which, for the last hour, had been plodding along the deep sandy road, with drooping heads and languid steps, pricked their ears, expanded their wide nostrils, parched with heat and clogged with fine particles of sand; and, uttering a low neigh of satisfaction, started off at a lively canter, towards the welcome halting-place.

"The Lord be thanked!" exclaimed the Doctor, throwing himself from the saddle the moment he entered the grove, and stretching his gaunt limbs at full length under the shade of a tamarind tree.

"The Lord be thanked! this day's work is over, any how," and pulling a flint and steel from his hunting-pouch, he struck a light, applied the tinder to a formidably large Trinchinopoly cheroot, which he had already deposited in the corner of his mouth; pulled the peak of his cap well over his face, folded his arms on his chest, and, closing his eyes, abandoned himself to the full enjoyment of the narcotic weed. "Hech, sirs, but this is real luxury! Ye may talk o' the luxury o' a cigar to warm your nose on a frosty night, or a merescham pipe of old canaster, to keep the fog out o' a body's lungs on a misty morning, but gie me a shady tree, and a good long Trinchinopoly, after a twenty miles march, in an Indian sun; that's the real luxury—that's the thing to soothe the tingling nerves, and check the boiling o' the fevered blood, and fill a body's head wi' pleasant thoughts, and gar him feel as though he were in Paradise. Hech, sirs, it's fine,—it's just a perfect cordial—"

"I am glad to see you looking so comfortable, my old boy," said Mansfield, as he loosened his girths, and removed the bridle from the head of his smoking horse. "I was afraid you would be completely knocked up, for it has been a long and a hot march, to say nothing of your adventure with the Panther; but, if we may judge by appearances, you seem to be in a fair way of recovering—"

"Hoot fie! what for no?" grunted the Doctor, without unclosing his eyes. "I'm no' just that far through yet—na, na, lad; it's no' the rattling cart that coups the soonest; there's a heap o' life in me yet, for a' that's come and gane. That brulzie I had with the elephant yesterday, has gart the banes rather in my skin a wee; and, as I telt you afore, I'm a trifle warped in the back; but I'm no going to coup the creels on you yet—na, na, I'm finely noo—I'm finely noo; that hot ride has done me a hantle o' good, although I maun confess it wasna the pleasantest remedy in the world. O man, but them sheroots are prime tobaccy. Will ye try ane, Captain?"

"Not now, thank you," replied Mansfield, as he busied himself in adjusting a halter round his horse's neck, and fastened him to the stem of a tree. "I must rub down poor little Challenger first, for he is steaming with heat, and I would not have him get a stroke of the land-wind for ten times his value. No, my beauty, I should never be able to mount myself so well again," continued Mansfield, patting affectionately the arched neck of the beautiful creature, whose fleetness had gained for him the *spear of honor*[*] in many a well-contested field, and whose glossy gray skin was now changed to purple, by excessive heat and perspiration. The sagacious animal turned his head, as if he understood the compliment paid him, and gently rubbed his soft velvet muzzle against his master's bronzed cheek. "Ay, Chally, boy, give me a kiss; you and I have had many a hard day's work together, and shall have many more, please Fate, if care and good grooming be of any avail. Quiet, you little tiger,—quiet I say,—you are as full of tricks as a young monkey."

"Od, Captain, but that's a fine canny beast o' yours," said the Doctor, raising himself lazily on one elbow. "Smiler, poor beast, he's deed and gone now. Smiler and me, were gae good friends, too, when our tempers warna out o' order; but, at the best o' times, I wadna like to play wi' him that way. Na, na, he wasna to be compared to your horse, Captain."

"I should think not," replied Mansfield, smiling at the simplicity of the Doctor, in attempting to draw a comparison between the defunct Smiler, and his favorite Challenger.

"They say, in Scotland, sir, that a good man is good to his beast, and if that be true, you maun be an unco good man, and I as ill a ane; for there are you and Maister Charles, strapping away at your horses like two regular-bred *gorah-wallahs*,[†] while I am lying here, at my ease, and that poor beast, you were good enough to gie me the loan o', standing reeking there, like a half slackened lime-kiln. I'm no' very good at the grooming, sir, I'm fear'd, but I'll try what I can do."

"No, no, never mind Doctor," replied Mansfield, "he is a hardy old fellow that, and well used to it; just loosen his girths, and throw your cloak over his loins, and there is no fear of him. See, here comes the *Cotwall*,[‡] so, if you wish to make yourself useful you had better speak to him, and try to procure some forage for the horses, and some materials for our *tiffin*; for, it strikes me, we shall be quite ready for it by the time the servants arrive with the *cowrie baskets*. Mind, Doctor, plenty of eggs, a fowl or two, and, I think, after this long march, we must treat our followers to a sheep."

"Aye, aye, Captain, let me alone for looking after the victualling department! I'll take care that we have plenty. De'il hae me, if ever I seed the like o' yon!" continued the Doctor, as the *Cotwall* approached, shuffling along in his embroidered yellow slippers; his ample robes floating in the breeze, and twirling his mustache, with that self-sufficient swaggering air, which your good Mussulman, particularly if he be a man in authority, thinks it necessary to assume, when about to address an inferior, or even an equal. "Just see to the airs the long, blackaviced, tinkler-like, slouch o' a fellow, is putting on. I'm thinkin he mistakes us for a parcel o' travelling half-caste Apothecaries; and, by my troth, we're black enough, and dirty enough, to pass for any thing. Aye, I see fine what he would be at; he's going to come the big man o'er us. Ha! ha! I'll have some fun with this birky." Then, in a tone of command, "*Idder aou*,[§] you *Cotwall*."

The *Cotwall* advanced, twirling his mustache, with a supercilious grin, and stared the Doctor full in the face.

"Weel, Maister *Cotwall*, what vivars may this village o' yours afford? It looks gae poor like, I maun confess; but I suppose you can get us a wheen eggs, and a howtawdy or two, and a pickle strae for the naigs—eh?"

The *Cotwall* smiled a grim smile, but made no answer.

"What are ye girnin at, ye black pagan?" growled the Doctor, "hae ye nae English ava?"

"Engliss!" replied the *Cotwall*, with an impudent stare, "Engliss? O iss, sar, Engliss I can speak very proper. Suppose Faringee man speak Engliss, that time I understand."

"Faringee man! Speak English! De'il be in his black skin, he takes me for a Portuguese cook, and says I canna speak English!"

Mansfield and Charles, who were watching the scene with much interest, laughed till their sides ached, but did not attempt to spoil sport by interfering.

"Chickens!—eggs!—strae for the horses!" shouted the Doctor, at the very top of his voice. "That's plain English, I'm sure; do ye understand me now?"

"*Ayah!*" exclaimed the *Cotwall*, raising his eyebrows with a look of intelligence, "chickens!—yeggees!—abbah! now I understand. Suppose Faringee man give *dustoor*, preshent, that time I make *in*quiry."

"Give present, indeed! Troth, my man, ye'r no' blate. What should I see in your ill-faurt face to gie you a present, ye muckle Malabar soo,—eh? when ye ken it's your duty to provide travellers wi' what they want, and to be ceevil to them into the bargain. Be off now, and get what I want directly, before ye set my birse up, else I'll kick you, like a fut-ba,' frae this to the bazarr, and back again. Start, I say," and the Doctor raised his foot, as if about to carry his threat into effect.

"*Ayah!*—what for Faringee man make so much bobbery—eh?" replied the *Cotwall*, in an angry tone, but, at the same time, retiring a few paces, and looking rather aghast at the Doctor's warlike demonstrations. "Suppose master speak civil word, that time I do master's business." And, turning towards the village, with a less consequential strut than he had assumed at first, the *Cotwall* shuffled off, in no very amiable mood, to execute the Doctor's commands.

"Od's my life, things are come to a pretty pass indeed, when an M. D. of the College of Edinburgh is taken for a half-caste apothecary, or a Portuguese cook, bearded by a lousy *Cotwall*, and telt, to his very face, that he canna speak English;" and the Doctor, uttering a surly grunt, threw himself once more at the root of the tree, and began to puff furiously at his cheroot.

"Well, Doctor, have you settled it at last?" cried Charles, laughing mischievously, and rather anxious to encourage the feud than otherwise. "I must say the fellow used you with but scant ceremony; I do believe he takes you for a half-caste in earnest."

"Never ye mind," replied the Doctor, rather sulkily; "strap away at your horse, Maister Charles, and let me alane to settle the *Cotwall*; I'll gar him open his een afore I've done wi' him, else my name is no' Macphee."

The *Cotwall* returned before the Doctor's cheroot was finished, followed by two crouching villagers, one carrying in his hand a couple of half-starved, consumptive-looking chickens, and the other bending under a huge bundle of dry litter. This, the *Cotwall* asserted, was the best the village afforded, and in a bullying tone demanded, not only double the price of the articles, but a present for his own trouble in procuring them.

The Doctor's blood began to boil, for he had a horror of being imposed upon by any one, and more particularly by a native; but curbing his wrath by a strong effort, he asked quietly why there were no eggs.

"Yegges, sar!" replied the *Cotwall* with an impudent grin—for the Doctor's quiet manner had inspired the bully with fresh confidence. "Yegges, no can find—this very poor village, sar—cicken in this village no can make yegges—look, sar!" pointing to the two wretched specimens of the *gallinæ*, which were fluttering in the long grasp of the no less wretched villager; "that cicken too muchie tin—how can that cicken make yegges—eh?"

The sneering tone in which this was said was too much for the Doctor's forbearance. "De'il be in my skin, but I'll learn you better manners afore we part!" cried he, starting to his feet, and seizing the *Cotwall* by the beard. "How dare you stand there girning in a gentleman's face, ye lang-legged ne'er-do-weel. Is it no enough that ye hae been rapping out lee upon lee for the last ten minutes, till ye are a'maist black in the face, without yokin at the hinnerend, to laugh at your ain wit—eh, your misleer'd loon!" Here the Doctor gave the unfortunate *Cotwall's* beard a tremendous shake, extorting a yell of agony from that dignified personage, and inspiring the timid natives who accompanied him with such mortal fear, that they dropped their loads and fled for their lives.

"Will you ever presume to insult a gentleman again?" shouted the Doctor, giving him another shake that made his teeth rattle in his head. "Will you, you black sinner?"

"Ayah, Sahib!—Allah, Allah!" shrieked the trembling Cotwall.

"Aha, my fine fellow! I thought I would make you open your eyes afore I was done wi' you. Do you think the hens will lay any eggs now, ye leein tyke? Will they, ye limb o' Satan—eh?" Here another tremendous shake.

"Ayah, Sahib!—ayah! Master make pardon this one time—I very bad man—plenty lie I tell. Master please to let go my beard, that time I make plenty of yegges come—plenty yegges—I tell true word."

"Weel, then, see that ye do so, and be quick about it; and, I say, just try if ye can persuade the hens to look a wee thing fatter at the same time, do ye hear?" So saying, the Doctor relaxed his hold of the Cotwall's beard, and spinning him round, gave him a shove, which projected him several yards on his way towards the village.

The crest-fallen functionary, right glad to make his escape, shuffled off with great precipitation, till he thought himself at a safe distance, when he stopped, adjusted his disordered robes, stroked his insulted beard, to assure himself that it still adhered to his chin, and giving his mustache a fierce twirl, as he faced round towards the Doctor, spat upon the ground in token of insult and defiance.

"Ha! my lad, is that the way o't? Just bide there till I get a grip o' your goat's beard again;" and the Doctor, jumping once more to his feet, made a furious rush forward. But the Cotwall, like a yelping cur, who perceives that a stone is about to be flung at his head, turned tail without further warning, and, starting off at a pace which must have occasioned no little surprise in those accustomed to his usual stately official strut, never stopped till he found himself safely within the walls of the village.

"Hurra! here comes the Peon, with the "cowrie-baskets, at last," cried Charles, rubbing his hands with glee, at the prospect of a good breakfast, as a tall, handsome-looking Peon approached, followed by two naked Coolies, (low-caste natives, employed in carrying baggage, and other servile occupations,) covered with dust and perspiration, each balancing across his shoulder an elastic bamboo, from either end of which was suspended a circular rattan basket with a conical top, covered with green oilcloth, and secured by a brass padlock.

The wearied Coolies, having deposited their loads at the root of a tree with a deep grunt, expressive of the relief they felt in so doing, rubbed their aching shoulders, and approaching Mansfield in a crouching posture, with the palms of their hands brought together, and raised to their foreheads, in the attitude of supplication, patted their empty stomachs, which had been drawn in for the occasion till they nearly touched the backbone, in the most expressive manner. Mansfield, who perfectly understood their signals, smiled good-naturedly, and promised, that in consideration of the long march, a couple of sheep should be distributed amongst them as soon as the other followers came up. At this joyful intelligence, the wrinkled stomachs immediately resumed their natural form; all the fatigues of the march were forgotten; and the poor simple-hearted creatures, to whom a good meal of animal food was an event in their lives, after making a number of the most profound salaams, bounded off to refresh themselves by a dip in the cool tank, and to prepare their primitive cooking apparatus for the promised feast.

"Now, then, if we could only get a good fat hen to brander, and a wheen eggs to make an omelet, I'm thinkin', wi' the help o' these cold vivars, and twa or three bottles o' this light claret, we may manage to make an indifferently-good breakfast, or *tiffin* rather; for I'm thinkin' the day has ta'en the turn afore now." So said the Doctor, half soliloquising, and licking his lips as he busied himself in unpacking the contents of the cowrie-baskets, consisting of a cold buffalo's hump, a tongue or two, biscuits, rice, and other eatables; together with a goodly store of French claret, Hodson's ale, and brandy.

"Methinks you may do that same with great safety, friend Æsculapius," said Mansfield, tapping him on the shoulder; "and say grace afterwards with a clear conscience, provided you have breath enough left to do so, after lining your stomach with the many good things you have been enumerating. Why, man, here is a breakfast fit for a prince, all ready to your hand—cold meat, biscuits, beer, claret! Why, man, what would you have?"

"Hoot fie, sir; would ye hae us feed upon cauld junk, like ignorant pagans, after sic a march as this, and us in the midst o' plenty? Na, na, sir, I hae nae intention o' offending my stomach that way; we munna want the brandered hen, or the omelet, on no account. Let abe that tongue, Captain," continued the Doctor, as Mansfield was about to help himself to a slice with his hunting-knife. "Let it abe, I say—mind, sir, we are no' in the jungles now, and we maun study manners a little; ye hae appointed me master o' the kitchen for the present, and I maun insist on feeding you like a gentleman, whether ye will or no."

"Far be it from me, most sapient Doctor to dispute your authority," replied Mansfield. "You shall order the time and manner of my feeding, as appears unto you most fitting, and shall have eggs and fowls to your heart's content, if it only be for the sake of bringing that fellow the Cotwall to his senses. I shall slip Azapah at him—I suspect the sight of a Peon's belt and silver badge coming from his friends, the travelling apothecaries, will astonish him a little. Here, Azapah!"

"Sahib," answered Azapah, the tall handsome-looking Peon before mentioned, stepping up to Mansfield, making a respectful salaam, and remaining as steady as a soldier on parade.

"Azapah!" said Mansfield, speaking in Hindoostanee, "put on your belt again—go to the village, and bring me the *Cotwall* here, by the ears."

"*Hookum, Sahib!*"[*] replied Azapah, without altering a muscle; and facing to the right-about, he marched away with a most soldier-like air.

"Had I told that fellow, Asapah, to bring the *Cotwall's* head instead of his whole person, he would have gone upon his mission with equal coolness, and obeyed me to the letter," said Mansfield, smiling. "Azapah!"—

"*Sahib!*"

"I have changed my mind about *Cotwall*—you need not bring him by the ears; just say that I want him, and see that he comes."

"*Atcha, Sahib*,"[†] replied Azapah, making his salaam with the same imperturbable gravity, and marching off again with the same stately pace.

Azapah soon returned, followed by the *Cotwall*, cringing like a rated hound. The Peon's belt of office had acted like a talisman; a single glance was sufficient to open the eyes of the astonished functionary. Those whom he had foolishly taken for half-caste Apothecaries, and whom he fancied he might bully with impunity, turned out to be *Burrah Sahibs!*[‡] real *Burrah Sahibs*—there could be no doubt of the fact; for their Peon wore an embroidered shoulder-belt, and a silver badge. Such visiters seldom honoured his village by their presence. Had he only been commonly civil, he might have received, with tolerable certainty, a handsome present; but he had insulted them, and instead of receiving a present, was nigh having the beard torn off his chin. Oh! Mustapha! Mustapha!—what dirt hast thou been eating!

The *Cotwall's* cringing civility now became even more disgusting than his former insolence had been. The wretch grovelled in the dust. There was nothing good enough for their excellencies—the *Burrah Sahib's* clean straw came tumbling in by waggon-loads—hens laid eggs by word of command—the starved chickens were suddenly transformed into well-fed capons, and a troop of dancing-girls, dark-eyed Houries, from the neighbouring Pagoda, were sent for to charm their Highnesses into good humour, by their bewitching smiles and graceful movements. Every man, woman, and child in the village, were the bounden slaves of their Mightinesses; and of these, the most devoted was Mustapha himself, who, not contented with exhausting his whole vocabulary of highflown oriental compliments, made an ostentatious display of his disinterested zeal in their service, by banging the ears of an unfortunate *Ryat*,[§] with the heel of his slipper, and calling him a cheating rascal, for daring to ask half the price for clean straw and fat capons, which he himself had demanded, half an hour before, for dirty litter and starved chickens. In short, the amiable Mustapha spared no pains to make himself agreeable, and gain "master's favour." But the *Burrah Sahib* was inflexible, and no *dustoor* was forthcoming. Mansfield turned a deaf ear to all his highflown compliments; and, after reading him a lecture on the impropriety of attempting to impose upon unfortunate half-castes; and assuring him that the first time he heard of his being uncivil to any traveller, of any rank whatever, he would report his conduct to the collector of the district, and have him removed from his situation; he dismissed him with merely the price of the things he had provided, whilst a handsome present was given to the dancing-girls and other natives

This was touching the avaricious *Cotwall* in the right place. Had Mansfield broken a stick over his head, and given him a few rupees to buy a plaster withal, he had pocketed the affront with thanks. But to see his inferiors pocketing their rupees, whilst he, the great man, was sent away disgraced and empty-handed, was gall and wormwood to his grasping spirit, as the Doctor remarked with a chuckle—"It was touching the life o' the niggardly craiter—his heart's blood—the very marrow o' his banes."

The Doctor's culinary operations now progressed rapidly, and the good cheer he provided was done ample justice to by his hungry companions, after they had refreshed themselves by a change of dress, and a swim in the cool tank. The tents arrived and were pitched. The *Shikarie*[*] of the village was summoned to an audience, and reported that the surrounding country abounded with wild hog, and that amongst them was a certain boar of gigantic size, which had, for years, been the terror of the *Ryats*, and had laughed at the beards of the most skilful *Shikaries*; but which, he had no doubt, would fall beneath the invincible spear of his Highness—the terror and destroyer of wild beasts. Scouts were despatched in all directions to gain intelligence of the mighty boar; a goodly band of *coolies* were ordered to be in attendance by to-morrow's dawn. A couple of sheep were killed, and distributed amongst the happy camp-followers; fires blazed in all directions; earthen pots boiled and bubbled; the light-hearted natives calculating on the morrow as a day of rest, abandoned themselves to all the joys of feasting and merriment; and long after midnight, happy voices might be heard, chanting wild Hindoostanee airs to the simple accompaniment of the *zittar* or the *tom-tom*.

KOONDAH.

London New Monthly Magazine for April, 1839.

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[*] THE SPEAR OF HONOR.—In hog-hunting, he who first draws blood from the boar, is said to have taken the *spear of honor*, and claims all the glory of the victory, although the wound inflicted may be a mere scratch.

[†] Gorah-wallah—horsekeeper.

[‡] Cotwall—the head man of a village.

[§] Come here.

[*] Hookum Sahib—it is an order, my Lord.

[†] Atcha—very good.

[‡] Burrah Sahibs—great men.

[§] Ryat—peasant.

[*] Shikario—hunter.

SONG TO ST. PATRICK.

Tune,—"The night before Larry was stretched."

A fig for St. Denis of France—
He's a trumpery fellow to brag on;
A fig for St. George and his lance,
Which spitted a heathenish dragon;
And the Saints of the Welshman or Scot
Are a couple of pitiful pipers;
Both of whom may just travel to pot,
Compared with that patron of swipers,
St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear!

He came to the Emerald Isle
On a lump of a paving-stone mounted;
The steam-boat he beat by a mile,
Which mighty good sailing was counted.
Says he, "The salt water, I think,
Has made me most bloodily thirsty;
So bring me a flagon of drink
To keep down the mulligrubs, burst ye—
Of drink that is fit for a saint!"

He preached, then, with wonderful force,
The ignorant natives a teaching;
With a pint he washed down his discourse,
"For," says he, "I detest your dry preaching."
The people with wonderment struck,
At a pastor so pious and civil,
Exclaimed—"We're for you, my old buck!
And we pitch our blind gods to the devil,
Who dwells in hot water below!"

This ended, our worshipful spoon
Went to visit an elegant fellow,
Whose practice, each cool afternoon,
Was to get most delightfully mellow.
That day, with a black jack of beer,
It chanced he was treating a party;
Says the Saint—"This good day, do you hear,
I drank nothing to speak of, my hearty!
So give me a pull at the pot!"

The pewter he lifted in sport
(Believe me, I tell you no fable),
A gallon he drank from the quart,
And then placed it full on the table.
"A miracle!" every one said,
And they all took a haul at the stingo;
They were capital hands at the trade,
And drank till they fell: yet, by jingo,
The pot still foamed over the brim!

Next day, quoth his host, "'Tis a fast,
And I've naught in my larder but mutton;
And on Fridays, who'd make such repast,
Except an unchristian-like glutton!"
Says Pat, "Cease your nonsense, I beg,
What you tell me is nothing but gammon;
Take my compliments down to the leg,
And bid it come hither a salmon!"
And the leg most politely complied!

You've heard, I suppose, long ago,
How the snakes, in a manner most antic,
He marched to the county Mayo,
And trundled them into th' Atlantic.
Hence, not to use water for drink,
The people of Ireland determine;
With mighty good reason, I think,
Since St. Patrick has filled it with vermin,
And vipers, and such other stuff!

Oh! he was an elegant blade
As you'd meet from Fairhead to Kilcrumper;[*]
And though under the sod he is laid,
Yet here goes his health in a bumper!
I wish he was here, that my glass
He might by art magic replenish;
But since he is not—why, alas!
My ditty must come to a finish,
Because all the liquor is out!

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[*] Fairhead is the north-east cape of Ireland; Kilcrumper is a ruined church and ancient burial ground, between Fermoy and Kilworth, in the county of Cork, the southern county of Ireland.

MORE LEAVES FROM MR. KEELEY'S JOURNAL.

Niagara, Thursday, June 29th.—When one is at a celebrated spot, of course one goes through all the ceremonies of the locality. I should as soon think of going to Cheltenham or Leamington without drinking the waters, or to the sea-side without bathing in the sea, as of quitting Niagara without having passed "behind the great falling sheet of water," as the card (which is handed to you as a certificate of your having performed the feat) expresses it. By the way, while I am on this subject, I may as well say that the value of these certificates underwent considerable deterioration in my estimation, when I found they were attainable, upon payment of a dollar, by persons who had not earned the enviable distinction of having "passed behind the sheet," but who remained high and dry on the rock, grinning at the costume of the peril-seeking adventurers, who brave the "peltings of the pitiless" fall. The descent is made on the Canadian side; there is a house of refreshment, and a cabinet of minerals, and rooms wherein you change your own clothes for a suit which can take no harm; the clammy dampness of its lining as it clings to your skin, gives you a foreboding of the sprinkling you have to encounter; though certainly upon this occasion, my anticipations were considerably more than realized. The dress that you don for the exploit, consists of a jacket that buttons up close to the neck, trousers, frieze stockings, and thick shoes; the whole being crowned by a hat such as sailors call a nor'-wester, which has strings to fasten it under your chin, and which completes this highly picturesque costume. In the room in which I made my toilet, was a young fellow from Pittsburg, who, while he was also dressing for the scene, was endeavouring to persuade his father to accompany us. The old boy's reply was rather 'tarnation shrewd. "No, no, Tom," said he, "it's all mighty well for *you*, but I am old, and have no relish for these sort o' things. After all, it'll only be a thing to talk about, and I ain't got long to stay here to talk about it; so you see, it doesn't pay me for the risk."

When we left our room, we found our guides waiting for us, and my wife dressed to accompany us, in a costume that gave her a striking resemblance, in miniature, to those delicate creatures, well known at our watering-places, who live on the sea-side at the back of bathing machines, and half smother gasping children for the good of their healths; varying their employment occasionally, by lugging a full-grown woman into the water and ducking her, and holding her under for such a healthy space of time, that nothing but the repeated gulphs of salt water which she swallows every time she opens her mouth, prevents her shrieking out "murder."

We started: our way lay along a shelf of rock—in many parts not two feet wide, with a fearful abyss below; the wind blew from a quarter which sent the spray upon us thickly; we had a guide to each person, but as we approached the roaring cataract, the sound of the human voice was lost in its thunder; so that, as well as we could see through the spray which beat in our faces, we had only to obey their telegraphic directions. To give some idea of one's undergoings during the early part of this passage, I must venture on a familiar mode of illustration; for, as according to Sterne, the declaration of the English barber, that you might dip a peruke "in a pail of water," would have been more practicable and available, than the magniloquent assertion of the French friseur, that you might "immerge it in the ocean;" so I cannot better describe my personal endurance than by simply saying, it was that of a shower-bath for three minutes; and this will serve to convey to those who know what a shock of less than half a minute is, a pretty accurate notion of our enjoyment. The annoyance ceased as we passed behind the grand part of the Fall, and found our way by the green light conveyed to us through a watery prism from sixteen to twenty feet thick, for such is the depth of the water that pours itself over this part of the Falls. I kept my eye on my guide until we reached the end of all further possible progress, and stood on "Termination Rock." Then, for the first time, looking round for my wife, I discovered that neither she nor her guide were with us. In a state of great alarm, I hurried back; and as I emerged from behind the Fall, was much relieved by seeing her in the distance, clambering along the narrow shelf of rock, with her guide after her. The shower-bath had been too much for her: after enduring it till she could no longer breathe, she pulled herself from her guide's hand, and explored her way back by herself; thus undergoing considerably more real danger than if she had passed through with us—one slip of her foot and she was gone for ever; they gave her a ticket, however, "To certify that Mrs. Mary Ann Keeley had passed behind the great falling sheet of water to Termination Rock," when in truth they should have written, "That having achieved the only difficult part of the passage with the assistance of a guide, she had returned without one, to show her superiority to all such unnecessary attendance."

The usual variety of "sights" are created in the neighborhood of "The Falls," to relieve the *ennui* of sated pleasure-seekers: objects are thrust into importance, which, but for their neighborhood, would have remained quietly in their insignificance; but I suppose it is in sight-seeing as it is in trade; according to the doctrine of the commercial economists, wherever there is a demand there will be a supply: so here we have the "Burning Spring," the "Mineral Spring," the "Whirlpool," the "Devil's Hole," &c. &c. &c.

In the afternoon we went to the "BURNING SPRING,"—"a stream of sulphuretted gas, which quickly ignites on the touch of a candle, and burns with a brilliant flame." Our principal inducement to visit this was, that it took us along the bank of the river above the Falls, where the multitude of little Falls or "Rapids," as they are called, for nearly a mile above the cataract, seem to urge on the angry waters to their terrific leap.

Near the site of the battle of Lundy's Lane, by the village of Drummond's-dale, mingled feelings of curiosity and interest led me into the grave-yard: three epitaphs only arrested my attention: they were those of military men who had fallen gallantly in their country's service—a colonel and two lieutenants. The memory of the superior officer was preserved on stone; those of the humble subs on wood, now fast decaying. I copied the epitaphs; at this distance of time (indifferent as they may be to the general reader), they may meet the eye of some friend—some relative—or some companion of their early days, and awaken a feeling in their hearts that may afford them a melancholy pleasure.

In stone, and in good preservation, was this short epitaph:—

"Colonel Cecil Bisshopp,
16th July, 1813,
Died of wounds received at Black Rock."

In a remote nook, under a small hillock, covered with wild flowers:

"Lieut. Thomas Andrew, 6th regiment,
who died in consequence of a wound he received when gallantly
leading on his company before Fort Erie. Sept. 17th, 1814.
Aged 26."

Poor youth!

The last memento was but just legible, and was mingling rapidly with the earth it was intended to commemorate:

"Sacred to the memory,
Wm. Hemphill, Royal Scots,
Who bravely fell in the memorable battle of Lundy's Lane,
25th July, 1814."

Ah! this is melancholy work; let me turn to something more cheering, and where the interests of humanity are "looking up."

June 30th.—About eight miles down the river, and on the other (the American) side, is a settlement of Tuscarora Indians. As these people are under the care and superintendence of the "American Board for Foreign Missions," a part of them had settled down into trades and farming; I felt curious to see how habits of civilization would sit upon the descendants of the wild hunters of North Carolina, from which state the Tuscaroras came, rather more than a century ago. We took coach, and crossing at the ferry, were driven about three miles along a most villanous up-hill road, until we came within sight of the village and its little chapel, when we alighted. The door of the chapel was on the latch only: and inferring from this, that our entrance would not be considered an intrusion, we walked in without ceremony. The benches were of plain deal wood, and all the appointments were on a scale of cleanly but strict economy. Beneath the pulpit was attached an *affiche*, which contained a few plain directions for the guidance of the people, and their behavior in chapel hours. I think I have seen congregations of much higher pretensions than these poor simple Indians, which would have been greatly improved and benefited by an attention to the directions for propriety and decorum, which are given in the following

"RULES

"*Given by the Chiefs, for the assembling of the Congregation and their behavior during divine Service.*

"1st. When the time appointed for public worship is come, let the people enter the church, and take their seats in a decent, grave, and reverent manner.

"2d. In the time of public worship, let all the people attend with gravity and reverence, forbearing to read any thing except what the minister is preaching or citing; abstaining from all whisperings, from salutations of persons present or coming in, and from gazing about, sleeping, smiling, and all indecent behavior."

As we left the chapel, I addressed a man whom I saw leaning over a little gate, reading a newspaper in the English language. He was dressed in corduroy trousers, striped waistcoat, and blue coat with metal buttons; he wore a common felt hat, and had suffered his black hair to be shortened and trimmed into the style of "the man civilized;" but his dusky skin, his high cheek-bone, his quick restless eye needed no interpreter to explain he was an Indian.

"Good day, sir," I said to him; for I had been told that the people had felt themselves annoyed sometimes with the eager curiosity of strangers, so I gave him a "sir," and he returned my salutation very courteously. "Good day, sir,—any news?"

"No," he said in very fair English. "This is old newspaper—nothing here news for you, dare say. You stranger here?"

"Yes," I answered.

"What State?"

"I am not American," I said, "I am an Englishman."

"English!—Hy! hy! hy!—My father told me, that great many years ago, long afore our people came to this place, one of his ancestors was Englishman."

"Indeed! then, if that's the case, you and I may turn out to be cousins at a great distance."

He seemed to consider this an excellent joke, and laughed very heartily. I saw I was on a good footing with him, and improved it considerably by answering a number of questions which he asked me relative to England, and corroborating many facts about which his reading had made him competent to inquire.

"Are you happy here?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, in a drawling tone of indifference. "Yes, very well. Hope this year harvest will be good—last year bad; and of course, you know, like all the rest of the world, we feel the pressure of the times."

There was something irresistibly ludicrous in hearing a Tuscarora Indian assert with the most business like air, that he felt "the pressure of the times." The words were at this time a cuckoo-note throughout the Union; it was during the period of the suspension of specie payment by the banks, and almost every man you met was suffering from the "pressure of the times." After a little more friendly conversation, in which my new acquaintance informed me in answer to my question, "Why the village seemed so silent and empty?" that the people had gone to a meeting at the "settlement," about a mile and a half from the village, we parted. As we passed on towards our coach, we saw an Indian woman come from her little cottage in her paled-off garden, with a basket of clothes she had been washing. Things that under our noses at home are as familiar as household words, at such a distance and in such a place, from their very similarity are starting: think what an incongruous jumble it must create in the brain, to see an Indian woman of the Tuscarora tribe, dressed in a Manchester cotton print gown, hanging a Spitalfields silk handkerchief, washed with soap of Anglo-American manufacture *on a line in her garden.*

New Monthly Magazine for April 1839.

DESULTORY DOTTINGS DOWN UPON DOGS.

We love a horse—we love an elephant—we love a mouse—we love—pshaw! you will save both yourself and us an immensity of trouble, gentle reader, by just walking into your library, taking down your Bewick, or your Goldsmith, or your Buffon, and reading over the table of contents from the beginning to the end; and, if you have but half the average supply of penetration, you will make up your mind, before you have got half way through the first page thereof, that we are a personage of a most catholic affection—that we love every animal under the sun. Like an especial favorite of ours, the quaint old author of the *Religio Medici*, we cannot even "start at the presence of a serpent, scorpion, lizard, or salamander—at the sight of a toad or a viper we find in us no desire to take up a stone to destroy them." But above all the denizens of earth, and air, and ocean, do we esteem a dog—young or old, great or small, it matters nothing to us—be he

"Mastiff, Greyhound, Mongrel grim,
Hound, or Spaniel, Brach, or Lym,
Or bobtail tyke, or trundle-tail"—

we make no invidious distinction,—we embrace in our affections the little dogs and all,

"Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart;"

ay, even though we be constrained with that heart-broken old man, "more sinned against than sinning," to cry, "See! they bark at me!"

If we were but a legislator, and had a "tail," there should forthwith be a millennium for dogs!—much weeping and wailing should there be among the oppressors. Woe to the Westminster pit, and the owner of the famous dog Billy! Woe to the proprietors of dog trucks! and especial woe to them that ride therein! Woe unto *Bell's Life in London*, and its column on "Canine Fancy!" Woe to the exhibitors of dancing dogs! Woe! abundant woe to Punch! that chuckling demon, that mechanical monster, who, in every street and at every corner, instilleth cruelty to animals into the hearts of the rising generation,—who bangeth his dog as unhesitatingly as he bangeth his wife!

We thank our God that our lot was not cast in the days of the old Forest laws! We should infallibly have proved a premature Wat Tyler to the first miscreant Jack-in-office that ventured to lay hands upon the hound of our bosom, and we should have been hanged, drawn, and quartered for our pains. The Fates that deferred the spinning of our thread to these latter days, have been kind to us. We have often wished that we could conscientiously adopt the creed of the "poor Indian" who

"Thinks, amitted to an equal sky
His faithful dog shall bear him company;"

but, alas! he is of "the brutes that perish," and the wish is an idle, it may be, a murmuring one. But that a dog has nothing more than mere instinct—that a dog doesn't *think*, we defy the most "learned" Theban that ever wrote or lectured to convince us. We do not mean to say that he is a philosopher, or a moralist, or a poet; but he feels and he reasons for all that,—and he shames, or ought to shame, not a few of his very rational lords and masters. When we threw down our newspaper this morning after breakfast, and sauntered to the parlor window for the mere purpose, as an ordinary observer would have conjectured, of standing there with our hands in our breeches' pockets,—our children didn't know it—the wife of our bosom didn't know it—we scarcely, even, knew it ourselves—but Rover, our dog, knew it; and he came frisking and bounding from his prescriptive corner of the hearth-rug, and looking up in our face, and bow-wow-ing (for which we first thrashed him bodily, and then ourselves mentally, though, in truth, the cuff we gave him would hardly have sufficed to disturb the most superannuated flea of the tribe which made in him their dwelling), and running to the door, and scampering back again, and then jumping bolt upright as high as he could jump, and looking as if he would give his ears to say bow-wow once more—only he durst not—and so, as it was there ready at his tongue's end, easing it off gently through his teeth in the shape of a sort of pleasurable growl; and then lying down, yet peering up ever into our face with a kind of half-supplicating, half-reproachful expression, which said, as plainly as looks *can* say, "Well, I'm almost afraid it's of no use, but I won't give it up yet for all that,"—and then——"Bless my soul! are we to be kept a whole month learning what this brute of yours *did* know!"

Now, thank your gods, O reader! that we are of a placid and gentle disposition, for by that intemperate interruption of yours, you have cut short one of the faithfulest touches of description that we have penned for this many a day; and had we been "sudden and quick in quarrel," it might have cost you more than the loss of the picture you have so unceremoniously marred. But, alas! you feel it not,—we say to you as Sir Isaac said to his spaniel, "Ah! Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!" Had we been in the knight's place on that most trying occasion, and had our footman, or our housemaid, or any man or maid on the face of the earth, destroyed at one fell swoop the labor of years, we verily believe the readers of the next morning's *Times* would have been horrified by three entire columns of "awful murder and felo-de-se." But had it been thou, O Rover, our little, harmless, playful doggie, thou who didst never yet provoke one frown of anger upon our brow but one wag of thy tail dispelled it in a moment—had it been thou, we say, who hadst done the wrong, we should, with all the meekness of the immortal philosopher, have—"Zounds, sir!—what *did* your dog know all this while?" Why, sir, he knew we were going out for a walk.

We hereby enter our protest against the degradation of the word puppy, as applied to certain irrational specimens of that genus which arrogates to itself the exclusive possession and enjoyment of reason. Your natural puppy is an especial favorite of ours. We have one before us at this moment—a little ungainly, unwieldy cub, with a head as big as all the rest of him put together, and a most deplorable abbreviation of a tail; short thick legs and flapping ears—Heaven forbid that they should be submitted to the barbarity of cropping!—with a rolling gait, and a wonderful difficulty in preserving his equilibrium; yet the honestest, sauciest, playfulest, clumsiest, impudentest, sweetest-tempered little rogue withal that ever was created—obstinately determined on satiating his depraved appetite with the toe of our last new boot—turning to flee from our uplifted hand and threatening eye—rolling head over heels in the super-catulne effort—lying sprawling and struggling on the broad of his back, in momentary expectation of being swallowed up alive, or of some equally appalling doom—yet released by our forgiving aid from his inconvenient position only to commence anew, in the very next instant, the very same series of aggressions. But for a metaphorical puppy—pah!—"give us an ounce of civet, good apothecary!"—he stinketh in our nostrils!—he is "most tolerable and not to be endured." Much as we love to look upon fair forms and pretty faces, we have not, fot these ten years past, sauntered up Regent-street between the hours of two and six in the afternoon—we beg pardon, morning—it was indeed called afternoon, "mais nous avons change toute cela"—between the hours of two and six in the morning; we should be too strongly tempted to "feed fat our ancient grudge on him," by kicking him from the Duke of York's statue to the church in Langham Place, and we have no mind now for the interior of a police office, though "calida juventa," "in our hot youth when George the Third was King," we have ruminated in some few of them, and thought it rather honorable than otherwise—graceless dogs that we were!

Why Sterne should have written that beautiful chapter of his on a donkey rather than a dog, or how the same man who, when the said donkey "upon the pivot of his skull turned round his long left ear" discovered such a world of meaning, could venture to assert that a dog "does not possess the talents for conversation," we confess we have ever been most utterly at a loss to make out. We have no objection to a donkey—there is not a single tenant of the Zoological Gardens that we have the slightest possible objection to—at a reasonable distance; we have even something of a sneaking kindness for "the poor little foal of an oppressed race,"—yes! we hear you muttering about "a fellow feeling," and so forth; but we don't mind avowing it for all that,—we really do like a jackass; but, when we find him exalted above a dog, we can hardly persuade ourselves that our eyes are not deceiving us: we can hardly—we wonder what Sterne thought of him when he wound up his confabulations by reading his black silk "oh-no-we-never-mention'ems."

Reader! do you ever go to Ascot Heath? Of course you do:—you go as a curious subject to see your Queen, and as a loyal one to welcome her with the loudest and longest shout the state of your lungs will allow you to give forth. Of course you do all this—but this is not exactly what we are driving at at present. Did you ever happen to stand next the ropes when the course has been cleared, and observe an unhappy dog who has lost his master in the crowd, and is left alone in the middle, unknowing where to seek him! Mark him, as he stands for a second or two in hurried deliberation. He is evidently fully aware that he is in a scrape, and meditating how he may best get out of it. He looks anxiously around, and sees no means of egress through the dense wall of humanity on either side. Stay!—there is a kindly-looking old gentleman on the right seems disposed to let him through—but, alas!—the British public, in their anxiety to see the Favorite come in, are squeezing the kindly-looking old gentleman to such a degree, that for the life of him he can stir neither hand nor foot. How the deuce do you write letters expressive of hisses and groans?—Hisses a chimney-sweep on his left hand—groans an itinerant vender of mutton pies—"Shu-u-u?" bellows a ditto in the ginger-pop and soda-water line—"whew-w-w!" whistles a butcher's boy, with two fingers in his mouth—thank God! he hasn't got room to stoop for a stone?—away bolts the terrified animal—see there he has stopped short a little further on—he is looking up in yonder woman's face with a slightly tremulous motion of the tail, expressive half of doubt and fear, half of entreaty, that says "won't you let me through?—I would wag it so gratefully, if you would!" Quick! quick!—alas, too late!—he hears the course keeper's rapidly approaching gallop—away! he is speeding for the dear life, but the pursuer is too fleet for him—he has overtaken him—crack! crack! did you hear that howl?—poor devil!—did we understand you rightly, sir?—did you say he was your dog?—then would to God that lash had fallen on your own shoulders for bringing him to such a place as this!

We lay it down as our unalterable dictum, that he who possesses a dog never need want a friend. Byron, indeed, once went so far as to say he "never knew but one," and that one his dog Boatswain. But we incline to think there was a considerable sacrifice of truth to effect in the assertion, for he had many and true ones, though he loved to say, perhaps to think, he had none. He was, or affected to be, a misanthrope. Far be from us either the being or the affectation, though we may now and then unintentionally leave a peg for the censorious to hang an accusation upon. We sympathize most cordially with that jolly dog-loving old soul, who first trolled forth the time-honored chorus of

"Under the ale-tap let me lie,
Cheek by jowl, my dog and I!"

We would give something to have had an opportunity of "rousing the night with a catch" in the company of the malt and hops-loving minstrel! Tell us not that his wish savours of the misanthropy we have condemned. His horror was only of "dem'd cold, moist, unpleasant bodies," and wormy charnel-houses; his "potations, pottle-deep," were never discussed in solitary mopishness; he was wont to troul "the bonny brown bowl" to many a boon companion like himself; to "set the table in a roar" with many a merry jest, as it slowly voyaged round, minishing as it went, to welcome its first glass with a toast, to cheer its last with a song. Peace to his manes!

Our philocyny developed itself at the earliest possible period. We were even in a manner predestined to it. Our great-grandfather kept hounds and was half ruined by them, and our grandfather went to the dogs through continuing the practice. Our family crest was a talbot's head—our supporters a couple of bloodhounds—our motto "Love me, love my dog." How, then, could we help being what we are? The first intelligible syllable we uttered was "bow!" The only toy we really loved was a little white woolly ninepenny effigy of a spaniel, the gift of a kind-hearted housemaid, unconscious auxiliary to the dark designs of destiny. The story of Mother Hebbard and her dog was the favorite study of our childhood. Even now, as we call it to mind, do we feel once more the pang of disappointment we then endured at the hopeless emptiness of the cupboard—the consternation at the death—the thrill of ecstacy at the resuscitation of the quadruped hero of that ancient romaunt. We never had our nativity cast, but it needs not; we can do without the assistance of a Sidrophel—we are as convinced as we are of our own existence, that our natal star was Sirius. We were born in the dog-days! The scoldings we endured for our propensity to become sworn friends with every strange dog we met, were endless—the pence that we expended in dogsmeat innumerable. "Beware of the Dog!" was to us but as a dead letter. Though, like most children, we gradually grew older, we did not, however, like them, "put away childish things." The first time we ever opened the Apocrypha, we fastened, as if by instinct, upon the story of Tobit and his Dog; the first drama we ever saw enacted was "The Dog of Montargis!" In the first classic that was put into our hands we could find nothing so interesting as the legend of the descent of Theseus to Hades,—and, oh! how we envied him his interview with Cerberus! We read of the terrible Mauthe Doog—the Spectral Hound of the Isle of Man—but we read with curiosity, not with terror; and we vowed, in our yet superstitious soul, that we would some day take our journey thither for the express purpose of cultivating his acquaintance. Had we lived in the days of the ancient philosophy, we verily believe that, despite of our kindlier nature, we should have snapped and snarled with the bitterest cynic of the sect—the name alone would have been sufficient to enlist us in the ranks.

"The child," as Wordsworth says, "is father of the man!" and the ruling passion will be strong in us till death. But we have been doomed in our time to meet with "heavy blows and great discouragements." Disappointment hath been hard upon us. We heard of the fireman's dog,—and to hear of him was sufficient to set us at unrest. We have not knowingly missed a single fire in the metropolis for some years past: we have squeezed into every crowd, and narrowly escaped being ran over at different times by every engine of every insurance company. We have had our pockets picked—our toes crushed—our eyes devoted to perdition, times out of number—and in vain! We never saw him; and now, unhappy that we are, they tell us he is dead! We read in a French paper, but a few months ago, of a dog who supported his owner—a humble polisher of boots and shoes—by rolling himself in the most promising mud-heap he could pick out, and then rubbing himself as if by accident, against the pedal integuments of the exquisites who happened to cross the bridge whereon his master took his stand every morning, duly furnished with bottle and brush. We were in Paris last season, and our first visit was of course to the bridge in question. Alas! the boot-cleaner had cleaned his last, and the dog—there was a sausage shop close by his wonted stand, and it was more than hinted that—"shall I go on?" as Tristam Shandy says—"no!" The Chinese, the beasts! eat dogs, but they eat them knowingly. To the French "ignorance is bliss."

Oh! rare, most rare Edwin Landseer! We recollect to have read of one Gottfried Mind, a painter of the Flemish school, who excelled in feline portraiture. His pussies did all but purr Not a rat or a mouse dared show the tip of his tail in any house which boasted a grimalkin from his hand. He earned for himself the honourable title of "the cat-Raphael." But what meet name shall we find for thee, oh! thou *ζωγράφων ἄριστε* of dogs!—thou Apelles of aged hounds—thou Zeuxis of vigorous doghead—thou Parrhasius of puppies! How we do long to pat thy pictures!

"Sad dog!" "idle dog!" "wicked dog!" We tolerate these names, as applied to sundry of our biped acquaintance, only because we know that even the most censorious of them are ever used more in love than in anger. *Par exemple*, we called ourselves "Graceless dogs" a little while ago—and you might have seen with half an eye that we looked back with considerable complacency, if not with positive approbation, even upon the follies we stigmatized. There are many sad Dogs among real Dogs, but we do not like them one whit the less;—shall we introduce you to one? Reach down your Shakspeare—oh! you have it on your table already—'tis a good sign, and you have risen in our estimation. Now then, open the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*—Fourth Act—Fourth Scene—Enter Launce and his dog. There—the ladies are gone out for their morning ramble, so you may venture to read it aloud. Now that same Crab is the saddest dog it has ever been our hap to meet with "in tale or history." But there is, nevertheless, much to be said for him. He was never intended for a delicate "messan-doggie"—he was born to move in the middle ranks of canine society, and was spoilt, like many other very good sort of people in their way, by being elevated above his proper station. It was a gross error to introduce him among the "three or four gentlemanlike dogs under the Duke's table," the result might have been anticipated. We should as soon have thought of taking him through the green-grocers' shops in Covent Garden Market. Yet how feelingly does his master lament his irrepressible currishness! What a catalogue of misfortunes has he patiently undergone to shield his misdeserving pupil! An what an ungrateful, dry-eyed, stoical beast of a dog is he—what a "cruel-hearted cur" not to "shed one tear"—not to "speak one word"—when "even a Jew would have wept to have seen the parting" of Launce and his kindred! And yet, you see, the dear, good, kind, forgiving soul loves him! and were it all to do again, he would bear it without a murmur! Were Launce, Sancho Panza, and Corporal Trim, those three unparralleled dependants, to come in a body to apply for our vacant footman's place, our whole kennel would plead irresistibly in favour of the first:—"Follow us, friend, thou shalt serve us. If we like thee no worse after dinner, we will not part from thee yet."

One more dog-passage, gentle reader!—one more. The description does not come up to the inimitable simplicity of the old Greeks—as indeed how should it?—but it is very, very beautiful,—and quote it we must—for our own pleasure, if not for yours. He is the dog of Roderick, that "guilty Goth," whose fortunes have been so well and nobly sung in the lay which bears his name. He, too, like Argus, had a disguised master,—he, too, listened doubtfully to a voice which fell upon his ear with a familiar, though long unwonted, tone:—he, as he lay,

——"eyeing him long
And wistfully, had recognised at length
Changed as he was, and in those sordid weeds,

his Royal Master.

And he rose and licked
His withered hand, and earnestly looked up
With eyes whose human meaning did not need
The aid of speech; and moan'd as if at once
To court and chide the long withheld caress."

Follow the exile as he retires from "that most painful interview"—unrecognised alike by the mother who bore him—by the maid who trusted:—known only to, followed only by—a dog? Mark him at last, "yielding way to his overburthened nature"—flinging his arms around his mute companion—and bursting forth into that touching cry of blended agony and affection—

"Thou, Theron, thou hast known
Thy poor lost master!—Theron! none but thou!"——

We will not add one syllable more to mar the effect of this most beautiful passage.

Blackwood's Magazine for April.

NEW YORK J. C. RACES, FIRST SPRING MEETING.

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

At an adjourned meeting of the Club, convened on Saturday last at the Club House, near the Union Course, for the election of Officers, Commodore Ridgeley was re-elected President, and Messrs. John A. King, John C. Stevens, H. Wilkes and James Foster, Vice Presidents, for the term of three years. The following gentlemen were also elected Stewards for one year:—Messrs. Henry K. Toler, Gouverneur Kortwright, Wm. K. Gaston, and Gerard H. Coster.

The campaign at the North was opened with a Produce Stake of thirteen subscribers. Five paid forfeit, the three brought to the post being Mr. R. L. Stevens' Emilius filly, out of Polly Hopkins, Mr. Bathgate's Barefoot colt, out of Highland Mary, and Mr. Tillotson's Barefoot filly, out of Polly Jones. The Emilius filly was justly the favorite at odds; she is a bay, with a star, and no other white, save a line across the root of the tail, being marked like her sire in this respect; she measures more through the heart than any filly of her height (about 14—3) we ever saw; her back and loin are perfect, and altogether she is a trump, with a beautiful head and neck and clean limbs. Those who have seen Col. Hampton's *Emily* are struck with the strong resemblance between the two fillies, though the former has the advantage in height. Mr. Stevens' filly was foaled in England, and imported at a year old; Mr. Stevens has a 2 yr. old colt by Plenipo and a yearling colt by Emilius, out of Polly, that he expects out in the course of this season. Mr. Bathgate's colt has more size and substance than most of Barefoot's get; he is a light chesnut, with a blaze face, and white stockings on his hind feet. Mr. Tillotson's filly is a chesnut, with white hind feet and a star. She was in season, and a false start, in which she ran several hundred yards, put her out of the race.

At starting, the Barefoot filly ran away with her rider and lost her chance; the colt carried on the running gallantly over the hill, collared the filly round the last turn, and came in front on the last quarter; inside of the gate Abram brought up the Emilius filly, went in front, and won cleverly by a length, exhibiting as fine a specimen of coolness and knowledge of pace as is often seen. The Barefoot filly being taken with "the thumps," was now withdrawn. The second heat was won by the Emilius filly by half a dozen lengths.

The second Stake brought out two colts by Shark, the first of his get that have started on the Island. Mr. Gibbons' *Mariner*, out of Bonnets o' Blue, is a brown, with a star and one white hind foot; there is no Shark about him; his clean limbs, fine head, shoulder, coupling, and thigh, he gets from his dam; he was terribly buck-shinned on all four legs, and was so sore as to be unable to extend himself the first half mile; from this point to the end of the fourth mile he improved wonderfully. Mr. Stevens' colt, out of Celeste, is also a brown, with a white fore and hind foot; both colts have good size, Celeste's having a little the advantage.

The Celeste colt went off with the lead under a hard pull, and it was not until the last quarter that little Joe Laird could get his horse in motion; anticipating an easy heat, Abram suffered Joe to make up a wide gap, and when they got inside the gate the two were nearly locked; at the distance stand Joe gave up his pull to use his whip hand, when his colt swerved quite out of the track, and they had passed the judges before he could recover his advantage; they pronounced it a dead heat. The second heat, after a close contest, was won by the Celeste colt, who had a slight advantage in the start; the odds were now 10 to 1 on him. The Bonnets o' Blue colt cooled out well, and made stronger running than ever for half a mile, when not venturing to run for a distance, he was taken in hand; he won easily by half a dozen lengths. As a distance made a difference of $500 in the amount of the winner's stake, both went off at the top of their speed for the fourth heat; at the half mile post the thing was out, but to make assurance doubly sure, Joe took a good pull on Mariner, and let him pelt away home at a racing pace, and he of course won by an immense distance, after an exceedingly game and interesting race. The fourth heat was run in 1:57½—better time than has been made in a colts' stakes for some years, with equal weights. The atmosphere and track were both unfavorable for making good time. Record:—

TUESDAY, May 7, 1839—Produce Stakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Thirteen subscribers at $1000 each, $250 ft. Mile heats.

Robert L. Stevens' Imp. b. f. *Sylphide*, by Emilius, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian.......... *Van Mater's Abram* 1 1
James Bathgate's ch. c. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Highland Mary, own sister to Medoc 2 2
Robert Tillotson's ch. f. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Polly Jones by Sir Archy.......... 3 3
Time, 1:53½—1:58.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Produce Stakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at $1000 each, $250 ft. Mile heats.

William Gibbons' br. c. *Mariner*, by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles.......... *Joseph Laird* 0 2 1 1
Robt. L. Stevens' br. c. *Tamerlane*, by Shark, out of Celeste by Henry...... 0 1 2 dist.
Time, 2:0½—1:53—2:01—1:57½.

SECOND DAY.

The weather to-day was gusty and cold, and the attendance shy, owing in a great degree to the fact that on Tuesday, those persons who trusted to reach the Course by the cars, were obliged to take seats upon rough benches, placed upon the top of manure trains. It looked a little like rain, too, in the morning, and there is a vulgar prejudice "prevalent to a great extent in this community" against standing on the top of an uncovered shed all day.

The purse of $300 brought out *Hornblower*, a crack of last season, from New Jersey—*Suffolk*, another good one, trained on the Island by Belcher—*Caradori*, a Tonson filly, from Virginia, and said to be fast—*Tornado*, a trial horse, in Mr. Stevens' stable, and *Waterloo*, by Imported Victory, who unfortunately fell into the dock and was drowned, in this city, some three years since, on going on board a steamboat. Hornblower was the favorite at odds against the field; Lloyd had him in superb condition, and to our eye he had much improved upon his 3 yr. old form. Tornado was quite high in flesh; he did not make a stroke for the first heat, and as he was withdrawn after it, we shall dismiss him until his next appearance. Caradori was buck-shinned on both hind legs, and terribly tucked up in the flank. Suffolk and Waterloo were both in racing form, and the former was the main dependence of the fielders.

The race is hardly worth describing, there being nothing in the field able to put up Hornblower. Abram was sawing him from one side of the track to the other from the start to near the finish in both heats. In the first, however, it was drawn so fine, that he won by a throatlatch merely, from the Victory colt, who made a tip top race of it, having led nearly from end to end. The heat was run in 3:46, which, taking into consideration the weather and state of the track, is equal, probably, to any two mile heat ever made over it. In the second heat Waterloo ran a match with and outfooted Suffolk, and was beaten in turn by the favorite, who came in front when called on, and won handily in 3:51. Record:—

WEDNESDAY, May 8—Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowed 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's br. c. *Hornblower*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Music by John Richards, 4 yrs.......... *Abram* 1 1
James Bathgate's b. c. *Waterloo*, by Imp. Victory, out of Maid of the Mill, own sister to Eclipse, 4 yrs.......... 2 2
D. H. Branch's (A. P. Hamlin's) b. h. *Suffolk*, by Andrew, out of Ostrich, (the dam of Decatur and Tarquin,) by Eclipse, 5 yrs.......... 3 3
Robt. L. Stevens' c. c. *Tornado*, by Eclipse, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian, 4 yrs. 4 dr
Otway P. Hare's ch. f. *Caradori*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Aggy-up by Timoleon, 4 y. dist.
Time, 3:46—3:51.

The Match between Capt. Stockton and Robt. L. Stevens, with stable *vs* stable, of 3 yr. olds, for $1000 aside, P.P., up for this day, was postponed to the Second Meeting.

THIRD DAY.

A very clever field came out to-day for the purse of $500, Three mile heats, consisting of Mr. Hare's *Black Prince*, Mr. Abbott's *Manalopan*, Mr. Gibbons' *Shadow*, and Capt. Stockton's *Bergen*. Black Prince was the favorite; he was the first of Imported Fylde's get that ever started on this Course. Saving his near hind foot and a small star, he has no other white mark. The best points about him are his chest and shoulders, the latter being beautifully shaped, and the former very deep and capacious. Old Charles had him in very fine condition, though one of his fore legs looked slightly sprung. The others we have before described, but must remark, that when the entries were proclaimed, the President stated to the Club, at Mr. Thomson's request, that Bergen had been some time complaining, and was at this moment slightly lame. Shadow and Manalopan were the main dependence of the fielders, but the weight killed the latter, and the former had lost his foot in a great degree; their condition otherwise was fine.

Bergen made play from the score under a strong pull, but had not reached the half mile post before the saddle slipped directly across his neck and withers, and in this critical situation his jockey rode through the heat, which he would have won beyond doubt but for the accident. Shadow led for two miles and a half, when Joe finding the field could outfoot him, took him in hand, and dropped him just inside the distance stand. On the last quarter Manalopan and Black Prince caught up the running, and carried it on to the end, the latter winning by a saddle-girth, in 5:50. Bergen pulled up quite lame, though less distressed than the winner; indeed, considering that his rider sat directly over his game leg, we think he never made a finer race. Shadow was perfectly fresh, and it was thought he must eventually win the race if Black Prince lost the next heat.

Shadow and Bergen went forward and cut out the work for two miles and a half of the 2d heat, when the other two challenged for the lead simultaneously; Manalopan first got in front, but he lost the heat by it, having made his run too soon. Daniel rode Black Prince with the most consummate skill and coolness, and did not call upon him until the last quarter, when he rammed in the spurs and woke him up with two or three such first-rate eye-openers as sent him past the stand a gallant winner by a head and neck. Black Prince was very lame after the heat, and poor Bergen gave way in the fetlock joint of his near fore leg, and will probably never show again on the turf.

Immediately after the main race came off a Sweepstakes, for which two started, out of eight nominations. It was no race at all—except for a fast trotting horse. Mr. Stevens' colt was quite lame in the morning, and Mr. Wilkes' had been down with the distemper a week or more. They went off at a hand gallop, and never got into stride until the last quarter, when they made a desperate brush home, under whip and spur, the Richard colt winning by a neck

In the second heat the Barefoot colt bolted twice, and was called back. A stronger jockey was placed on his back, but he bolted a third time, hugging the outside fence for a quarter of a mile, to the imminent danger of his rider. He finally sulked and stopped, and the bay colt quietly galloped in, and took the stake. Record:—

THURSDAY, May 9—Purse $500, (provided four horses start, otherwise $400,) weights as before. Three mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's bl. h. *Black Prince*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Fantail by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.......... *Daniel* 1 1
Daniel Abbott's gr. h. *Manalopan*, by Medley, dam by John Richards, 6 yrs.......... 2 2
Wm. Gibbons' bl. h. *Shadow*, by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Sally Slouch by Virginian, 5 yrs.......... 4 3
R. F. Stockton's gr. h. *Bergen*, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace by Sir Archy, 6 yrs. 3 *
Time, 5:50—5:52. * Bergen broke down.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, Club weights. Eight subs. at $300 each, ft. $100. Mile heats.

Robt. L. Stevens' b. c. *Saladin*, by Imp. Richard, out of sister to Celeste by Henry.......... *Abram* 1 1
H. Wilkes' ch. c. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Saluda, the dam of Dr. Syntax.......... 2 bolt.
Time, 2:01—2:12.

FOURTH DAY.

The attendance to-day was unusually numerous—thoroughly demonstrating the fact, that our citizens only require a fair prospect of sport to insure their patronage; the Ladies' Pavillion, though not crowded, as we should have been pleased to see it, contained a galaxy of belles, whose radiant beauty and sunny smiles we have no doubt will add many gallant members to the new Jockey Club; let them but give us their approving smiles, and the Union Club cannot be rivalled.

The ball was opened to-day with a race for the Four mile purse, for which Mr. Thomson entered *Langford*, Mr. Laird *Decatur*, and Mr. Hare *Willis*. Decatur was the favorite at 100 to 75 vs. the field, Willis being emphatically, as it proved, "a dark horse," while Langford, it was well known, had been mincing his feed for a week past.

They went off hard in hand; Langford led for nearly three miles with a long rating stroke, while Decatur, who seemed to have lost his action, could only maintain a 3d place but by Jack's waking him up occasionally with the spur. He made strong running down the back-stretch of the 3d mile, but gave back at the hill, where Willis, who was going sweetly in band, was half out of his distance. On the last quarter of the mile Daniel brought up Willis to try Langford's foot, but pulled him back after running with him a few yards; Decatur made play at the same moment, but the pace was evidently too severe for him; and 2 to 1 was now freely offered on Willis for the heat or race. Langford led the last mile round the semi-circle to the straight run home before Willis challenged, when each made a desperate struggle, and the interest was kept up to the last. Inside of the draw-gate Langford was a-head, and nothing but Daniel's coolness gave Willis the heat, "by *a head*," as the Judges pronounced, after a desperately contested race. Langford's rider gave up his pull within forty feet of the winning post, instead of bracing him and using his spurs, and thereby jeopardized, if he did not lose, the heat. Decatur came in 3d, and well up, not being beaten over three or four lengths, after the best race, in our opinion, he ever made. The first mile was run in 2:01—the 2d in 1:55½—the 3d in 1:53½, and the 4th in 1:57.

The second heat is hardly worth describing, as Willis could easily outfoot Langford, owing to the latter's want of strength, while Decatur's stride grew shorter at every stroke until the finish, when he was ten rods outside of the draw gate. Whether Decatur sulked, or was amiss, we are not prepared to say; his trainer, however, inclines to the former opinion, and he is in part borne out by the fact of his not being at all distressed. Willis we described when he made his debut as a 3 year old at Camden; he is a dark chesnut, with no other natural white mark than a ring above the coronet of his near hind foot, he measures about fifteen hands and a half, is well put up, and promises to add fresh laurels to the garland won by the stock of Sir Charles. Considering the state of the track the time of the first heat was immense; it rained on Thursday afternoon and evening, and though the face of the track was dry, it had lost all its elasticity. Langford, although unfortunate, nobly sustained the good opinion of his friends; his performance was not only the best he ever made, but the time of the first heat is the best made in the country by an imported horse; it was well known that for nearly ten days his feed had not exceeded six or eight quarts per diem, and he was not backed by his immediate friends.

Immediately after the purse race, came off a match between *Tornado* and *Saracen*, which was won handily by the former. In a Handicap Sweepstakes, *Shepherdess*, carrying 120 lbs., beat *Independence*, carrying 114 lbs., and with ease, though she had but a week's training.

FRIDAY, May 10—Purse $1000, (if four horses start, otherwise $800;) weights as before, Four mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's ch. h. *Willis*, by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Merryfield, 5 y. *Daniel* 1 1
Capt. R. F. Stockton's Imp. br. h. *Langford*, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Sir Hercules, by Wanderer, 6 yrs.......... 2 2
S. Laird's (Sam'l M. Niell's) ch. h. *Decatur*, by Henry, out of Ostrich (Tarquin and Suffolk's dam,) by Eclipse, 6 yrs.......... 3 dist.
Time, 7:47—8:02. 1st head won by a head.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match $300 aside, Clubs weights, Mile heats.

Robert L. Stevens' ch. c. *Tornado*, by Eclipse, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian, 4 yrs.......... *Van Mater's Abram* 1 1
Wm. Gibbons' b. c. *Saracen*, by Eclipse, out of Sally Slouch (own sister to Star), by Virginian, 4 yrs.......... 2 2
Time, 1:53½—1:54½.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Handicap Sweepstakes for all ages. Three subs. at $—— each. One mile.

Daniel Abbott's ch. m. *Shepherdess*, br Lance, out of Amanda by Revenge, aged, 120lbs.. 1
John McComb's b. h. *Independence*, by Andrew, dam unknown, 5 yrs.......... 2
Time, 1:53.

SAME DAY—Match $1000 aside, h. ft., with 3 yr. olds. Mile heats.

Mr. Robt. L. Stevens' Imp. b. f. *Sylphide*, pedigree above, received ft. from Mr. Robt. Tillotson's fillies by Imp. Barefoot and Gohanna.

☞ The Races over the *Beacon Course* at Hoboken, commence on Tuesday next, with a Match for $500 aside, two mile heats, between Mr. R. L. Stevens' *Tornado* and Mr. O. P. Hare's *Champagne*. On the same day will come off a sweepstakes, P. P., mile heats. It is expected that *Willis*, *Hornblower*, and *Langford* will meet on the Three mile day.

LETTER FROM "A YOUNG TURFMAN."

Natchez, April 24, 1839.

SATURDAY, April 20, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss. Nine subs. at $1000 each, $250 ft. Mile heats.

Wm. J. Minor's b. c. *Glenara*, by Imp. Rowton, out of Imp. Nell Gwynn, 70lbs.......... *Charles Blakes* 1 1
A. L. Bingaman's b. f. *Martha Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Tachechana by Bertrand, 67lbs.......... 2 2
Time, 1:51—1:53. Track very dusty, and weather hot.

At the signal to saddle two only came to the post, three having died and four paid forfeit. The first that showed was Col. Bingaman's b. f. *Martha Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Tachechana (or The Playing Squirrel) by Bertrand, grand dam the Parum filly, by Whip,—she was evidently short of work, not fine enough drawn, and too much on the quarter-horse order for a hard race, under a hot sun and over a dusty track. She had, however, won a stake in fine style over the Metarie Course in Dec. last, and had the call at 2 to 1. The second and last was Capt. Minor's b. c. *Glenara*, by Imp. Rowton out of Imp. Nell Gwynn by Tramp, grand dam by Beningbrough. He pealed beautifully and was completely up to the mark in every respect. At the order to mount, little George Noe with a scarlet cap and sleeves, and a black body, was seen to cross the pig skin for the filly, while Charles Blakes in a dark blue cap and jacket, knotted the ribands for the colt. Martha drew the inside, and after a little trouble which young ones are apt to give at the start, they got away well together, at the turn the filly yielded the track without a struggle, and the colt went away at a strong pace, Martha laying handy until they entered the straight run home, when Noe applied the spurs, and a beautiful struggle terminated the heat, the colt winning by half a length only, in 1:51.

In the second heat they again got off cleverly, the filly making play for the track, which Charles had no mind to yield; a severe contest was kept up for about 600 yards, when the colt drew out clear, gradually dropped the filly, and came home a handsome winner in 1:53. A Young Turfman.

Mr. Garrison's stable is here, consisting of the great Wagner, Altorf, Lubber and Glorvina. Col. Bingaman has up Fanny Wright, Ajax, winner of the sweepstakes at Plaquemine, a very large 2 yr old, Bandbox, twice a winner at New Orleans, and Martha Malone. The three last all 2 yr olds.

Capt. Minor has Mr. Thos. Berry's g. c. Sir Ariss, by Trumpator out of Grey Eagle's dam, 4 yrs old: it is supposed he will go for the four mile purse; Doncaster (Imp.), by Longwaist out of a Muley mare, 4 yrs old; he is a dark horse, but it is whispered about, he will open the eyes of some folks, whenever he turns loose; and, though last not least, Telie Doe. It is generally believed this little filly has a lien upon all the 3 best in 5 purses, having won five since the first of November last. The races commence here on the 24th inst. On the 25th, the Pharsalia Plate will be run for, which has arrived and is much admired. A. Y. T.

THE PEYTON STAKE.

It affords us infinite pleasure to introduce the following letter from a correspondent in the West. Like a lady's, the pith lies in the postscript. We say this because *Black Maria* may be esteemed the champion of the Northern turf in the great Stake, and we were eager to hear of her produce:—

Gallatin (Tenn.), April 29, 1839.

Dear Sir,—In compliance with the request of the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, I inform you that the entry of Maj. Wm. R. Peyton (No. 25), in the Great National Sweepstake, called the Peyton Stake, came to hand on the 16th inst., a rich bay colt, black legs, mane, and tail, very large, and an excellent sample of his sire, the great Pacific. He is out of *Black Kitty Clover*, by *Eclipse*. Maj. Peyton is in the South, and I have therefore informed you myself.

No. 11, in the same stake, being the produce of *Hibernia*, by *Sir Archy* and Imp. Leviathan, was dropped about the first of April, but unfortunately died when about two days old. No. 12, being the produce of Imp. *Florestine* by *Whisker*, and Imp. Leviathan, was dropped about two weeks since; it is a fine chesnut colt, of good size and promising appearance. He is now at the farm of Col. Elliott, near me. Yours &c., G. W. P.

P.S. I have opened this letter for the purpose of announcing the fact, that I have just returned from a visit to the Hon Balie Peyton's farm, near this. On the 28th of April *Black Maria* produced the finest filly foal, in my opinion, I ever saw, and it has been so estimated by all who have seen it. It is No. 1 in the Peyton Stake, and by Imp. Luzborough. The filly is a brown, without any white, of immense size, long, large thighs, with the finest back and loin I ever saw, very broad well-inclined shoulders, fine arms, &c. It is very lofty in carriage, particularly in the forehand, head and neck very gay. G. W. P.

SPORT IN KENTUCKY.

The prospect of good sport in "Old Kentuck" was never so brilliant as it now is. We have just heard from Louisville that a division of Mr. M Cargo's stable has arrived there, consisting of *Billy Townes*, *Missouri*, and two others. Their appearance in Kentucky had produced a strong sensation, as it will be recollected that Billy Townes is engaged in the great stake to be run at Louisville at the next Fall Meeting, with some of the best four mile horses of the day. On that race, it is computed that $150,000 are already staked, and the betting is yet brisk. The reader will recollect that *Wagner*, *Picton*, *Grey Eagle*, and half a dozen others are the contending nags. Thus far we do not recollect that any stable has ever visited Kentucky from other states, and returned victorious. They have a way of "holding their own," and taking "the Spirit" out of them, which is peculiar.

The Oakland Course is now probably one of the most complete in the country, in all its fixtures and appointments, and horses certainly run faster over it than they do any where else in the land. If they make any more quick time it will behoove Col. Oliver, the proprietor, to have it measured again, although it has already been submitted to that process.

We are told that there is a probability that the Cincinnati Course will pass into the hands of Oliver. He seems extremely well fitted for the re-arrangement of race courses, for he is sure in the first place to do that which of all things is most essential to their success,—awake a general feeling among the gentlemen of the vicinity, which gives the thing a good "send-off." He may be said to have created all the courses in New Orleans, and he has lately done for the Louisville Course what we hope he may continue to do for as many others as possible,—put up grand purses and induced breeders to go into numerous stakes.

EDGAR'S STUD BOOK.

At a meeting of the Raleigh (N.C.) Jockey Club, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, and ordered to be published in the "Spirit of the Times" and "The Turf Register."

Whereas, it is known to the American Breeders of the blood horse, that Sir Patrick N. Edgar, of Lynesville, N.C., has devoted a large portion of a long life to the collection and compilation of pedigrees of American bred stock, tracing and connecting them properly, and authentically, with their distant ancestry; and whereas, it is further known, that in the laudable attempt to publish the same as an *American Stud Book*, the author has not only incurred loss and disappointment, even with the first volume, greatly jeopardising the whole collection, without the immediate aid and action of all interested—therefore

Resolved, that this club purchase of Sir Patrick N. Edgar thirty copies of the first Vol. and that they be ordered immediately, and that the Treasurer is hereby directed to pay for the same out of the funds of the Association—

Resolved, further, that this club shall subscribe for thirty copies of the 2d Vol. of the said work; and that the Secretary forward a copy of the foregoing proceedings to Sir Patrick.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

The Baltimore Races commence next Monday over the Kendall Course, and a most brilliant assemblage is anticipated as the cracks of Virginia, North Carolina, and Maryland, are confidently expected. A letter from a turfman of Washington informs us that Col. Johnson will be in attendance with *Boston* and *Argyle;* Townes and Williamson with *Steel* and two more; John Alcock with *Bailie Peyton* and another; Mr. Wilson with *Portsmouth* and *Tom Walker;* Mr McDaniel with *Vashti* and some others; a draft from Mr. McCargo's stable; Col. Thompson with a stable of five, including *Rowena* and *Wonder*—one for the four mile day certain; and a crowd of one and two mile nags, to say nothing of Kendall's long string. Several celebrated horses from New York and Philadelphia are on their way, to start for the four Trotting Purses. It is supposed that *Dutchman, Lady Suffolk, Kitty Clover, Mount Holly, Lady Victory, Harry Bluff*, and several others, are among the number. Kendall has the Course, fixtures, etc., in apple-pie order, and has a right to anticipate a crowded attendance not only of the citizens of Baltimore but of the neighbouring cities. We learn that the following gentlemen have been appointed judges;—Col. Charles S. Sewell, President, and C. S. W. Dorsey, Esq., and Col. James M. Selden, Vice Presidents. The Jockey Club has lately received an immense accession to its list of members, and in fact, the present promises to be one of the most attractive race meetings ever held in Maryland.

Natchez (Miss.) *Jockey Club Races.*—We have received "slips" from the office of the New Orleans Picayune, from which we learn that the races over the Pharsalia Course commenced on Wednesday, April 24, and continued four days. The Picayune says that the sport and attendance were good, and that the greatest harmony prevailed throughout. The same paper also furnishes us with a report of the St. Francisville (La.) Jockey Club Races, which commenced on the 24th April, and continued four days. The following is a summary of each day's sport:—

Wednesday, April 24.—Wm. J. Minor's Imp. bl. c. *Doncaster*, by Longwaist, dam by Muley, 4 yrs., won the Jockey Club Purse of $400, 2 mile heats, beating Bandbox and Lubber, in 3:53—3:48.

Thursday, April 25.—James S. Garrison's ch. m. *Glorvina*, by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, 6 yrs., won the Pharsalia Plate, value $300, and $400 in money, 3 mile heats, beating Martha Malone and Sir Ariss, in 5:45—5:51.

Friday, April 26.—James S. Garrison's ch. c. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West, by Marion, 4 yrs., walked over for the Jockey Club Purse of $1200, 4 mile heats.

Saturday, April 27.—James S. Garrison's b. c. *Altorf*, by Fylde, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs., won the ent. money of the previous days, with $50 added by each entry, mile heats, best 3 in 5, beating Doncaster and Ajax, in 1:50—1:50—1:52.

St. Francisville (La.) *Jockey Club Races.*—Wednesday, April 24.—Dr. Ira Smith's ch. c. *Sthreshley*, by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 3 yrs., won the Jockey Club Purse of $300, 2 mile heats, beating Laurent and Sam Bell, in 3:54—3:54.

Thursday, April 25.—D. F. Kenner's gr. c. *Greydoc*, by Medoc, out of Grey Fanny, by Bertrand, 3 yrs, won the Purse of $500, 3 mile heats, beating West. Feliciana, in 6:14—6:30.

Friday, April 26.—James Shy's ch. c. *Kavenagh*, by Bertrand, dam by Director, 4 yrs., won the Purse of $700, 4 mile heats, beating Josh Bell, in 8:04—9:20.

Saturday, April 27.—D. F. Kenner's gr. c. *Greydoc* (pedigree above) walked over for the Purse of $500, mile heats, best 3 in 5.

John C Rogers, Esq., of Raleigh, N. C., has bought of Col. W. R. Johnson of Va., his b. m. *Mary Blunt* by Sir Charles dam by Alfred, 6 years, for $3000. She will be stinted to Imp. Priam this season.

Messrs. Rives and Early, of Richmond, Va., have sold to Mr. James Long, of Washington city, their three year old colt by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, for $4000.

J. C. Rogers, Esq., has sold the half of his black filly *Dolly Thorpe* by Imp. Shakspeare out of Polly Peacham, 2 years old, to Mr. Wm. McCargo, of Va., for $2000.

Imported Belshazzar.—The steamer "Liverpool" brought us a letter dated the 30th March, addressed to our agent at that port, from Wm. Allen, Esq., of the Lodge, Malton, Yorkshire, who sold recently Belshazzar, to a company at Nashville, Tenn., in which he remarks to the following effect:—

"About three or four months since I addressed a letter to F. B. Ogden, Esq. "*Tennessee*," to say that I was desirous of re-purchasing Belshazzar, and that I could afford to offer Twelve Hundred Guineas for the horse. I have felt a good deal of disappointment at not having received any kind of answer to my letter, which I much wished to have before I engaged any other horse. *To-day* and not before to-day, I have learnt my error, and that my letter should have been addressed to Mr. Ogden, the American Consul at Liverpool. I presume that my letter has been lost in the packet, or by some other means has never reached Mr. Ogden. It has been a grievous disappointment to me, but I certainly have no one to blame but myself. My reason for writing to Mr. Ogden was from Flintoff's having mentioned that gentleman's name to me as being something to do with the horse and the impression on my mind are that Mr. O. had the ordering, and direction of the base.

"After *Cara's* winning the Criterion Stake at Newmarket, I had applications from gentlemen from all parts of the Kingdom to send mares to Belshazzar, and universal regret was expressed at his having been sent out of the country. I should be glad if what I have so far stated could be noticed in the "Spirit of the Times" that the Americans may see that they have got a horse which probably (and I have no doubt of it,) would have been one of the most celebrated stallions in this country. I am fortunate in having several good colts and fillies of his get, and I flatter myself they will not disgrace their sire."

The Turf Register.—The third and fourth numbers of this magazine will be issued from this office on Monday next. They are illustrated by a very fine picture of the great Plenpotentiary, and a spirited sketch of D'Orsay and his Traineau. The reader is referred to an advertisement on another page for the table of contents, which will be found varied and we hope not uninteresting. Thus much we may be allowed to say of this magazine editorially, and we will repeat a former comment upon it, that it is not made up from the columns of the "Spirit of the Times," and will be as fresh for the readers of that journal as if issued from a distinct office.

Look at Mr. German's challenge in our advertising columns. He must be a character, and we hope his banter may be accepted. Who will describe the chase after that "red fellow" who is "ranging up and down the valley of Little River?"

Sale of Blood Stock.—The valuable Blood Stock of the late M. W. Dickey, Esq. will be sold at auction during the Spring Meeting at Louisville, Ky., consisting of *Grey Eagle, Caroline Scott, The Captain*, &c. &c. See advertisement in another column.

An amusing anecdote, for the benefit of Owners of Stallions who let them out on shares—Doane kept a Jack, the owner of which lived in Giles Co., Tenn. When the season was ended, he came for his Jack and his part of his earnings. The owner waited some time for Doane to break the subject, but finally had to make known his business. Doane, after reflecting some time, asked him, "Do you know what was my contract?" "Yes," replied the other; "you was to have a third of the receipts." "Well," says Doane, "I believe that is all true, all right enough; but he has never made a third, and the only way you can get your Jack is by paying me fifteen dollars." The owner argued and remonstrated against this in vain, but finally had to comply, and congratulated himself on having broke very well.

K.

RALEIGH (N. C.) SPRING RACES.

The races over the *State Course* commenced on Tuesday, the 30th ult. The weather during the week was favorable in the extreme, and the sport was kept up with great spirit. The following gentlemen comprise the Officers of the Club:—Dr. J. O. Watson, President; R. W. Hayward, Esq. Vice President; W. L. Otey, Esq. Treasurer and Proprietor; W. H. Hollaman, Esq. Secretary; Judges in the Stand, Capt. Thos. Cobb and Col. Bryan; Distance Judges, Theo. T. Snow and Robt. Bryant, Esqrs.; Timer, Col. John McLeod.

TUESDAY, April 30—Ladies Purse $300, ent. $20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. c. *David Fylde*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Charles Carter's dam by Clay's Sir William, 4 yrs	1	1
John P. White's b. c. *Little Beaver*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	2	2
David McDaniel's ch. c. by Imp. Contract, dam by Napoleon, 3 yrs	3	3

Time, 3:55—4:00.

The Fylde went off with the lead for about a mile, when Little Beaver took up the running, went in front, and maintained his position till they came to the last quarter, when David collared him, and a severe struggle ensued, which resulted in the Fylde winning by half a neck only. In the 2d heat, the Contract colt made play, and led for the 1st mile, when the Fylde came forward, passed, and won, hard in hand.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

David McDaniel's (Col. J. M. Bryan's) gr. f. *Ginger Blue*, by Sir Pitt, dam unknown	1	1
Wm. McCargo's b. c. by Jackson, dam by Aristotle	3	2
Robt. Cunningham's b. c. by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Arab	2	3

Time, 1:55—1:59.

WEDNESDAY, May 1—Proprietor's Purse $400, ent. $25, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

D. McDaniel's (Col. J. M. Bryan's) b. g. *Sam Johnson*, by Giles Scroggins, out of Betsey Baker by Sir Charles, 5 yrs	1	1
John P. White's b. c. *Temple*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs	2	2
Wm. McCargo's b. c. *Walter L.* by Imp. Fylde, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	3	dist.

Time, 5:58—6:00.

Temple was rather the favorite. After several false starts, Sam sprung off with the lead, Temple on his quarters, and the other close up. In this order they continued, without any material change, throughout, the gelding winning the heat pretty handily. In the 2d heat Sam made play, and went off again at a merry lick, was never headed, and won the race by two or three lengths.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $250 aside, catch weights. Mile heats.

D. McDaniel's (Robt. Bryant's) b. g., pedigree unknown	1	1
W. H. Mead's ch. g. by Bonaparte, dam unknown	2	2

Time, 1:55—2:02.

THURSDAY, May 2—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $40, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. f. *Vashti*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Slazy by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 4 yrs	1	1
John P. White's b. c. *Burnett*, by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Sally Hope by Sir Archy 4 y.	2	2
Wm. McCargo's b. m. *Molly Ward*, by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Bertrand, 5 yrs	dist.	

Time, 8:07—8:30.

The betting was Vashti against the field at 2 to 1. The race requires little in the way of description. Vashti made play at a moderate pace in both heats, which she won easily.

FRIDAY, May 3—Handicap Purse $200, ent. $15. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Wm. McCargo's b. c. *Walter L*, pedigree above, 87lbs	1	1	1
John P. White's b. c. *Little Beaver*, " " 95lbs	2	3	2
Thos. Rainey's ch. c. *Uncle Jonathan*, by Nullifier, dam by Virginius, 4 yrs	3	2	3

Time, 1:55—1.55—1:56.

Little Beaver was the favorite, who made running to the quarter stretch, where Walter went up to him; a sharp race between the two was won by Walter, by a throat-latch. In the 2d heat Walter made play, and won the heat again by about half a length, after a severe race with Jonathan. In the 3d heat Little Beaver led off and kept in front till they came to the quarter stretch, where Walter shot by him; a very severe race, and won by a length only.

SATURDAY, May 4—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs., Four subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

R. B. Cunningham's bl. c. *Black Boy*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Chance	1	1
Wm. McCargo's (Maj. N. T. Green's) b. c. *Bob Chapman*, by Imp. Whale, out of Duane's dam by Goodloe Washington	3	2
D. McDaniel's (Col. John M. Bryan's) ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Vashti's dam by Bullock's Mucklejohn	2	dist.

Time, 1:53—1:54. Won cleverly.

HOUSTON (Texas) SPRING RACES.

SATURDAY, April 12, 1839—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 76lbs.—4, 90—5, 100—6, 108—7 and upwards, 114lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Sub. $100 each. One mile.

David Randon's (Gen. T. J. Green's) ch. g. *Coloradian*, by Wonder, dam by Fearnought, 3 yrs	1
Shelby Smith's br. c. *Milam*, by Dungannon, out of Grecian Princess, 4 yrs	2
D. J. Mitchell's b. h. by Pacific, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs	3

Time, 1:56.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $—— aside, One mile.

Major Barr's r. g. *Old Felix*, pedigree and age omitted	1
S. Smith's b. g. *Sancho*, " " "	2

Time, 2:00.

The Sweepstakes on Monday and Tuesday were not made up, and no race came off on either day.

WEDNESDAY, April 17—Jockey Club Purse $250, ent. $25, weights as before. Two mile heats.

David Randon's (Gen. T. J. Green's) ch. g. *Coloradian*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	1	1
S. Smith's b. h. *Milam*, pedigree above, 5 yrs?	2	2

Time, 3:55—4:08.

In the second heat Coloradian did not get off very well, and the bay horse got the start some hundred yards or more, but the chesnut made it up in gallant style, by passing his competitor in the first mile, and coming out about three lengths ahead.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—A Sweepstakes, sub. $50 each, One mile.

F. S. Caful's *Black Alfred*, pedigree and age omitted	1
Col. J. Cook's *Jack Downing*, " " "	2
Col. Hall's *Old Ball*, " " "	3
Col. Smith's *Sancho*, " " "	4

Time, 1:53.

THURSDAY, April 18—Jockey Club Purse $600, ent. $75, weights as before, Three mile heats.

Jno. Floyd's (John Fawcett's) b. m. *Charlotte Hill*, by Hephestion, dam by Cook's Whip, 6 yrs	1	1
David Randon's ch. c. *Sam*, by Kosciusko, dam by Aratus, 3 yrs	2	2
S. Smith's ch. f. *Miss Labella Combs*, by Andrew, dam by Director, – yrs	dist.	

Time, 6:04—6:08.

FRIDAY, April 19—Jockey Club Purse $1000, ent. $100, weights as before. Four mile heats.

David Randon's (Gen. Green's) b. f. *Star of the West*, by Bertrand, dam by Whip, 4 y.	1	1
S. Smith's b. c. *Warwick*, by Pacific, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs	1 dr	
Hall & Tompkins' br. g. *Cooper*, by Bertrand, dam by Whip, 3 yrs	dist.	

Time, 8:10

SATURDAY, April 20—Jockey Club Purse $400, ent. $50, weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

David Randon's (Gen. Green's) ch. c. *Coloradian*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	2	2	1	1	1
H. M. Pettie's (John Fawcett's) br. m. *Charlotte Hill*, " " 6 yrs	3	3	3	2	2
Floyed & Watson's b. f. *Juliet Waller*, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs	1	1	2	dr	

Time, 1:57—1:53—1:53—1:59—2:00.

G. W. Adams, *Sec'y.*

WASHINGTON (D. C.) SPRING RACES.

Washington City, May 8th, 1839.

My dear P.—There was a time, (as Menifee said to D. Duncan,) when the National Course was the theatre of hard fought battles, but the scepter has departed from Judah, and now there is nothing of interest and excitement. 10 to 1 and 8 to 1 are all the chances for betting, and not being able to give the odds, I took them, and lost.

TUESDAY, May 7, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs., sub. $1000 each, 200 ft. Mile heats.

James Long's s. c. by Eclipse, out of Flirtilla Junior	1	1
Wm. H. Tayloe's f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Miss Chance	2	2

Time, 1:52—1:57.

Track fine. 8 to 1 on the winner—open and shut.

WEDNESDAY, May 8—Purse $500, ent. $20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Edw. J. Wilson's b. c. *Portsmouth*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards, 4 yrs	1	1
Gen. Gibson's (Mr. Birch's) b. c. *Wonder*, by Tychicus, dam by Rob Roy, 4 yrs	2	2
D. Crawford's c. *Sempronius*, by Ziganee, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs	4	3
J. B. Kendall's *Sufferer*, by Eclipse, out of Meg Dodds by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	3	4

Time, 5:48½—5:57.

10 to 1—falling off a log.

Of all the horses I ever saw, give me Portsmouth. They call him the *black ram*. He is all symmetry, and such a stifle, shoulder, &c., mortal man never beheld. He can't be beat easily—Boston will find him a troublesome customer, 4 mile heats. I have seen the former: he reminds me of a nine boiler Mississippi boat;—such hind legs, back, and shoulders; his ribs are not oblique enough, and his head and neck are bad. He is a monster. He goes the 4 mile day to-morrow, open and shut, 10 to 1. I know he will win, but 10 to 1 I'm bound to stand up to. Kendall is a lucky fellow; only think of his buying an Eclipse, out of Meg Dodds, Isabella's full sister, for $200! Why he is worth lots and gobs; only see him, green as a country boy, running a good third in 5:48½. I tell you blood will tell.

It will be a hard task to get a crowd here again—they match out and arrange the purses. Why didn't Boston meet the black ram the 3 mile day? 'Tis whispered old Nap. has an interest in him, but this is mere rumor. Be it as it may, poorer sport never was offered. Yours, in haste, N.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM MOBILE.

Mobile, April 29th, 1839.

Dear Sir,—To receive fresh subscribers, and additional encomiums on the improved aspect of "The Spirit" must be to you like the Cuckoo's song,—always uttered in the same note. All here approve it much. You have increased your "Spirits" much after the ratio of the Mississippians,—for where they once could take a gill they now must buy a gallon. Your new arrangements, however, have this decided advantage over the new law of the "cotton growing state," for they have improved your *spirits* alike in quantity and quality, while our neighbors have only gone half way.

How is that we Mobilians have never received the second number of the new series? Your table of four milers is like a beau in a ball-room—miss-ing! I know the fault is not with you, but can you not afford us a remedy? You are, I know, a very regular male, while the "regular mail" of Amos is a most irregular one. *Hunc ille lachrymæ,*—which means in English, that number 1 is sadly grieved for the loss of number 2. A vast number of us here, look for the arrival of "The Spirit" with as much interest as that of the price of cotton by the Great Western, and are as fond of *Porter* as the most orthodox Londoners. Our little city is a great place for sports of every kind: they are as needful and as regular as adjectives to all our nouns of the masculine gender:—a trot is *po*[illegible] regatta is *comparative*, and a race *superlative* enjoyment. So pray send on number 2. I have recently made a large purchase of blooded stock, which, in the true spirit of the Turf I should like to have recorded in the "Spirit of the Times." I have bought of Col. John Duncan of Ottagua county, in this state, one half of the following thorough breds for the sum of ten thousand dollars:—

Thrush, b. f. by Leviathan, out of Object, (the dam of Linnet,) 5 yrs. old this Spring.
Nightingale, b. f. by ditto, out of ditto—own sister to Wren;
Falcon, a 2 yr. old colt, of the self-same pedigree; also,
——, a yearling colt, own brother to the above, and the
Produce of the same mare, by Leviathan, whatever it may be.

This nest of birds I hope will prove flyers, as others of the same brood have done. But the purchase does not finish here: it includes also—

Dublin, gr. c. 4 yrs. old this Spring, by Leviathan, out of a Jerry mare,—and
Cork, own brother to the above, and 3 yrs. old.

The Leviathan stock stands high in these Southern and Western sections, as you well know, and as I think it justly deserves; for in our recent meeting his get have proved winners at all distances, for "the Pony" won our four mile race; Bee's-wing, the three; Galantha, the two, and Fandango, the one mile heats. So with seven of the same sire's offspring in my stable, I have reasonable hopes that some of them will figure largely in your future "lists of winning horses."

Our race course, as you may perchance have heard, is seldom idle. Besides our regular race meetings, we have the sports afforded by our trotting Club; and in the intervals between the Spring and Fall 'tis seldom that a week comes round without some pretty scrubs, which in the absence of more regular things serve us as London bridge does the cockneys, *pour passer la* THAMES! Excuse this pun, but readers of the "Spirit" must sometimes catch the infection. Yours, A. M. Jewell.

N.B. All our files of the new series will be imperfect unless you can supply the hiatus I have named above; so do, like an honest laundress, send us back the *missing sheets*. Were I entirely selfish, I should only speak for number 1, whereas my whole petition is for No. 2. A.M.J.

PETE WHETSTONE IN THE OLD DOMINION.

Aldie, Loudon County, Virginny, April 29th, 1839.

My Dear Mr. Editor,—Pete is in old Virginny, and he has seen so many things he dont know hardly where to begin to tell. Well, when I got to Baltimore, and, oh lordy! but it is a terrible big place, why Louisville aint no more to it, than Little Rock is to Louisville, sich a big tavern. I reckon I ought to say hotel, that's quality,—now who do you think came to the hotel, the very same identical hotel I put up at? you can't guess, so I'll tell you;—Mr. Van Buring and all the Government, except Amos Kindle and Franky Blair. I sorter hitched up my collar, and give the long-tail blue a shake, and walks up into the crowd. Says I, Mister bar-keeper; says he, sir; can I see Mr. Van Buring and the government; certingly, says he; whereabouts says I; No. 127 says he. Up I goes; well, I found the room very full, and first this fellow walking up and then that one,—Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Van Buring; Mr. Van Buring, Mr. Snodgrass. I found nobody was going to introduce me, so I steps up,—Col. Whetstone, Mr. Van Buring; Mr. Van Buring, Col. Whetstone. What, Pete Whetstone of the Devil's Fork? adzactly; well Col. Whetstone when did you arrive, says he; last night says I; and then he reached over and whispered, I must see you privately, at present our griefs are too heavy to allow us to attend to ordinary business. Griefs, thinks I, well it aint New York city that makes you grieve, but maybe old Connecticut sets sour on your stomach; but, says he, and he did it slick and easy, let me introduce you to the government; and then he whispered again, says he they are all here but Amos and Blair, and the truth is, they are so perfectly ugly we darsent show them about. I liked Forsyth and Poinsett better than the balance of the government. Lordy, but it is no wonder them chaps went off with their hands full, seeing as how Levi is so fat; fat men have no business in office, they are good natered and never suspect any body. Well thinks I, I'll be sloping; so says I, Mr. Van Buring I'll bid you good bye; I wish you well Col. Whetstone, says he, and be sure and call and see me when you go to Washington; well I'll do it, says I, and we parted. When I went down I sees a feller and asks him what was grieving Mister Van Buring; oh, says he, why don't you know; I don't, says I, or I wouldn't have asked you; It is the death of Gen. Smith, says he, one of our oldest and best citizens; when did he die, says I; yesterday, says he; well says I, if a good man dies on the Devil's Fork we don't grieve for him in this here sorter way, when the 4th of July comes then we go it this way; oh but, says he, this is fashionable grief; yes horse, I take, says I.

I hardly know how to tell you all I have to say—the Capital and all I saw there—the great race we had in the stage—and then I saw Lord Admiral Reesides, and the lord knows who else—but I'm in a hurry, so good bye.

Ever yours, *Pete Whetstone.*

Baltimore, May 3, 1839.

My Dear P.—Once more in the city of monuments. I tarried only a few hours in Washington, and was too busily occupied while there to visit the course. Boston is there—eager and anxious for a conflict with Portsmouth. He is restless under defeat, and will regain his lost laurels or die in the ditch. His 5:46 is doing away an ingenious argument recently advanced, that Old Archy's get arrive early at maturity, and then decline. Portsmouth is as fine as silk, and is watching every movement of Boston. God send they may come together. Balie Peyton is expected, with lots of other cracks, and the sport will be brilliant. For the great sweepstake, Long's Eclipse filly out of Flirtilla jr., is the favorite—he is in "Old Napoleon's" stable. Tayloe and Hamilton 'tis said will start their entries—how many others I don't know. I had a hasty glimpse of the new Turf Register—you have knocked out the block—'tis decidedly the slickest and nicest thing I have seen.

I am fearful the big sweepstakes at Nashville, if followed up by others, will injure the turf—$5,000 is an immense sum of money for some people, and they can't afford to loose it—$500, with an occasional *blurt* of $1000, is heavy enough. It has the tendency to keep up the price at which distinguished stallions stand. I cannot but think it savors of extortion to charge $100 and $150 for the services of a horse. It wont do always, some breeders must loose money. $50 or $75 is a sufficient charge either for Priam or Leviathan. I saw a few days ago Ivanhoe, the full brother in blood to the renowned Polly Hopkins. He is a beautiful bay of fine size and finish, he stands at $20—now I would ask what claims has any untried horse over him, to make the difference between $100 and $20. Truly yours, N.

Agricultural.

MAY GUIDE FOR FARMERS AND GARDENERS.

The Farm.—This month is the delight of the stock farmer, his difficulties generally ceasing with the commencement of it. His artificial grasses carry him through the first half of it, when his old pastures are ready to receive all the stock he ought to send abroad for their food. Let him be careful in parcelling them out according to their respective situations, so as to make the most of his grass, and above all things, to feed close, to insure a plentiful succession of sweet herbage. Nothing is more distasteful to cattle than rough, sour grass, nothing more palatable and nourishing than that which is thick, short, and sweet. Sheep turned into old grass should follow each other according to the state of the flocks, whether for store or feeding, the latter, of course, having the preference. This is the principal month for folding sheep on fallows where that somewhat doubtful practice is pursued.

The dairy will now be in full operation. We are much inclined towards the continental custom of milking cows three times a day, it being a certain preventive of sore udders, by which teats are so often lost, and valuable cows rendered useless in a dairy. Cows that have once slipped their calves should be turned off to feed, the recurrence of this evil being to be expected. Cheese-making is now at its height, and continues to be so for the next three months; but as the nature of the soil has such great influence on the quality of it, we cannot offer any instructions on this subject here. Respecting quantity, however, we can assert that six cows, well fed during winter and summer, will yield as much milk as nine will afford on an opposite mode of treatment.

In purchasing cattle for feeding, select only those which evince the most thriving disposition to fatten with the least consumption of food, observing, also, the precaution of putting them on better, not worse, land than that on which they were bred, or depastured when in store condition. Let them feel soft and mellow to the touch, with loose skins and wide hips.

Hay-making commences this season, with several artificial grasses, although it is by no means general. Rye grass, however, should be cut early, it being injurious to the land to let it run to seed.

On arable land, preparation for turnips, and working naked summer fallow where they are adopted, are the principal operations of this month. Also the culture by horse and hand-hoes of corn and pulse in drills. Potatoes (when omitted last month) may be planted, hemp and flax sown during the first fortnight, and tares for a successional supply. Also lucerne and saintfoine, with buckwheat, may be still sown to advantage on limestone or chalky soil, either of which forces the growth of these plants.

We have already said that bone dust, in its uncalcined state, drilled with the seed, is the best and safest manure for turnips. On dry soils it never fails of success, having also a most beneficial effect on the succeeding barley crop. The Norfolk, or common white turnip, is excellent food for cattle, but it will not stand frost, the Swede being the only variety of this root, the yellow Scotch excepted, that can be depended upon for spring food in a generality of seasons. The seed of the turnip should be deposited by the drill immediately after the plough, so as to derive the benefit of the first evaporation of the land, which is conducive to the vegetation of all minute seeds. Hops are now poled, and in forward districts tied.

Fallowing for wheat is an operation of this month. Take a deep furrow, as deep as the soil will allow, and where your land will admit of it, lay it quite flat. All water-furrowing will be avoided, and your sample will have the benefit of an equal participation of sun and air, which it cannot have on highly ridged lands.

Live Stock.—There are two systems of fattening meat cattle: one to buy them in October and November, and after wintering them on straw till February, to put them on turnips till March, turn them to grass in May, and sell them to the butcher in September. Another, to purchase them lean in May, and sell them from grass in October. It is scarcely necessary to observe, the former is the most profitable. May, however, is the month in which meat sells best, and cattle which have been kept over two winters with one summer's grass, are the most sought after by butchers.

Tares for cart horses and store pigs should now become plentiful, and the remaining working mares should be put to the horse towards the end of this month, selecting such stallions as are quick in their action, and on short legs. They will foal in the latter end of April, when grass is making a shoot.

Forward sown beans and potatoes will require their first hoeing towards the conclusion of this month.

Kitchen Garden.

There is very little to be done this month, except following up the ordinary directions already given for the last three. The usual succession crops may be sown, and by the good judge will be sown for the last time. The seed sown in June does not answer one time in five, and the reason for the failure is very obvious to the reader who will look back to our directions for March. Upon the warmest and best soil in England (Sandry, in Bedfordshire), we have tried the larger sorts of Peas, but they have failed, except in seasons uncommonly favorable. The careful amateur will now rather look to checking the vegetation of his garden than crowding it. The great thing is, to have generosity enough to thin your garden in May, at least for all esculents. If your Onions are thick, take them out by the handfull. If your Lettuces are jammed together, do not spare a few plants, and pursue the same system of giving room enough to each individual plant all round the garden. This is the month for watering, if the weather proves dry; but whenever you do water, do it well. A small shower from the watering-pan does more harm than good; it makes the ground like a cake, and if there is a particle of lime in the soil, as there is in most good soils, it causes an effervescence, which destroys the germ of all green plants. Those who have Beans up and well in flower, may top them; but much mischief is often done in this very simple operation, by nipping carelessly; it is merely the top which should be taken off, the finger should never touch the stalk. Earthing up is more necessary to Beans than to anything else, the reason why a close tenacious clay is the best bean-land. Potatoes should not be set after the beginning of this month; they run the risk of the dry rot; but if you should happen to be so late, take this precaution—sprout and cut your seed only the day before you set it. Two years ago we lost half an acre by contemning this advice from an experienced gardener. Strawberries now require weeding, if you can weed them, but the weed (twitch) which they seem to feed is so indomitable, that we would rather not see them in a garden at all. They are a luxury, but not to those who, like us, have had once a-year to turn up our gravel walks to eradicate the filth which they propagate in the borders.

Flower Garden.

Tulips.—Keep the sun from them this month; as much water as you please round about them, but none on the flower itself.

Dahlias.—The same precaution as for Tulips. Avoid giving water to the root, but the earth sprinkled around them will do good.

Geraniums.—Nineteen people out of twenty keep their Geraniums all winter standing in pots, and yet do not shift them in May; this they should do, and let the pots be one size larger.

Auriculas should have plenty of water if they appear to decline, though that is hardly likely at this time of year.

Ranunculuses.—The only observation we have to make upon this flower will apply to all others. Break up the earth about it carefully, and hill it up without loading the stem.

The Oracle of Rural Life.

TAKING A VULTURE'S NEST.

"The small party I had under my charge," continued George, "occupied the house of a good hearted native, whose principal support depended on the sale of his muttons; whether for meat or wool I don't remember, but I believe he disposed of both. I happened to be a great favourite of the old man's, and many's the glass of grog I have given him, in return for the vegetables, and other things much more to my mind than the *aqua denta* our purser served us out for rum. One day the old Minorquen came to me with a long face, and, in a most doleful strain, told me that a fine young lamb, worth Lord knows how many dollars, had been carried off by a vulture, that lived in a large hole half way down the rock, and this was not the first time he had been so plundered. Compassionating the poor fellow's tears, I asked if we couldn't manage to destroy this enemy of his; he shook his head, and lamented the utter impossibility of catching the thief, or of killing him, as we were strictly forbidden to use fire-arms, unless for the purpose of alarm. One of our men coming up at the time, and seeing the Senhor's distress, I held a palaver with him on the subject; he stated that the only chance there was of doing any good was watching the old birds' flight from their hiding-place, then descending by means of rope to the cave, and killing the young ones, which would perhaps have the effect of driving the parents from their present quarters. But this descent was not so easily managed, as the rock receded from the crest to the base nearly at an angle of twenty-two and a half; so that when you were opposite of the mouth of the cave, you were many feet from the entrance; in short, the thing was deemed so dangerous and difficult that the consultation ended in my man's saying—"Take my advice, Mr. George, don't you have nothing at all to do with it; if the old Spaniard wants to kill the creature why—let him do it himself; he'll never catch 'em alive, if he had Lot's wife at hand to break up and throw at their tails." All that night I thought of nothing but destroying these formidable sheep-stealers, and my morning's resolution was that, at all events, I would make the attempt. Fearing opposition on the part of my conntryman, I determined to let the old farmer into my secret. Tom Norton was to go down to Port Mahon next day for provisions, and I determined to take advantage of his absence for my descent. I provided myself with a cutlass, a large canvass biscuit-bag, to bag my birds if I took them, and a longish pole; there were plenty of serviceable ropes about the signal house, so, selecting one thick enough for the purpose, I accompanied the owner of the lamb to the point of rock just over the cave, which I had often seen when laying off; giving him directions how to lower out the rope gradually from the place I had lashed it to, I got astride the noose I had made for my crutch, and slipped off the top of the rock as quietly as possible. I had calculated the number of fathoms I should want served out, and, after an easy descent, found myself opposite the abode of the vultures; true enough, I was at least 15 feet from it, and to get inside it, for I saw it was large enough to hold half-a-dozen fellows, I began gently swinging backwards and forwards, 'fending myself off with the pole till I had got swing enough to touch terra firma. Without much trouble I made good my footing. Entering the cave cautiously, I perceived that the large birds were out, leaving two young ones anxiously waiting for some fresh lamb chops for breakfast. As I approached them they set up a loud cawing, and the strongest began to show fight. I gave him a douse over the head, which laid him on his beam-ends; the other brute seemed quiet enough, so I clapped him at once into my sack, and, with cutlass in hand, lest the old cock or hen should come home, launched myself out of this den of thieves. As soon as the rope hung straight I gave it a strong shake, as a signal to be hauled up; finding that no notice was taken, I repeated it; still there I hung midway between sea and sky, expecting every moment to see the vulture return, who would soon have heard the call of their young one, for my friend in the bag squalled loudly enough. Minutes rolled on, and not the most trifling movement of the rope. I confess I began to grow alarmed.

"Alarmed," said I, "why your bare description has turned me cold: but go on, for pity's sake!"

"You will allow that my situation was anything but enviable," continued the reefer; "an hour elapsed in this most painful suspense, for so I may doubly call it. In vain I tried to surmise the cause of my being thus neglected, in vain I sung out as loud as my lungs would permit, all to no purpose. I havn't the power of description to relate half what I suffered. I tried to sing, then I prayed, then I cursed and swore, and vowed to thrash the old shepherd well as soon as I got up. 'But shall I ever get up?' thought I; 'nobody knows where I am but the Senhor; perhaps he thinks that, if I hang here, the vultures will prefer my flesh to his mutton, and he will save his stock whilst there is a morsel of skin on my bones.'"

"A very consoling contemplation, truly," remarked Luce, whilst George took a swig at his grog.

"At last my brain became bewildered, and I felt more than half disposed to end the insufferable anxiety I endured by freeing myself from the noose, and falling into the sea; nay, I even tried to disengage one leg, preparatory to my plunge, but my limbs had become benumbed, and that strange pain, arising from checked circulation, prevented my carrying my rash purpose into execution. Despair had utterly seized me, when, of a sudden, I found myself moving upwards at an almost imperceptible rate; in a few minutes my progress was much quickened, and, as I neared the rock, it was so rapid that I closed my eyes to prevent my quitting my hold from dizziness; the sound of human voices soon recalled me to my senses —'Look out, Master George, and mind how you land! Don't leave go the rope until you are high and dry.' I obeyed, took a firm grip of the shelving rock, and by dint of some exertion, soon found myself sprawling on the turf that crowned its crest. Tom Norton lifted me on my feet, and let fly a volley of angry words at the rash act I had committed, the danger attending such fool-hardy practices, and the insufficiency of the cause to the undertaking. 'My precious eyes!' he exclaimed; 'so, because that there old son of a Turk, that Jose, had lost some of his flock, you must run the risk of your life, you d——d young green-horn, to go and kill the birds, eh? a pretty to do, by ——! Now I should like to know what the Admiral would have said to me if you had been capsized, tail over tip, into the Mediterranean! I should never have heard the last of the jobation, for although, young gentleman, I'm under your command here, you must know that you are under my *care*, and a precious rumpus there would have been aboard the flag-ship if you had lost the number of your mess while I had the charge of you. Don't stand snivelling there, Don Jose, but go and ax pardon for having sent Master George on such a fool's errand.' Hearing this, the old man rushed at me, caught me in his arms, and lavished numerous kisses upon my cheeks, his close contact nearly depriving me of breath, from the fumes of garlic with which his attempts to call upon the saints were accompanied. As soon as I could get clear of his clutches, I begged to know why he had suffered me to remain pendent so long; he attempted to explain, but his anxiety and agitation prevented my clearly understanding what he said. 'Haul in your slack, Senhor,' said Tom; 'look here, youngster, this will show you why he couldn't bouse you up again; you see your swinging backward and forward upon this rope, strained taut over a sharpish bit of rock, had cut it through all but a couple of strands; and as soon as the old chap saw the ticklish state of the line, he dared not pull at it, for fear that, in so doing, you might have given him the slip. All he could do was to sit down and cry, and call upon the Santissima Trinidada—not that I believe the old beggar ever had his foot aboard that craft in his life; and there I found him, when I came up from Port Mahon, beating his breast, and counting his beads, whilst the tears run down his cheeks as big as red cabbages for pickling! So, to get you out of your quandary, I laid myself down flat upon the ground, and worked myself close to the edge, old Spit-to-windward there holding on by my legs. I took a round turn of the rope, below where it was cut, upon my arm, and then he hauled me in, till I could have a fair pull upon the sound part, and here you are as safe as a diamond in cotton.'"

THE PANTHER'S LEAP.

AN ADVENTURE IN ILLINOIS.

It was a beautiful afternoon in the Indian summer, that season which, particularly in the Western portion of our country, is of all others the most enchanting; the bright beams of the sun were tempered by the cool and refreshing breeze that ruffled with soft music the parti-colored foliage of the trees. All who have stood at this season of the year on the prairies of the West, with uncovered brow, will recal the beauty spread wide around them far better than I can describe it.

Seizing my rifle, I left my uncle Jonathan's log hut and wandered leisurely over the prairie in the direction of the wood. Having passed through a corner of the forest, I found myself near a small bluff upon the top of which I could plainly discern the stately outlines and branching antlers of a buck painted in dark lines against the horizon. Entering the skirts of the forest once more, I crept warily round the hill in order to approach unseen within hailing distance of the object of my pursuit. Stooping low, I hurried along behind the rugged line of rocks at the base of the hill until I reached a place from which I supposed I could command a prospect of the whole broad summit. Nor was I mistaken; for on peering carefully over the edge of the rock I beheld my game in fair view about a hundred yards distant, little suspecting an enemy, at least in that direction. Thrusting the muzzle of my rifle over the rock, I took a deliberate aim at his side and pulled the trigger. The quick, sharp crack of the cap alone followed. This was a disappointment; but quick as possible I cringed behind the rock, and, trembling with eagerness, sought for another cap. After consuming twice the time necessary, and scattering my caps in all directions upon the ground, I was at length once more in a state of preparation. My heart beat as I saw the majestic animal still occupying his former position, though with head erect, snuffing the breeze, and darting his lightning glances in every quarter, unknowing in what direction to flee to avoid the death. Again I pointed my iron and fired. The noble buck sprang into the air and I sprang over the rock. When I reached the spot his limbs were already quivering. In loading again, I found I had but one charge in my flask: so with all convenient haste, as it was now nearly sunset, I drew my long knife, which formed an indispensable item in my hunting accoutrements, and having dissected the animal which I had slain, proceeded homeward, loaded with the skin and two quarters, which was all I could conveniently carry, and which, with my piece, formed a very respectable burden. Striking into a path which I supposed would conduct me by a nearer route through the forest, I hurried on with all the speed my load would allow. But after consuming sufficient time to have brought me out, I was somewhat surprised at discovering that instead of drawing near the opening, my path seemed to become less distinct as I advanced, and to conduct me farther into the depth of the forest. However, I pressed on with alacrity, deeming it sure that I should soon emerge, and knowing that to retrace my steps would only be conducting me in a course directly opposite to my home.

It was now growing quite dark in the wood, by which the indistinctness of the treacherous path I had followed was of course increased. When standing still with doubt and uncertainty, the long-drawn howl of a wolf came with fearful distinctness upon my ear. So suddenly it came, it pierced like a knell "the fearful hollow of my ear," announcing in a tone not to be misunderstood, the kind of companions I should be likely to have, should I be compelled to pass the night in the woody labyrinth—a prospect which, though by no means agreeable, seemed yet not improbable. Nevertheless, I resolved to proceed, and either to come safely out or to brave whatever dangers I might encounter with a manly heart. Wandering on as well as I might in my former direction, I soon found myself near a brook which murmured on through a shady dell, and immediately determined to follow it, satisfied that it must, sooner or later, conduct me into the open world once more. It was now after sunset, and so dark that I could scarcely see to pick my dubious and fearful way. I would have lightened myself of my burden, but the increased howling of the wolves, which seemed to be gathering in a body behind me, warned me that it might soon become my only protection. You may be sure that these not musical but most melancholy notes tended not to diminish my speed or trepidation, and I seemed to be chasing down the little brook with all the demons of the pit crowding and yelling behind me.

Presently I could detect a discordant note among the voices of this infernal choir, which I knew at once to be the cry of the panther, than which I would rather have met in general assembly all the wolves of the forest. Notwithstanding the increase of speed caused by the last unpleasant discovery, it availed me so little that I could soon distinguish the rustling of leaves and crackling of dry branches, and presently after, the measured bounds of the panther struck plain upon my ear and to my heart. When it seemed to my frightened fancy that I could almost feel the monster's hot breath upon me, and see in the dark the glare of his eyeballs, I procured a temporary reprieve by dropping one quarter of my fine buck, which I had intended for a far different purpose. However, I well knew that he would delay only to return with increased ferocity after his repast. I quickened my pace, if that were possible, straining every nerve with a faint hope of gaining the edge of the wood before I was again placed in so dangerous a vicinity to my pursuer, but in vain: I could soon distinguish again his lengthened bounds, each one bringing him nearer and nearer.

When he approached so near that I considered him too familiar, I again baited him with my venison. This I did till my load was gone; and, instead of being satisfied, the fierce animal seemed but to have sharpened his appetite for a richer repast. When I had dropped the last remaining fragment, my means of defence or escape seemed to have been exhausted. However, I resolved to climb with all haste into the first tree which would admit of it, and defend myself as well as I could with the sole remaining charge in my rifle.—By good fortune I immediately discovered one which answered my purpose very well. It was of a middling size, and destitute of branches for some twenty or thirty feet from the ground. I found no difficulty in climbing it with gun in hand, as my short sojourn in the country had made me quite an adept at many such indispensable accomplishments.

I had no sooner seated myself on the first bough, ready with my gun, than I could hear my late acquaintance bounding forward again, and soon, by the dim light that had enabled me to discover the tree, discerned his form alternately ascending and descending, leaping high into the air, and it seemed to me, full twenty feet forward each time. It did not in the least puzzle his sagacity to comprehend that the trail he was following came to a very abrupt conclusion; for after running several times round the tree, he finally settled himself down beneath it, and raised such a tremendous yelp that in spite of all my attempts to wear a brave heart and yield as little as possible to terror, this, with the long and quavering cry of the approaching pack, could not but run like iron through my blood. Much to my astonishment, the wolves seemed content to occupy the background. This was soon explained by the appearance of another panther. These two formidable enemies occupied the ground alone, while the murderous but cowardly wolves slunk back into the obscurity of the woods.

Upon this new arrival, the two seemed for a short time to be holding an infernal council. Soon one of them started and ran off, while the other remained crouching beneath the tree. I was at a loss to comprehend precisely what this movement might import, though I could in any case only remain quiet, with my rifle ready poised. It was difficult to resist the temptation of firing at the remaining one, but I resolved to preserve my last charge in case of a greater emergency.

I now had leisure to plan every method of escape that my invention could devise. Other reflections by no means so pleasant would persist in intruding themselves. I had retained this position but a few minutes when I heard a slight crackle of a dry branch in another tree distant two or three rods from the one I was in. I darted my eyes in that direction, and there, crouched on a limb a little higher than the one I rested on, I could plainly see the other panther in the very act of springing upon me. Quick as thought I drew up my rifle and fired. The sudden glare shot far into the bosom of dim night, and lit up the woods for a moment like a flash of lightning. I could fancy it reflected from a thousand wild eyes that were gleaming in anxious expectancy upon me.

But there was slight opportunity for reflection. As the panther, at the moment I fired, was on the point of springing, the impetus sent him forward and downward, so that he struck his claw upon the limb where my feet rested. For a moment he struggled to retain his grasp, and then fell dying to the ground. The other panther set up a dismal howl, and then started off in a similar manner with the first, and, I doubted not, with a similar intention As soon, therefore, as he was out of sight, I slipped hastily from the tree, threw away my rifle, and started with all the speed desperation could lend. I still ran down the brook, that being my only hope—though my heart told me that even that was but slight.

I could soon perceive by the howling that the wolves were again in fresh pursuit. I had ran on now for nearly half an hour, keeping in advance of the wolves, who had not the courage to attack me, when I again heard the measured bounds of the panther. My heart sank within me, and I was almost in despair, when I thought I caught a glimpse of the sky through the trees before me. I now strained every nerve, inwardly praying that this might be the case. If it was, I knew I was safe; otherwise, I could see no probable way of escape. The panther seemed to be aware of the necessity of putting forth a last effort, and gained upon me even faster than before. I could not turn to look, but I was well aware that every leap brought him nearer to me. At last I reached some thick firs, and one bound from them brought me into the open moonlight. There was a house not fifty rods from the place where I was. I knew the place at a glance. It was a mill upon the brook I had followed, situated about ten miles from my uncle's house whence I started. The panther followed me half way to the house towards which I struck with all speed. As I burst open the door, and found that I was so quickly transported from the most imminent danger to a place of security, the revulsion of my feelings was so powerful that I fell headlong upon the floor in a swoon. However, I was among friends and lacked no needful attention, and the next day was ready to hunt again—taking the precaution, however, to examine my powder-flask before I started.

S. G. J.

Middlebury, Vt., April 26, 1839. New Yorker.

THE GAMBLING HOUSES OF PARIS.

A paper in the "Dublin University Magazine" for the present month, by "Harry Lorrequer," whose "Confessions" have so often contributed to the mirth of the readers of that miscellany, gives some very interesting sketches of the former gambling-houses of Paris. From this paper, called "Continental Gossipings," we shall now give some extracts:—

"As these establishments, which for so many years exercised so powerful an influence upon French society, have now ceased to exist, it may be interesting to note down some few facts concerning them, ere the recollection be lost to the present generation.

"The licensed gaming-houses of Paris were seven in number, of which four were in the Palais Royale. The well-known No. 154 being considered the aristocratic one of that quarter, and to obtain admission to which a certain air of respectability and a general propriety of dress were considered indispensable. At No. 129 the society was less exclusive—the only qualification for entrance being, that the individual should be twenty-one years of age. Then came No. 36, the lineal descendant of the No. 9, so well known in the early years of the restoration, and so celebrated for the speedy repayment of the tribute exacted by the allies from the nation. Blucher himself, who came in for a considerable share of the spoil, made rapid restitution at this shrine. Here every source of voluptuous pleasure contributed to the overwhelming excitement of play. The famous Abelard arrived at eleven o'clock, with his far-famed 'Chapons au riz,' and the conquerors of Europe fell before the all-subduing attractions of the salons of M. Bernard. Amid the charm of delicious music—the rarest wines of France—the most *recherché* cookery—the odalisque of the opera, covered with the spoils of many an European Court, appeared; and between the mazurka of the Hungarian, and the galoppe of the Cossack, was ever heard the never-ceasing clink of the gold, as it rattled beneath the 'rateau' of the croupier. Last of all came No. 113, and here the class of players consisted of persons in the lowest walk of life.

"The salon of the 'Rue Manivaux' deserves some mention here. Here there was but one roulette table, and a small reading-room; the whole air of the place breathing a species of peace and quietude strangely at variance with its more frequented rivals. The salon had all the easy domesticity of a private house, and it was hard to believe that one was not playing *en famille*. The banquiers chatted familiarly with the bettors; gave them prudent counsels, smiled at their winnings, and looked unhappy when they lost; in fact, you half expected when your last louis had followed its predecessors, that the banquier would come forward and restore your losses."

The following is an account of one of the thousand tragedies of Frascati:—

GAMBLING TRAGEDY.

As we are so deeply involved in the "art and mystery" of play, we cannot refrain from recording an incident of which we were ourselves the witness a few years since. On our return from a tour in Germany, we had strolled into Frascati one evening, rather with the hope of meeting some acquaintance than with any intention of play. Unsuccessful in our search, we were about to leave the salon, when we were struck by the haggard air and disturbed look of a young man who sat at the table, and scarcely looked up from the card he was marking with a pin to place his money on the table. We watched him for nearly an hour, during which time he bet almost every deal, and nearly as constantly lost. At length, as a new deal was commencing, he hurriedly placed before him all his remaining gold, and scarcely was it done when he lost again; he now remained for some minutes motionless; at length, rising from his seat, he passed round the table till he reached the back of the croupier's chair, and, whispering a few words in his ear, waited for an answer. The nature of the demand was evident enough, for he immediately after returned to his place, his hand full of *billets de banque*.

For some time he did not bet, but sat steadily regarding the table, his eyes followed the "rateau" of the banker, as he raked in or gave out the shining gold. At last, with a trembling hand, he placed a note upon the "rouge," and lost—another and another quickly followed, still without any change of fortune, his look at each loss becoming more and more fixed, and his features, already as pale as death, becoming hardened like those of a marble statue, his blood-shot eye and loose straggling hair giving a terrific expression to the otherwise stern composure of his face. His neck was bare, and his hands played restlessly in the folds of his neckcloth, which lay upon the table before him. He lost again, and a larger sum than before; at last, as it were impatient at the lingering torture of his fate, he seized all the billets which remained, and threw them recklessly on the table, saying at the same time, "Huit milles rouge." "Rouge perd, noir gagne," said the banker in the same instant, raking in the money with his usual careless and passionless look. A short thick laugh broke from the young man, whose features, however, never changed. He rose from the table and leisurely replaced his neckcloth. His place was immediately occupied by another, and even ourselves, although the only one who had taken any interest in his proceedings, soon lost sight of him in the scene which ensued. It having struck some of the players that the banker had miscounted the cards, a dispute arose as to whether the rouge or the noir had won; fortunately the cards still remained upon the table, and amid a considerable uproar of voices eagerly raised on either side, the banker proceeded again to count them. "Trente sept rouge." "Trente neuf noir." "I was wrong—the rouge has won," said he, in some astonishment. The money of the bettors on the red was immediately paid over to them, some of whom took it up, others preferring to let it remain upon the table for another coup. It would appear that the young man we had been watching preferred this latter course, for his money remained where the banker placed it, and it was with a sense of great anxiety we waited for the deal upon which his fate was now to be decided. It won—the money still remained, and again won—the sum now upon the table amounting to 64,000 francs, being rather above the limit of the bank, the croupier asked who was the owner of that sum, and how much he proposed to bet? No answer was given to this question, and some surprise was excited in the room. Again the croupier spoke, but no explanation followed, and a general silence in the room proclaimed the interest that all took in so strange a circumstance, when suddenly a heavy crash was heard, succeeded by a low faint groan, and all was still. The assembly rose, and rushing to the ante-chamber, found the window open, and on looking out, perceived that the unfortunate gambler we had so long observed had thrown himself down a height of about fifty feet, and lay dead at the bottom. His skull had been fractured in the fall, and his death must have been almost instantaneous. It was but too plain he had believed the statement of the banker, and hurried on to suicide as the only resource left him in his misery. Had he lived one moment longer he must have learnt the mistake, and found himself the winner of thousands.

FIELD SPORTS IN INDIA.

Sir,—The sport of shooting in India, in heavy woodland countries, is chiefly pursued on elephants which are especially trained for the purpose. They are of a very high caste, and come out of the Burmese country, the province of "Syltett." An elephant of superior caste is always more or less mottled with black and white spots on the forehead and trunk, and such have been invariably found to possess a much higher degree of courage, than those whose colour is uniform throughout. With the exception of the tiger, panther, and leopard, (unless perchance the party should fall in with a rhinoceros) no other beast in India will dare to attack the elephant, and the three former of these, unless wounded, would avoid him if they were not too closely pressed for room to escape. I was once on a shikar excursion, with a party of persons, in the wilds of Orissa; there were four of us in number, being mounted on two elephants, one of which bore ample scars and sicatrices, from wounds inflicted by various tigers he had at different times encountered. We bored our way through some very dense forests, expecting to meet with tigers, as we had previously observed their footsteps on the loose sands of the Lubunreeka river, which skirted the eastern side of the forest. We, however, found some parts of the jungle impervious, and we were glad to make our way through it as well as we could, and run the chance of meeting with any "shikar" that might present itself to us. In the course of a journey of three miles, we managed to kill nine deer, two hogs, a civet cat, five peafowl, and a brace of jungle cocks The sun becoming exceedingly powerful, we directed our course over one of the flexions of the river, to a solitary indigo factory, where it was our determination to take up our quarters during the heat of the day.

On our arrival at this welcome retreat, the villagers informed us that in the middle of a large field, adjacent to a castor plantation, about a quarter of a mile from the bungalow in which we were resting ourselves, were five large wild buffaloes, which had alarmed the inhabitants of the neighbourhood for several previous days. We accordingly, after dinner, having got our guns in good trim set out on an expedition against this wild herd. We came upon them in the field described, under an isolated mango tree, which stood in the middle of the plain, and advanced towards them at a quick pace, on which they turned round, presenting a very menacing front. One of them, more daring than the rest, separated himself from his fellows, and came down towards the outside elephant with an impetuous charge, but on arriving within eighty yards, he went off in a cross direction, and presented a fair mark: the contents of four barrels were discharged at him, and he dropped like a stone. We then pursued the others, but could not get within one hundred yards of them, and though we repeatedly fired at them, we could succeed only in crippling them; two of them we effectually lamed, but they contrived to cross the river, and in our pursuit of them we unfortunately got our elephants into a quicksand, which nearly cost us our lives. The evening approaching, we were glad to return to the factory, where we remained during that night, and on the following morning, having ordered the cooks to bring the head of the buffalo we had killed the day before to the house, we started homewards towards Jellasore, slaughtering deer all the way in the teak forests, through which we passed. On the following day we changed our system of the chace, and took to hog-spearing, and a very good day's sport we had.

London Era. A Constant Reader of the Era.

THE HAMPTON STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard.

LOUISVILLE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING OF 1839, over the Oakland Course, will commence on Tuesday, the 4th June next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies; sub. $500 each, $100, Mile heats. Eight subs. and closed 1st Jan., 1839.

1. Y. N. Oliver names ch. f. *Mary Clifford*, by Medoc, out of Medoca by Doublehead.
2. W. T. Ward names ch. f. by Waxy, dam by Hamiltonian.
3. M. W. Dickey names b. f. *Roanah*, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Potomac.
4. J. K. Duke names ch. c. by Medoc, out of Lady Adams, by Whipster.
5. Wm. Buford, Jr. names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Ann Merry by Sumpter.
6. William Buford names ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Potomac.
7. W. W. Bacon names b. f. by Medoc, dam by Buford's Alexander.
8. M. W. Dickey names gr. f. *Gryella*, by Archy of Transport, dam by Bertrand.

Same day—The Breeders' Plate, value $100, given by the Proprietor; for 3 yr. old colts and fillies that never won a race, Mile heats. To this race no subscription is required. Entries must be made, as to sweepstakes, directed to the Proprietor, to close the 20th of May. An entry failing to start must pay $20 forfeit, to go with the Plate. Four or more to make a race.

Second day—The Oakland Plate, a splendid tea service of silver, value $500, Two mile heats. The entrance depending on the number of subs.

Same day—A Post Stake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats To close the 20th of May next.

Third day—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $250, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

The great number of horses now in training in Kentucky, in addition to Mr. Garrison's stable from New Orleans, with the celebrated Wagner, Altorf, Glorvina, Cippus, and others, will insure one of the most interesting race meetings that ever came off in the state. Mr McCargo's stable, with Billy Townes and others are expected. The Course, now one of the quickest and safest in the Union, is in the finest possible condition, and greatly improved since the Fall meeting. The Oakland House, under the management of Messrs. Van Vacten and Comstock, has been added to, refitted and newly-furnished. I can safely say it is inferior in point of comfort to none in the State. Stables and litter furnished race horses gratis.

Y. N. OLIVER, Proprietor.

Louisville, April 26.—[my4]

CHOICE BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

I WILL SELL at private sale, on or before the first day of the Kendall Races (14th May), or the next day at public auction, immediately after the four mile race, the reversionary interest in Lady Cliffden. Also, a very superior 2 yr. old out of her dam, by Imp. Tranby, with his engagements for the next season. Also, a very large and beautiful filly, 4 yrs. old, by Maryland Eclipse, out of Grecian Princess, she by Virginian, and tracing back matenally through excellent crosses to the common origin of the Wyatts and the Pictons, &c. This filly of great promise received an injury not permanent, which threw her out of training last Fall, but is now considered perfectly well, and ready for training the next Fall.

The value of the old crosses in the stock of Lady Cliffden, embracing the blood of Young Cameron and Morton's Traveller, through Lloyd's Traveller, the Lindsey Arabian, through Othello, and the Gabriel and Medley, through Ogle's Oscar, Imported Cliffden, Sir Charles, &c. is believed to be unsurpassed either in this or any other country. The cross of the *Lindsey Arabian* is believed to be invaluable, as it is unknown in the present race of English stock; and believing it has done for the blood horse of this hemisphere, what the Darly and Godolphin Arabian has done for the English stock, it may not be deemed a fiction to suppose that this cross in the veins of each contributed largely to the wonderful performances made by both Mingo and Lady Cliffden.

[a27-3t] THOS. EMORY.

WANTED,

A SITUATION as trainer and rider by a young man, aged 26 years, who can ride 104lbs. He is in possession of the best credentials as respects his character and ability, from many of the most distinguished gentlemen in England. A note left at the Office of this Paper, addressed to Martin Lawlor, stating where an interview may be had, will meet with immediate attention, or enquiry may be made there for further particulars. [my4]

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the Bascombe Course, will commence on the last Tuesday, 26th November, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, $200 ft., two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st Oct., 1839. Now 3 subs.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, P. P., Mile heats. Five or more to make a race. To close 1st Oct., and name at the post.

Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to either of the Secretaries, or to the proprietor, at Mobile (*post paid*).

Good stabling and litter furnished gratis. D. STEPHENSON, Proprietor.

Mobile, 4th April, 1839.—[tOct1]

KENDALL COURSE, MARYLAND.

THE SPRING RACES over this Course will commence on the Second Tuesday, 14th May next (it being the week following the Washington City Races,) and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. R. D. Shepherd names produce of Imp. Priam and Moss Rose, by Tramp.
2. Col. Wm. L. White names produce of Goliah and Maid of Athens.
3. Jas. B. Kendall names produce of Imp. Tranby and Mary Randolph.
4. Geo. Symms names produce of Mons. Tonson and Jemima Wilkinson.
5. Col. John Heth names produce of Shark and Arietta.
6. Col. J. M. Selden names produce of Hotspur and Florida.
7. Isham Puckett names produce of Gohanna and Gulnare.
8. J. M. Wilson names produce of Ivanhoe and Kitty Fisher.
9. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Eclipse and Collier's dam.
10. Wm. Williamson & J. P. Corbin not named.
11. Col. Wm. Wynn names produce of Chateau Margaux and Flirtilla.
12. Also, produce of Eclipse and Isabella.
13. Col. W. R. Johnson names produce of Eclipse and Peggy Madee (H. Maclin's).
14. Samuel Sprigg names produce of Imp. Autocrat and Nancy Norwood.
15. Col. Wade Hampton names produce of Argyle and Pocahontas
16. Also, produce of Emma and Imp. Camel.
17. James S. Garrison names produce of Zinganee and Gabriella.

☞ The 7th and 8th entries to this stake were originally made by other individuals—the former by Mr. Thomas Pearsall, of Long Island, and the latter by Mr. Wm. Bosley, of Maryland; since which time they have become the property of Mr. Puckett, of Va., and Mr. Wilson, of Md., as entered, both of whom are responsible for each colt's engagement. As this change does not in any way affect the stake, it is presumed there will be no objection.

Second day—Purse $1000, $300 of which goes to the 2d best horse in the race if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive $700—if but one, $500; ent. $50; Four mile heats.

Third day—Purse $500, of which $100 will be given to the 2d best horse if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive $400—if but one, $300; ent. $25. Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Purse $200, ent. $10, Two mile heats.

☞ Several purses will also be given during the meeting for Mile heats.

Sweepstakes now open.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft., Mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st April next, and to be run for at the Spring Meeting of 1839.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds to be run at the Fall Meeting of 1839, sub. $2000 each, h. ft., Two mile heats; 5 or more to make a race; to close 1st Sept., 1839.

The following Stakes are proposed by a worthy Patron of the Turf:—

A Breeders' Stake, to be run in 1840, to run 3 yr. olds in the Spring, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, h. ft., and Two mile heats in the Fall, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; 5 or more subscribers to make a race; to name and close 1st Sept. 1839. In this stake a Breeder can enter as many colts of his own breeding as he thinks proper, and run either of them, but must run one or pay the forfeit.

☞ Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to the above stakes, will please address the subscriber at Baltimore, as early as convenient, as early entries induce others to enter to stakes to which they otherwise would not.

Trotting Purses.

In addition to the above Purses and Sweepstakes, the subscriber to amuse and gratify a large portion of the patrons of the Kendall Course, is induced to offer the following purses to be Trotted for:—

On the day previous to the races, a purse of $100, free only for horses which never won a purse, Mile heats best 3 in 5, under the Saddle; the entrance money to go to the 2d horse in the last heat.

Same day—A purse of $200, free only for horses which never won a purse of over $100, Mile heats in Harness; entrance money to go to the 2d in the last heat.

The above two Trotting purses are free only for horses belonging to Maryland, on the first day of Feb. 1839.

On the day following the races, a purse of $700, $200 of which goes to the horse that is 2d in the last heat; free for all horses; Three mile heats under the Saddle.

Same day—A purse of $300, $100 of which goes to the horse that is 2d in the last heat; free only for horses which never won a purse over $100; Two mile heats under the Saddle.

The above Trotting to be governed by the Rules of the Hunting Park Trotting Course.

Entries for the first two Trotting Purses will close on the Saturday previous to the races, at 5 o'clock, P.M. Entries for the last two Trotting Purses will close on the last day of the races, at 12 o'clock M. Entrance 5 per cent.

The Race Horses will have a track exclusively appropriated to their use, as also will the Trotting horses to theirs. The time of exercise will be so arranged that they will not be in the way or interference of each other. The track, and every thing appertaining to the course, will be put in the best possible order. Stables, litter, &c., will be furnished gratis to race and trotting horses, that visit the course for the purpose of racing or trotting, but the subscriber cannot promise to accommodate horses that are brought for sale or show. He will promise good stables, &c., for 65 or 70—possibly a few more.

The liberal patronage of the public has inspirited the subscriber to offer greater inducements than formerly. He will hereafter hold out still greater inducements each Spring and Fall than have heretofore been offered in this section of the country.

Kendall Course, Feb. 7, 1839.—[F9] JAMES B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

SHARK

THIS beautiful thorough-bred Race-Horse will stand the present season of 1839, at the stable of John Drew, near the Union Race Course, upon Long Island, New York, at $60 the season, $100 to insure a mare with foal, and $1 to the groom. The season to commence on the 20th Feb and end the 1st July.

Shark is a beautiful black, about 15¾ hands high, of good bone and substance, in high racing form, and nine years old this grass.

PEDIGREE.—*Shark* was bred by Charles Henry Hall, Esq., at Harlaem, New York, and foaled in April 1830. He was got by the celebrated American Eclipse. His dam the noted running mare known at first as Col. Tayloe's Maria, and afterwards named Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy; grandam, Black Maria by Imp. Shark; g. g. dam by Imp. Clockfast, (she was the dam of the celebrated horse Vingtun, by Imp. Diomed); g. g. g. dam Fitzhugh's famous running mare Maria, by Regulus, &c. &c.

His sire, American Eclipse, was got by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger; her dam the imported mare by Pot-oooooooo's, &c.

[For Shark's Performances in full, see "Spirit of the Times," from Jan. 5, to Feb. 23, 2839.]

Shark was withdrawn from the Course, and let to mares the season of 1836. His get are very promising, valued highly, and those 3 yrs. old in 1839 will probably make their appearance on the Course.

He is own brother to Eclipse Lightfoot, to Black Maria, who won the 20 mile race (that is, 5 heats, including a dead heat,) over the Union Course, beating Trifle and three others—also to Terror, and to Bay Maria, who has won all her races in South Carolina and Georgia, four mile heats. His dam, Lady Lightfoot, trained and ran until eleven years old, and was pronounced by the late Gen. Wm. Wynn, of Virginia, the best race mare, and the safest to bet upon, that he ever knew—her performances are unrivalled. His whole *family*, paternal and maternal, have not even a remote cross of inferior blood; they have throughout been renowned for game and stoutness, their best play being the course of four miles. Those who retain a partiality to the blood of Eclipse have now an opportunity of acquiring the same by breeding from Shark, who, if not the most renowned of his get, by exploits on the turf, in point of pure and high blood stands first.

January, 1839.—[J5-tf.] JOSEPH H. HELLINGS.

PENNOYER.

THIS Thorough-bred Horse will stand at the subscriber's stable, at Augusta, Ga., and will be let to mares at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. The season will commence the 1st of March and end the 15th June. Mares fed at 50 cents per day. Good and extensive and well enclosed pasturage has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for escapes or accidents if any should happen. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

PEDIGREE.

Pennoyer was sired by Henry (the competitor of Eclipse), out of Ariel by Eclipse. For purity of blood, and as a distinguished runner, Ariel has never been surpassed, having started 57 times, and was winner 42 times, (17 of which were four mile heats.) His grandam was by Financier, out of Empress, who has also been regarded as one of the most renowned race nags and brood mares of the North. Empress was got by Imp. Baronet, her dam by Old Messenger, grandam by Strap, out of Jenny Dator by True Briton. Jenny Dator was out of Quaker Lass, got by Juniper, out of Molly Pacolet by Pacolet—her g. g. dam was got by Old Spark, g. g. g. dam Queen Mab, g. g. g. g. dam Miss Caldwell. For further particulars see Am. Turf Register, vol. 6.

Henry was sired by Sir Archy (son of Imp. chesnut Diomed), his dam by Diomed, grandam by Bell-air, g. g. dam by Pilgrim, g. g. g. dam by Valiant, g. g. g. g. dam by Janus, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Jolly Roger. The four last named are imported horses.

DESCRIPTION.

Pennoyer was foaled in the Spring of 1834, is a beautiful brown bay, stands full 15¾ hands high, and in point of blood, high racing form, style and action, is excelled by none. While training at 2 yrs old, his owners were flattered with the highest expectations of him, as a first-rate race horse (having tried him sufficiently to test his superior speed), and had he not received an injury in one of his fore legs, just above the knee, while in training, which prevented his appearance on the turf, there can be no doubt, from his trials, that he would now have been one of the most distinguished racers of the day.

Augusta. Ga., Jan. 1, 1839.—[J5-tf.] HENRY DALBY.

IMPORTED BELSHAZZAR.

I HAVE the pleasure to tender to the public generally, and to my friends in particular, the services of this splendid English Stallion. He is now in my stable, in the city of Nashville, in good health and condition, and will be ready for service on the following terms:—$125 insurance, $100 the season (to commence on the 15th Feb. and end on the 1st July), which may be discharged by the payment of $75 within the year, and $1 to the groom in each case, which will be expected at the stable door. The best pasturage the county affords, and grain at usual prices, and every attention to mares, but no liability for accidents or escapes.

PEDIGREE.

To breeders and sportsmen conversant with the blood horse, it would be sufficient to name sire and dam. But for others, we say, Belshazzar was got by Blacklock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews—Mandane by Pot-8-o's—Young Camilla by Woodpecker—Camilla by Trentham—Coquette by the Compton Barb—Sister to Regulus by the Godolphin Arabian—Grey Robinson by the Bald Galloway—Sister to Old Country Wench by Snake—Grey Wilks (sister to Clumsey) by Hautboy—Miss D'Arcy's Pet mare, daughter of a Sedbury Royal mare. It fully appears from the above that he has the maximum of blood, and that he derives his purity through the line of most illustrious ancestors. In other words, his breeding is not only thorough, but also most fashionable. He draws blood from Eclipse through Joe Andrews, a good son, and King Fergus and Pot-8-o's, his best sons. He draws blood from King Herod through Phenomenon and Woodpecker, very good sons, and Highflyer, his best, and has streams from the best English and Foreign sources for centuries. His family in near alliance show a due proportion of winners of distinguished prizes. His dam won the Oaks, and produced Memnon, a Doncaster St. Leger winner. Her sister, also won the St. Leger. Brutandorf, out of Mandane, was a good winner and Stallion, and Lottery, another son, though queer in temper, was, in my opinion, able to beat when he pleased, any horse of his day. Theodore, out of Blacklock's dam, won the St. Leger, and any one who reads the account of this great race of Blacklock's year, the state of the odds, and examines the performances, before and after, must come to the conclusion, that he htitor have beat Ebor. And he proved himself a better stallion, far better than his com- ould

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BERNERS' COMUS AND CONSOL.

THE *Imported Stallions*, BERNERS' COMUS and CONSOL, will stand in 1839 at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., the former at $80, the latter at $70; insurance by either, $100, $10 discount for prompt pay.

The plantation at the Mills is arranged for the express accommodation of blood stock, being divided into a great number of lots and paddocks, with convenient shelters and stables; and abounds with pasturage, shade, and water. Every care which the personal attention of the owner, aided by faithful grooms, can bestow, will be given to mares and their foals at a reasonable price.

Berners' Comus is a brown, 16 hands, of unexceptionable form, and entirely sound. His trainer, who had the management of Lord Berners' stock for 18 years, says, "Lord B. never had a better horse, or one that could run a long distance better than him. There was one or two of his year could beat him for *speed*, but he could beat nearly all the rest." It appears from the Racing Calendar that he was a winner at all distances, from 1200 yards to four mile heats.

Consol is a dark bay or brown, 16 hands, of high form, great substance, and all sound; he was both a speedy and lasting racer, having continued in work until 7 yrs. old without a blemish. Out of 21 engagements, he won and received forfeit 11 times, ran 2d four times, and 3d four times. The last year he was on the turf, then 7 yrs. old, he was the trial horse of the largest and most successful stable in England (Scott's), which that year won the Derby with Mundig.

His colts, the oldest of which were foaled in 1837, are uncommonly promising in appearance, of good bone and high finish. One of them was sold at auction, when a yearling, for $1500, and many others would bring still higher prices—higher, it is believed, than those of any other *untried* horse in the country.

Huntsville, Ala., Dec. 8, 1838.—[d29-tf.] E. H. BOARDMAN

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the Mulberry Course, Fredericksburg, Va., Spring Meeting 1839.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 4 or more to make a race to name and close 10th April. Now 4 subs., viz.:

John S. Corbin, | Col. John C. Gibson,
Wm. McCargo, | Maj. Thos. Doswell.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Two mile heats, 4 or more to make a race; to name and close as above. Now 2 subs.:

Wm. McCargo, | John S. Corbin.

Gentlemen wishing to make entries in the above stakes will please direct to Mr. T. H. Ramsey, Fredericksburg, Va.

☞ The *Regular Spring Races* will commence on 4th Tuesday, 28th May.

[m2] Wm. McCargo

IMPORTED TRUSTE ,

BY CATTON, out of Emma by Whisker. Catton has always been considered one of the best, if not the best four mile horse ever bred in England In speaking of him he is called "the celebrated Catton." Trustee was likewise a first rate horse, and was sold when a 3 yr. old, for 2,000 guineas.

Trustee will stand at my stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, the ensuing season, at the low price of $30 cash, and $1 to the groom. This rule will be strictly adhered to, and no mare need be sent to him without the money, it being better both for the breeder and owner of the horse. All accidents and escapes at the risk of the owner. Season to commence 1st Feb., and close 1st July.

Union Hotel, near the Race Course, Dec. 1,21838.—[d22] JOHN R. SNEDEKER

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse, and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp. mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew.

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times.

[F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville Jockey Club.

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS renowned and ever memorable horse will occupy his old stand at the Hampton Course, in the vicinity of Augusta, under my direction. Col. Crowell, his owner, after returning from his tour through the North East and West, has come to the conclusion to allow him to remain with me another season. Applications were made in various sections of our country; unlimited business was guaranteed; large sums offered by various gentlemen for the service of the horse; but Col. Crowell threw aside all minor considerations, all pecuniary motives, when on his return he found so many solicitations, from various quarters of the South, to allow the horse to remain with me, that he at length yielded and gratified their wishes. In fact, Bascombe has so many warm admirers, that they nearly view him as their common property. Bascombe has attained his end in one point, he has put to rest all those little petty slanders relative to *impotency*, as he has proved himself as sure a foal-getter as any horse that stands on four feet. His first get was dropped this season! each and every person's colt, in different parts of the South, is the crack and brag colt; in fact, for game-like appearance, quickness of action, sprightliness and playfulness, they are *unsurpassed*.

He will commence his season on the 15th Feb., to terminate on the 15th July.

Terms—$100 the season and $1 to the groom. Good lots, fine stables, pastures, and provender, will be provided for the mares; no liability for escapes or accidents. Persons sending mares are particularly requested to send their pedigree; also notes made payable to John Crowell or bearer. The expenses of the mares to be paid before taking them away. Mares remaining with the horse will be well taken care of at 50 cents per day, servants with them fed gratis.

It is useless to mention pedigree and performances; Bascombe's speak for themselves; the world know them; his name will be handed down from Turfite to Turfite; and when no more, the bosoms of future sportsmen will swell with emotion and delight, when they hear mentioned the name of *Bascombe*. [n10] F. W. LACY.

VOLNE

THIS highly bred and beautiful young race horse, acknowledged to be one of the speediest horses of his day, will stand the ensuing season at the stable of J. W. T. Reid Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Alabama, at Forty dollars the season, and Eighty dollars to insure a foal.

The following letters and certificates from the most distinguished Turfmen of Virginia, relative to the pedigree and performances of Volney, are respectfully presented for the perusal of the Turfmen and Breeders of Alabama.

The Pedigree of Volney.—Volney was got by Col. Wm. R. Johnson's horse *Monsieur Tonson*, out of Mr. Williams' brood mare by *Sir Archie*, and was four years old last Spring. A copy of the certificate of the pedigree of his dam, furnished by Wm. R. Johnson, Esq., is given below, the original of which was found among the papers of Mr. Williams, deceased. Richard Logan, Executor of Samuel Williams, dec'd.

The sorrel mare, purchased by Samuel Williams, Esq., of the estate of Edmund Irby deceased, was got by Sir Archie, her dam Weazle by Shylock, out of Captain Sallard's celebrated old mare by the imported horse Dare Devil, dam by old Wildair, the best son of Col. Baylor's imported horse Fearnaught—her grandam, a chesnut mare called Picudella, was got by Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught, who was foaled in 1777, and bred by Mr. Edwards, of Hicksford, Va. Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught was got by the old imported Fearnaught, out of an imported mare, who, in the Spring of 1776, was purchased by Mr. Edwards of the widow of Col. Maclin, on Elizabeth River, near Norfolk, Va.—her g. g. dam was got by Col. Baylor's horse Godolphin, who was got by the Imp. Fearnaught out of Col. Baylor's imp. mare Jenny Dismal—her g. g. g. dam was by the imp. horse Hob-Nob, (this fine Hob-Nob mare was the property of Col. Archie Cary, of Chesterfield County, Va.)—her g. g. g. g. dam was by the imported horse Jolly Roger, known in England as Roger of the Vale—her g. g g. g. g. dam was got by the imp. horse Valiant—her g. g. g. g. g. g. dam was by Tryall, why was by the Imp. Morton's Traveller.

The said sorrel filly, purchased by Mr. Williams, was a great favorite of Mr. Irby—so much so, that he entered her in a sweepstake, for whichrace she wuold have been trained, but his death made the entry void.

W. R. Johnson.
Richard Logan.

Chesterfield, June 1, 1831.

The above is a true copy of the original of Mr. Johnson.

Charlotte County, Va., Dec. 1, 1838.

Mr. P. A. Prindle,—*Dear Sir*—In relation to your enquiry respecting the running qualities of your fine horse Volney, I can inform you that I trained him the Fall after he was three years old, and run him in one sweepstakes colt race, Mile heats, which he won with great ease at two heats, in 1:51 each heat. I then sent him home to his owner, who died in a short time after. Volney was then sold. Mr. Phillips was the purchaser at $2500. In the Spring of 1837 he won the Proprietor's Purse at Lynchburg, Two mile heats, with great ease. The following Fall I met him at the same course. I started a fine filly against him, Two mile heats—he beat her in fine style in 3:47; no contest for the 2d heat. I then offered his owner $4000 for him, but he seemed at that time not willing to sell him. I believe he was a race horse of the first order, at any distance, and am truly sorry that his lameness has prevented him from showing his powers to the world.

In haste, yours respectfully, Wm. McCargo.

In the Fall of 1837, at Oxford, N. C., Mr. Phillips sold Volney to Mr. P. A. Prindle, of Richmond, Va., his present owner, for $5000 cash. He is the horse on whom the match against *Target* was made, for $10,000, single dash of Two miles. [F9]

TROTTING HORSES FOR SALE.

THE celebrated Trotting Horses NORMAN LESLIE and JOHN CALDWELL. If not disposed of by the 22d of April, they will on that day be sold at Tattersall's. Apply to the subscriber, at Lafayette Hall, Nos. 595 and 597 Broadway, or at 291 Bowery.

[Mar30] PHILIP McGUIRE.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Baltimore, Md. - - -	Kendall Course, Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th May.
Cincinnati, Ohio. - -	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d or 4th week in May.
Columbus, Miss. - - -	Hyde Park Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st May.
Charlestown, Va. -	Kanawha Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th June.
Clinton, Ala. - - - - -	Pactolus Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th June.
Camden, N. J. - - - - -	And Philadelphia, Camden Course, J. C. Spring Meeting 21st May.
" "	Match $1000 aside, P.P., M. h., 1st day } between Messrs. Cochran
" "	Match $1000 aside, h. ft., M. h., 3d day } and Kelly's Busiris colts
Crab Orchard, Ky. -	Spring Hill Course, Annual Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th May.
Columbus, Ga. - - - -	Western Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, last Tuesday, 30th April.
Fredericksburg, Va.	Mulberry Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 28th May.
Huntsville, Ala. - -	Association Course, J.C. Spring Meeting, last Wednesday, 29th May.
Louisville, Ky. - - -	Oakland Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th June.
Lexington, Ky. - - -	Association Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 22d May.
Lynchburg, Va. - - - -	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 15th May.
Livingston, Ala. - - -	Picton Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Monday, 27th May.
Maury Co. Tenn. - -	Annual Spring Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 22d May.
Mobile, Ala. - - - - -	Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Nov.
New York, - - - - -	Beacon Course, First Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th May.
New Orleans, La. -	Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
St. Louis, Mo. - - - -	Prairie Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Monday, 13th May.
Trenton, N. J. - - - -	Eagle Course, Spring Meeting, last Tuesday 28th May.
Toronto, U.C. - - - -	Simcoe Chase Course, Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 19th June.
Van Buren, Arks.	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 22d May.
Wheeling, Va. - - -	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, last Tuesday, 25th June.

GRAND EIGHT-OARED CUTTER MATCH.

The great contest between the gentlemen of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, which has for some weeks past engrossed the attention of the *cognoscenti*, not only of the Universities and those generally attached to river sports, but of sporting gentlemen of every grade, came off yesterday, from Westminster to Putney, a distance which has been most judiciously selected as calculated to try the lasting power of aspirants for fame in this invigorating sport. The well-known qualities of the men, their youth, stamina, and long-established game, had warranted the conclusion that this would be the very *ne plus ultra* of rowing, nor were the most sanguine disappointed in their expectations. This was not their first appearance, the same parties having before entered the lists, from which the Cantabs, it is said, through the superiority of their boat, came off victorious. Since that period the Cantabs have been twice in a wager from Westminster to Putney against the great Leander Club. In the first struggle, which was in 1837, Cambridge plucked the laurel from their brows; but in the contest of last season between the same parties it was a succession of fouling from their nearing the Horseferry until their arrival at Putney, which bridge the Leander went through first, and claimed the honor of the day. The umpire, Mr. Searle, however declared this to be no match, and much dissatisfaction prevailed amongst the thousands who had laid out money on the issue of the race. In this contest the *auri sacra fames* was cast on one side, the whole aim being to discover which of the two Universities could produce the best rowers.

The Cambridge crew were the favorites, simply, we believe, from the supposition that having rowed two matches on the particular water appointed for yesterday, they would be more *au fait* at their work, and the odds of 5 to 4 were freely given and taken to the amount of thousands. The very flower of each College boat had been selected on both hands. They had been tried and approved, and were the very men fitting for a struggle in which for six miles they had to work with almost breathless activity.

The match had originally been appointed for last Thursday; but by mutual consent it was deferred until yesterday. For some days past both crews have rowed the distance, and have been intently watched in their movements by sporting men. So great had been the interest on this contest that every long boat had been engaged for some days past, and crack watermen could count two or three engagements deep. On the first making of the match, as we have stated, the odds were 5 to 4 in favor of Cambridge; but they increased in some circles to 7 to 4, and as the time approached for starting 6 to 4 might be considered as the standard betting, as the weather was most unpropitious; but the interest was so extraordinary that there were but few who gave the weather a moment's consideration.

At two o'clock the "note of preparation" sounded, and as the tide increased towards high water, the respective club galleys turned out from the causeways of Searle, Lyons, Roberts, Chandler, &c., and moved towards the starting-place, the wind blowing fearfully from the north-east. At half-past four the combatants made their appearance. The boats were thus manned:—

	OXFORD.			CAMBRIDGE.	
	Names.	*Colleges.*		*Names.*	*Colleges.*
Messrs.	Lee	Queen's Col.	Messrs.	Shadwell	St. John
	Compton	Merton		Smythe	Trinity
	Maberly	Christ's		Abercrombie	Caius
	Garnet	Ditto		Paris	Corpus
	Halls	Brazennose		Penrose	Trinity
	Hobhouse	Balliol		Yaleman	Caius
	Poweys	Balliol		Brett	Caius
	Berwick	University		Stanley	Jesus

The last gentleman in each list took the stroke, and on this occasion each cutter was steered by a collegian, the names of whom we did not catch. On the previous cutter match of last season Parish and Noulton had been the coxswains, but, in order to make the affair as even as possible, gentlemen operated yesterday.

The attendance on shore was the most extraordinary we ever witnessed. Westminster Bridge, the Bishop's-walk, Milbank, Vauxhall, and Putney Bridge presented one solid mass of spectators, anxious to obtain even a glance of the gentlemen. Putney Bridge beggared all description. An old inhabitant of the town of Fulham declared that he had never witnessed such an animated sight. From the Middlesex to the Surrey side at as early an hour as four o'clock there were dozens of fashionably-attired persons, and at the time the contending crews came in sight, the bridge was absolutely impassable. The barouches and carriages filled with ladies were two abreast, and, on a moderate calculation, there might have been one hundred and fifty horsemen. At twenty minutes to five o'clock the gentlemen were at their stations, and a finer set of men for such an arduous undertaking were never seen. They looked in the best condition. The Cambridge gentlemen went to the outside station, as it is termed, at the pier of Westminster Bridge, the Oxford gentlemen having won the inside and best position. When the signal was given they took it admirably, and for the first four or five strokes appeared to do nothing; but their speed, when the way was well on was wonderful. They were stroke and stroke until they neared the Horseferry, where Cambridge showed a slight lead. Their antagonists disputed the advantage with all the strength they could muster, but in vain. Off the Penitentiary the Cambridge men had increased their advantage, and went in advance through Vauxhall Bridge. In each succeeding mile the difference of their strength and style was more manifest. The Cambridge gentlemen arrived first through Putney Bridge, amidst deafening shouts, one minute and twenty seconds in advance of their opponents.

The distance was done by the winners in thirty-one minutes and a half; the losers had a slow stroke, but that of the winners was like lightning, although at first sight they appeared under-boated.

Princess Charlotte Bonaparte.—In one of our late numbers we mentioned the death of this Princess, who was the youngest daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain, and the widow of Prince Napoleon, eldest son of the ex-King of Holland. Princess Charlotte was born in 1803. Since her widowhood she had resided at Florence with her mother, the Countess de Survilliers. Whilst on her way from Rome to Genoa, she was taken dangerously ill at Sarzano, and died on the 2nd of last month. This melancholy event has occasioned a general feeling of regret in Florence, for the deceased princess was beloved by all who enjoyed the honor of knowing her. By her death the poor have lost a kind protectress and friend. She was a liberal subscriber to many institutions for the benefit of the lower classes. Like all the individuals of her family, princess Charlotte was distinguished for talent, and she possessed a remarkable taste for the fine arts. She herself lithographed a series of landscape views in Italy, taken from drawings of her own. The Princess has left one surviving sister, Princess Zenaide de Musignano, the wife of Charles Lucien Bonaparte, eldest son of the Prince de Canino. The husband of the late Princess, who died in 1831, was the brother of Prince Louis Napoleon, whose name was recently conspicuous in the political events of France. The number of deaths which have taken place in the Bonaparte family, during the few last years, is truly extraordinary. Since 1831, Prince Napoleon, the Duke of Reichstadt, the young Prince di Bacciochi, Madame Letitia, the Princess de Montfort, the Duchess de Saint-Leu, and Princess Charlotte, have been numbered with the dead.

Demidoff Family.—This wealthy family is one of the newest in Russia. Little more than a hundred years ago its founder was but a poor blacksmith. With the help of Peter the Great he established forges on an extensive scale; and his descendants now enjoy revenues equal to those of the highest among the English Nobility.

Bremmer's Russia.

Primeval Coincidence.—As one among other singular coincidences, there is at the present time a man named "Cain Abel" keeping the "Adam and Eve" tavern in Norwich.

A CHALLENGE TO FOX HUNTERS.

Eubanks, Geo. May 4th, 1839.

ANY gentleman or association of gentlemen who will produce nine hounds, and meet me on any of the hunting grounds in Columbia, any time in November, next, I will bet him $500 that I have nine hounds—Rock, Ruler, Ruin, Rover, Dido, Bascombe, Post Boy, Boston, and Queen—which can catch their fox quicker than any set of hounds that can be produced, running from the mouth of Kegly Creek to Hordin's Mills on Little River, ten miles. There is a red fellow now ranging up and down the river, which we can have the pleasure of chasing.

[my11—3t] J. L. GERMAN.

Stallions for 1839.

☞ Notices like the following (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail, to the amount of Twenty Dollars, in this paper, no charge will be made.

AINDERBY, *Imported*, by Velocipede, out of Kate (sister to Nonplus) by Catton, at L. J. Polk's stables, at Hamilton Place, near Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., at $75 & $100—$1 to groom.

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, at Newmarket Race Course, Petersburg, Va., at $60 and $100.

AUTOCRAT, *Imported*, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver, at Col. Sam'l Lyne's stable, 2 miles from Clarksville, Tenn., on Russellville road, at $60 and $75.

ANVIL, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (dam of Picton, Duane, etc.) by Sir Archy, at StationCamp (Hon. B. Peyton's farm) near Gallatin, Tenn., at $50 and $75.

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond by Buzzard, at R. P. Stark's stable, Hopkinsville, Ky., at $70 in the season, $80 on the 1st Jan., and $1 to the groom.

BUSIRIS, by Eclipse, out of Grand Duchess by Imp Gracchus, 12 miles west of Philadelphia, at $40 the season for thorough bred mares.

BILL AUSTIN, by Bertrand, dam by Timoleon, at W. B. Taylor's stable, near Montgomery. (Ala.) Race Course, at $50, and $1 to the groom.

BERTRAND JUNIOR, by Bertrand, out of Transport by Virginius, at the stables of B. R. Jenkins, in Fayette County, Ky., six miles south-east of Lexington, at $50—$1 to grm.

BIRMINGHAM, by Stockholder, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant, at the Oakland Course Louisville, Ky., under the charge of Lewis Sherley, at $50 and $75.

BLACK HEATH, by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Hal, at the stable of Richard Adams, six miles from Richmond, Va., at $40, and $60 to insure.

BERNERS' COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam by Juniper, at Col. E H Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $80 and $100—$1 to the groom

BELSHAZZAR, *Imported*, by Blacklock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews, at Thomas Alderson's stable, Nashville, Tenn, at $75—$100—$125, and $1 to the groom.

CHESTERFIELD, by Pacific, dam by Wilkes' Madison, at A. T. Nolan's stable, four miles east of Franklin, Tenn., at $30 the season.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, at Col. E. H. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $70, $100, and $1 to the groom.

CHARLES KEMBLE, by Sir Archy, out of Maria by Gallatin, at Chester Tow nand Centreville, Maryland, at $40 to insure, and $1 to the groom.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia by Gohanna, at "The Reeds," Caroline Co., Va., at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom.

CRAZY BILL, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Clay's Sir William, at R. B. Harrison's stable, 12 m. from Selma, and at D. Kirkland's, in Autauga Co., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

DICK CHINN, by Sumpter, out of Lucy by Orphan, at Messrs. Wells' stables, Bayou Bœuf, near Alexandria, La., at $50 and $70, and $1 to the groom.

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (Picton's dam) by Sir Archy, at Jas. B. Kendall's stable, Kendall Course, Baltimore, Md., at $30 and $50.

DUANE, by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Goodloe Washington by Washington, at the stable of Wm. N. Friend, Camden Race Course, N. J., at $50 and $1 to the groom.

ECLIPSE, by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger, at Jas. Swanson's stable at Independence, near Franklin, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

ENVOY, *Imported*, by Memnon, out of Zarina by Morisco, at Lewis K. Grigsby's stable, near Winchester, Clark County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

EMANCIPATION, *Imported*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, at the stable of Hector Bell, Esq., Winchester, Va., at $75 and $120, and $1 to the groom.

FESTIVAL, by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon, at the stable of John W. Trotter, at Forsyth, Monroe County, Ga., at $50 and $75.

FLEXIBLE, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Themis by Sorcerer, at the stable of Col. E. H. Carter, at Wilton, Granville county, N. C., at $30 and $45.

FRANK, by Sir Charles, out of Betsey Archer by Sir Archy, at the stable of Samuel Davenport & Co., near Lexington, Ky., at $50 and $75.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq., at Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

GILES SCROGGINS, by Sir Archy, out of Lady Bedford, at the stable of Jilson Yates & Co., Shelbyville, Ky., at $30 and $50.

GASTON, by Imp. Truffle, out of Lady Lagrange by Sir Archy, at Dresden, Tenn. Particulars hereafter.

HEDGEFORD, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Cragie by Orville, at Versailles, Ky., at $100 the season. Address Lewis Y. Craig.

HICKORY JOHN, by John Richards, out of Kitty Hickory by Hickory, near Lexington, Ky. Terms hereafter.

HIBISCUS, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of the Duchess of York, at the race course near Columbia, S. C., at $50, and $1 to the groom. Address George Fryer.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, at the Hampton Course near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 the groom.

JORDAN, *Imported*, by Langar, out of Matilda by Comus, at John C. Beasley's stable, Plaquemine, La., at $100 the season.

JOHN DAWSON, by Pacific, dam by Grey Archie, at Francis Gordon's stable, 1 mile from Spring Hill, Maury Co., Tenn. at $50, and $1 to the groom.

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq. at the Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

LAUDERDALE, by Sir Archy, out of Imp. Stoughton Lass, at the stable of Fergus Duplantier, East Baton Rouge, La., at $45 and $60.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, at the stable of Col. George Elliot near Gallatin, Sumner County, Tenn., at $150 the season, and $1 to the groom.

LUZBOROUGH, *Imported*, by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Dick Andrews, at the stable of Dr. A. Whitlocke, Sanders, Limestone Co., Ala., at $100, $120, and $200—$1 to the grm.

LONGWAIST, by Sir Archie, dam by Pacolet, one mile east of Natchez, Miss., at $50 and $75, and $1 to the groom.

MARSHAL NEY, by old Pacolet, out of Virginia by Imp. Daredevil, g. d. Lady Bolingbrook by Imp. Pantaloon, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $20, $25, $30, & $1.

MARION, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at F. O. A. Sherrod's stable, Chantilly, near Tuscumbia, Ala., at $75 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

MINGO, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, at Geo. E. Blackburn's stable near Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky., 8 miles from Frankfort, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by Eclipse, out of Honesty by Imp. Expedition, at Jos. H. Van Mater's stable, 8 miles east of Monmouth C. H., N. J., at $50 and $75—$1 to the groom

MONMOUTH, by John Richards, out of Young Nettletop, at Bason Spring, Breckenridge County, Va., under the charge of J. B. Alexander, at $30.

MORDECAI, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Welbeck, own brother to Red Rover, at Edm Bacon's plantation, Twigg County, Ky., at $60 the season.

MERMAN, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Orville, at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., at $50, $75, and $100. Address L. Sherley

MONSIEUR TONSON, by Pacolet, out of Madame Tonson by Topgallant, in Bourbon Co., Ky., 5 miles from Paris, & 17 from Lexington, at $60 & $100—$1 to grm. Address C. P. Lee.

MEDOC, by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, at his old stand at Col. Wm. Buford's, Woodford Co., Ky., limited to 75 mares at $100.

MAZYOUBE, a cross-breed Arabian and Barb, at Troy and Piqua, Miami Co., Ohio, at $25 to insure.

OMBARK, a full blood Arabian, at St. Mary's, Mercer County, Ohio, at $15 the season pasturage gratis.

OTHELLO, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, at Maj. Samuel Ragland's stable, 12 miles N. W. of Huntsville, Ala., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

PACTOLUS, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, at the Henry Course, Greensboro', Ala., under the charge of Henry A. Tayloe, Esq., at $40 and $60.

PENNOYER, by Henry, out of the celebrated mare Ariel by Eclipse, at the stable of Henry Dalby, Esq., Augusta, Ga., at $50 the season and $1 to the groom.

POST BOY, by Henry, out of Garland by Duroc, will make his second season at the stable of James Holmes, near Murfreesboro', Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PRIAM, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Cressida by Whiskey, at Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's stable, Hicksford, Va.—a limited number of mares at $150, and $1 to the groom.

PICTON, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy, at L. P. Cheatham's stables, near Nashville, Tenn.—limited to 20 mares at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PACIFIC, by Sir Archy, out of Eliza, (sister to Gallatin,) by Imp. Bedford, at the stable of B. P. Gray, Woodford County, Ky., at $75 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

PHILIP, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure by Camillus, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $75, $100, and $125, and $1 to the groom.

RATTLER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Robin Redbreast, at Lagrange, Tenn. Terms hereafter. Address M. E. Boyles.

RICHARD, *Imported*, by Orville, out of Miss Sophia by Stamford, at Maj. B. Luckett's stable, Franklin County, Ky., at $50.

RODOLPH, by Archie Montorio, dam by Haxall's Moses, in the neighborhood of Lexington, Kentucky.

SARPEDON, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Icaria by The Flyer, at the stable of John Wimbish, Halifax C. H., Va., at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SHARK, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, at John Drew's stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SHAKSPEARE, *Imported*, by Smolensko, out of Charming Molly by Rubens, at Robt. Hurt's stable, near Paris, Western District of Tenn., at $100 the season.

SINGLETON, by Eclipse, dam by Kosciusko, at the stable of Daniel Morgan, Esq., near Flemingsburgh, Fleming County, Ky.

SKYLARK, *Imported*, by Waxy Pope, out of Skylark by Musician, at L. P. Cheatham's stable, 2 miles northwest of Nashville, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at A. B. Newsam's stable, in Wilson Co., Ala., 8 miles fm. Lebanon, 15 fm. Gallatin, & 35 fm. Nashville, at $75, $125, and $1.

SWISS, *Imported*, by Whisker, out of Shuttle mare, at Judge Thompson's stable, near Salem, Livingston County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, at the stable of John R. Snedeker, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $30 cash, and $1 to the groom.

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, at Geo. R. Robertson's stable, Central Course, Macon, Ga., at $80 if paid within the season, and $100 if paid out of it.

TOM FLETCHER (by Stockholder), the sire of Molly Long, Independence, and other good ones, at Batesville & Dripping Springs, Ark at $25 & $40 Address T. T. Tunstall & Co.

VOLNEY, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archy, at the stable of W. J. T. Reid, Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Ala., at $40 and $80.

WILD BILL ("of the woods," late Pilot,) by Sir Archy, out of Maria by Gallatin, at the residence of Henry Stokes, one mile north of Huntsville, Ala., at $60.

WALTER, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, will make his first season at Liles E. Abernathy's stable, near Pulaski, Tenn. Terms hereafter.

WAXY, by Sir Archy, dam by Alfred, at Jas. T. Carter's stable, 4½ miles north of Greensburg, Ky., at $30 and $50, and 50 cents to the groom.

WHALEBONE, by Sir Archy, dam by Pacolet, at Col. Jas. W. Camp's stable, 4 miles out of Huntsville, Ala., at $40.

WASHINGTON, by Timoleon, out of Ariadne by Citizen, at Daniel Kiser's stable, Dayton, Montgomery County, Ohio, at $30 the season.

WARRIOR, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Emperor, at Gen. Thos. J. Green's stable, Velasco, Texas, at $100, and $2 to the groom.

ZINGANEE, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Folly by Young Drone, at Parker E. Todhunter's stable, 8 miles south-east from Lexington, Ky., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

AMERICAN
TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE Third and Fourth numbers of this Magazine will be issued together from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times,*" on MONDAY NEXT, the 13th instant. They will be embellished with TWO SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, with a beautiful VIGNETTE on the Cover, and contain Eight Sheets, or One Hundred and Twenty-Eight Pages of letter press, on paper of the finest texture, and entire new type, cast expressly for the purpose. The Publishers submit the following list of the embellishments and contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS:

Plenipotentiary, Engraved on Steel by Dick, after Cooper, R. A.
D'Orsay and his Traineau, Engraved on Steel by Dick, after Aubrey.

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Another double number will appear on the 1st of June next, with superb illustrations on Steel, of Deer Stalking and Trout Fishing, and thenceforward the Magazine will be issued punctually on the 1st of each month. Published at the Office of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, at Five Dollars per annum, in advance. Orders and Communications to be addressed to

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

May 11, 1839

N.B. The subscribers to the Turf Register in New York, who have not received the first numbers, are requested to call at the office, or send, for them.

FOR SALE.

A SORREL MARE, 7 yrs. old, is offered for sale. She is of small size, and well adapted for the race course, or for general use in harness or otherwise. She can be seen at the stable of Mr. Duff, in Duane st. [may11-1t*]

SALE OF VALUABLE BLOOD STOCK.

WILL be sold to the highest bidder during the Spring Meeting at Louisville, (which commences June 4,) if not sooner disposed of, some of the very valuable blood stock of Maj. M. W. Dickey, dec. among which are the following:—

1. *Caroline Scott*, b. m. 7 yrs. old, by Archy of Transport, out of Ophelia, by Wild Medley, with a Luzborough foal at her foot. The racing performances of this fine animal, independent of the fact that she is the half sister of Grey Eagle, entitles her to rank as high as any mare in Ky.

2. *Little Wicked*, br. m. 7 yrs old, by Archy of Transport, out of Lady Robin by Robin Grey; with a colt foal by Imp. Skylark. This mare has produced a colt by Medoc, (*Red Rocket*,) which has been trained, and his success gives evidence of her superior qualities as a brood mare.

3. *Mary Howe*, gr. m. 11 or 12 yrs. old, by Tiger, out of Lady Robin by Robin Grey; with a colt by Grey Eagle. This mare has produced several racers, among others, *Archy Howe*, *Stephen Girard*, &c.

4. *The Captain*, a br. c. 3 yrs. old, full brother to Caroline Scott.

5. *Grey Eagle* will also be offered for sale. The propietors reserve the interest held by their former owner in the nominations of the last two colts.

Terms of sale, a credit of four months for negotiable paper. Extended pedigrees will be given on the day of sale. S. J. GANO and others.

[my11—4t]

EAGLE COURSE RACES, TRENTON, N. J.

THE Spring Meeting will commence on Tuesday, May 28th, 1839, (it being the week following the Philadelphia and Camden Races,) and continue four days.

First day (Tuesday)—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300, h. ft., Mile heats.
1. W. B. Stockton names Imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel.
2. Also, " Imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville
3. Jas. H. Hellings names ch. c. by Star, out of Melinda.
4. Jas. B. Kendall names gr. f. by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats.
1. W. B. Stockton names Imp. b. c. *Atlantic*, by Actæon, out of Miss Craven.
2. Also, " Imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville.
3. Also, " Imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel.
4. Jas. H. Hellings names ch. f. *Stephan*, by Shark, out of Fairy by Herod.
5. Jas. B. Kendall (J. Campbell's) names b. f. by Imp. Tranby, dam by ——.
6. J. H. Van Mater names ch. c. by Tormentor, dam by Tuckahce.

Second day (Wednesday)—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats.
1. Messrs. Combs & Ellis name ch. c. *Eliptic*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Revenge.
2. Jas. B. Kendall (J. Campbell's) names b. c. *Buckeye*, by Critic, out of Ann Page.
3. Edw. J. Wilson names b. c. *Portsmouth*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem.

Same day—Sweepstakes, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats; free for all ages that shall not have won a race previous to closing this Stake.
1. Jas. B. Kendall names ch. c. *Windsor*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Powancy, 4 yrs.
2. Jos. H. Hellings names ch. c. *Borax*, by Andrew, out of Trifle's dam, 4 yrs.
3. Jos. H. Van Mater names ch. c. by Eclipse, out of Helen Mar, Bonny Black's dam, 4 y.
4 Also, " ch. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, 4 yrs.

Same day—Purse $400, Two mile heats; $100 of which goes to the 2d best, if more than two start.

Third day (Thursday)—A purse of $700, Three mile heats; $200 of which goes to the 2d best, if more than two start.

Same day—A purse of $100, Mile heats.

Fourth day (Friday)—A purse of $1500, Four mile heats; $500 of which goes to the 2d best, if more than two start.

Same day—A purse of $100, Mile heats.

The Races will commence at 12 o'clock, each day. Entries will close at the Eagle Hotel on the evening previous to each race, at 8 o'clock. Entries 5 per cent.

The second best to be determined by the Rules of the Philadelphia and Camden Course; when these rules do not designate the second best, the horse that is 2d in the last heat to be so considered.

Gentlemen from the Northern and Southern States can rely on securing good stables for race horses by making application, or addressing a letter to the Subscriber.

A handsome DINNER will be prepared at the Pavilion, immediately after the main race each day.

The New Jersey Rail Road will convey passengers from New York to the Eagle Course in three hours, passing through Newark, New Brunswick, Princeton, and the principal villages of New Jersey.

As the Eagle Course has now every advantage that can be wished, far greater inducements will hereafter be offered on it, each Spring and Fall, than has heretofore been on any Course North of Louisiana. O. BAILEY, Secretary.

Trenton, N. J., April 16, 1839—[a20]

CHARLES KEMBLE.

THIS superior Stallion will stand the present season at Chester Town and Centreville Maryland, at $40 to insure, and $1 to the groom. The season to commence at Chester Town, on the 4th March, and he will stand one week at each place throughout the season.

Pedigree of Charles Kemble.—He was got by Sir Archy, out of the celebrated mare Maria, by Gallatin; her dam by Simms Wildair—grandam by Imp. Traveller, out of an imported mare. [See Turf Register, vol. 4, page 428.]

Performances.—Charles Kemble has won at the Union Course, L. I., Washington City, Baltimore, Md., Trenton, and Fairfield, Va.—beating some of the best horses in the United States, viz.: Black Maria, Alice Grey, Henry Archer, Hunslap, Agility, Azalia, Prince George, Dolly Dixion, Lady Nashville, Powhattan, Robin Hood, Blue Streak, Mary Lee, Alp, Sally Eubanks, Jesse, Rosalie Somers, Adjutant, Dick Beasley, Maid of the Neck, &c. &c.—running all distances, from One to Four mile heats, in extraordinary good time.

Philadelphia, Feb. 22, 1839.—[F23] JOSEPH H. HELLINGS.

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver,
Fergus Duplantier,
Duncan F. Kenner,
W. J. Minor,
George M. Long.
A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor,
Y. N. Oliver,
Fergus Duplantier,
G. N. Sanders,
T. J. Wells,
A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs. Address (post paid)

[my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

CINCINNATI JOCKEY CLUB RACES

THE SPRING MEETING for 1839 will come off under the following new arrangement, on the third or fourth week in May.

First day—Ohio Breeders' Plate, value $200, added to a Sweepstakes of $50 each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds bred in Ohio, Mile heats; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Same day—Proprietors' Purse $100, free for anything, Mile heats. A Sweepstakes of $50 each, h. ft., to name by the 20th March, 1839, is proposed to be run for with the Purse.

Second day—*Cincinnati Gold Cup*, value $500, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, added to a Sweepstakes of $100 each, h. ft.; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Third day—*Buckeye Plate*, value $500, added to a Sweepstakes of $200 each, h. ft., free for all ages, Two mile heats; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $500, with a Sweepstakes of $500 each, h. ft., added, Three mile heats; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Fifth day—Proprietors' Purse $500, for 3 yr. olds, added to a Sweepstakes of $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats, to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Sixth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, added to a Sweepstakes of $1000 each, h. ft., Four mile heats; to name by 20th March, 1039.

The preceding plan, to get up handsome Sweepstakes for our next Spring Meeting, promises to meet with great encouragement from Breeders. Attaching them, as we have done, to the Purses, gives us a surety of a race. The subscribers to the stakes will have an equal chance for the purses with those entering in the usual way, the evening previous to the race, an entry not in the sweepstakes can win the purse only, but an entry in the stakes may win both purse and stakes. Winners of plates are not prohibited from running for the purses. It is therefore arranged that the winner of the Cincinnati Gold Cup may start for the 3 yr. old Purse of $500, Two mile heats, and the winner of the Buckeye Plate may start for the Four mile Purse.

All entries must be enclosed to Geo. N. Sanders, P. M., Grass Hills, Carroll County, Ky. Nominations made previously to the 20th day of March, may be changed up to the time of closing.

We have at great expense established the Cincinnati Race Course, contiguous to the city, and under the patronage of a highly respectable and numerous Club. Some additional improvements will be made, and our stables increased to give good accommodation to one hundred horses. There are already one or more entries to each proposition, and from the number of 3 yr. olds in the country, we anticipate at least twenty entries for the Cincinnati Gold Cup, and have assurances of a great number of entries to the other stakes.

GEORGE M. LONG, } Proprietors.
GEORGE N. SANDERS, }

Cincinnati, Feb. 23, 1839.—[m2t1my]

JOCKEY WANTED.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, a good JOCKEY, to ride a 3 yr. old this Spring. Enquire at the Office of this paper. [a20]

PICTON RACES, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

THE regular Jockey Club Spring Meeting will commence on the Picton Course, on the 4th Monday, 27th May, when the following purses will be offered:—

First day—Proprietors' Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse, $800, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $200, Mile heats.

Fifth day—A Post Stake for all ages, sub. $200, P.P., Two mile heats.

Same day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. f.; 3 or more to make a race. Now 2 subs. to each.

J. J. JEWELL, Secretary

Livingston, Ala. March 31, 1839.—[a20]

SADDLERY.

GEORGE DERICK, 239 Broadway, corner of Park Place, opposite the Park, (late of Wall-street,) continues to keep on hand the greatest assortment of City-made Saddles and Harness of superior workmanship—Ladies' and Gentlemens' Saddles of English and American manufacture, consisting of Somerset, Quilted and Plain, Shafto and Race; also English Bridles, Martingals, Whips, &c. A very extensive stock of Travelling Trunks, Ladies' Waterproof Hat cases and Trunks, Carpet Bags, Valises, &c. A great variety of Belts and Stirrup Irons, Needham's Box Spurs in Steel, Plated and Brass, Korn's Patent Fly Nets, Summer Sheets, and a general assortment of Horse Clothing; Fletcher and Louis' Patent Spring Girths, Carriage and Tilbury Harness of superior style and quality; also extra light Wagon and Trotting Harness. A large stock of Whalebone Rosetts, Sarcingles, Chavois, Curry and Mane Combs, Sponges, Trimming Shears and Water Spoke and Whalebone Brushes.

Collars and Saddles carefully fitted.

☞ Gentlemen in want of any of the above articles, would do well to call and examine the same.

N.B. G. Derick has received two Silver Medals and several Diplomas for the best Harness exhibited at the Fairs of the American Institute. [m16-4t.]

FOUR MILE STAKE, BEACON COURSE.

IN answer to correspondents expressing a desire to become subscribers to the stake of $2000, play or pay, Four mile heats, to be run at the Second Meeting over the Union Course, they are notified the stake is closed.

They are respectfully informed that a stake of a somewhat similar character is now open to be run on the Beacon Course, N.J., the week succeeding the Second Meeting on Long Island. It is as follows:—

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstakes, Four mile heats, with 4 yr. olds, over the Beacon Course, Second Spring Meeting 1839; entrance $2000, forfeit $500. To name and close 24th of May, 1839. Three or more to make a race.

[Mar30] ALEX L. BOTTS, Secretary.

TRAINING ESTABLISHMENT AND FARM FOR SALE.

A FARM on Jamaica Bay, Long Island, 2½ miles south of the town of Jamaica, and 1½ miles distant from the City of New York, containing 170 acres, of which 100 acres are in the very highest state of cultivation, 50 or 60 acres of fresh and salt meadow, and 20 acres of wood, principally hickory.

There are on the premises a Mansion House, with a Green-house and two Kitchens attached; together with hovels, hay-house, barn, and cattle sheds; wood house, ice house, and root house; a corn crib, set on pillars, with extensive granaries; a large stone milk cellar, pig styes, iron and copper boilers, &c. &c. &c. There is 220 feet of stabling, containing 20 loose boxes for race horses, with extensive mows for hay and straw. There is a smith's shop, and a house adjoining the stables for the boys, a saddle room, and a feed room fitted with binns capable of containing 300 bushels; 12 of the boxes (15 feet by 10) are paved, with a portico in front, to protect the horses while washing legs, &c., with wire doors for the summer. The racks are of iron, and the feed boxes and sides of stalls within reach of the horses, lined with tin.

The Training Track is in the immediate vicinity of the stables, a mile, or very nearly so, in circumference, completely fenced, and so protected as not to interfere or be interfered with by the farmer.

There are paddocks for horses out of training, four of which are enclosed with close board fences, with circular ends and a stable in each; making in all 28 separate boxes and stables, for racing stock.

There is a house for the trainer and another for the overseer, a four horse power, with threshing and grinding mills, cutting box, &c. &c. &c.

In short, there is nothing wanting, that I am aware of, to render it complete, for either a farming, training, or breeding establishment.

The Farm is so situated that it may be advantageously divided, and sold in two or three parcels: 30 or 40 acres with the trainer's house, 25 or 30 with the mansion house and stables, with the privilege of using the training track, and 60 or 80 acres with the farm and farm house.

The horses remaining on the farm, consisting of *Fordham* and three or four young things, are also for sale. Fordham is 4 yrs. old, and is engaged in a sweepstakes of four subs at $2000 each, P.P. Four mile heats, to come off the second Spring meeting of 1839. He will be sold with or without his engagement.

Janette, *Fanti*, *Dosoris*, *Zela*, *Terrific*, and *Equinox*, are on their way to New Orleans to be sold, or trained for the large purses offered in the South and West. The following are their pedigrees:—

Dosoris, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Miss Walton, Goliah's dam.
Fordham, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Zela, ro. f., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of the dam of Goliah, Dosoris, etc.
Terrific, b. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Black Maria, own sister to Shark.
Equinox, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Janette, ch. m., 16 yrs., own sister to Sir Charles (by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen,) and dam of Fordham; stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.
Fanti, ch. m., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Janette (Fordham's dam); stinted to Imp. Trustee.

This lot will be accompanied by a draft from the stud of Mr. Robt. L. Stevens, consisting of the following:—

Tom Moore, ch. h., 7 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh by Gabriel Oscar.
Henry Moore, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Tom Moore's dam.
Chesnut colt, 4 yrs., Own brother to Henry Moore.
Chesnut colt, 2 yrs., Own brother to Henry Moore.
Antoinette, b. f., 3 yrs., by Nullifier, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian.
Seminole, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Celeste by Henry.

They will leave this city on Monday next, under the charge of Mr. Isaac Van Leer, who is authorised to train and run, or to dispose of them. In their route to New Orleans they will pass through Baltimore, Norfolk, Va., Tarboro', and Fayetteville, N. C., Camden and Columbia, S. C., Augusta, Macon, Milledgeville, and Columbus, Ga., Montgomery and Mobile, Ala.

New York, Jan. 12, 1839.—[J12-tf.] JOHN C. STEVENS, 14 Barclay-St.

THE Subscriber has put in charge of Van Leer, to be run and sold, his b. f. *Betsey Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of the fine old mare of that name. A mulatto boy, 15 years old, a good rider, accompanies the filly. Mr. Van Leer is authorized to dispose of either.

THOMAS E. GITTINGS.

Bella Vista, Md., Jan. 24, 1839.—[F2]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

WADE'S WORM AND CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only prepared to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms and botts, loosen the hide, fine the coat, purify the blood, so as to do away with the necessity of bleeding, render the food more nutritive, prevent the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Since their introduction in this country the first owners of valuable studs have given them to their horses, and acknowledge that they are not to be surpassed by anything else.

☞ These Powders used when horses come off a journey, or are wet and cold, or exceedingly fatigued, will be found in the highest degree beneficial. They require no trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.

☞ Sold wholesale and retail by Dr. W. H. Thurston, 260 Bowery, Dr. J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, and Messrs. Blackwell & Clarke, corner of Gravier and Camp streets, New Orleans. [o13]

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l.*, 10*l.*, 15*l.*, 20*l.*, to 1000*l.*, (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at Sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, and funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders, however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street.

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage.

[d1-tf.] ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

LEXINGTON (Ky.) SPRING RACES.

THE Spring Races for 1839, over the Association Course, will commence on Tuesday the 22d day of May next, and continue four days.

First day—Brennan Stakes, a Silver Pitcher, of the value of $100; sub. $100, for 3 olds, Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Charles Buford names b. g. by Singleton, out of dam of Rashleigh.
2. Also, (Geo. Brand's) ch. c. by Medoc, out of Lady Adams.
3. Rich. Downing names (J. L. Downing's) ch. f. by Singleton, out of Isabella by Hephestion.
4. E. Warfield names c. *Gazan*, by Sir Leslie, out of Directress.
5. Jas. Lindsay names (R. Pindell's) f. *Julia W.*, by Sarpedon, out of Fanny Wright's dam.
6. Also, c. *Bird Catcher*, by Woodpecker, out of Miss Tiger by Tiger.
7. Jas. J. Allen names b. c. *R. Bruce*, by Clinton, dam by Archy.
8. Wm. Buford, Jr. names b. f. *Minstrel*, by Medoc, dam by Alexander.
9. J. McIntosh names gr. c. *Emigrant*, by Cadet, dam by Contract.
10. Thos. H. Clay names gr. f. *Cadetta*, by Cadet, out of Catherine Schuyler by Georgian.
11. Henry Lockhart names ch. f. *Henrietta*, by Medoc, out of Sally Tyler by Kosciusko.
12. John E. Roper names gr. c. *Blacklock*, by Cadet, dam by Eclipse.
13. Abraham Spears & Thos. Kelley name ch. c. *Morehead*, by Medoc, out of Multaflora.
14. M. W. Dickey names b. c. *Red Rocket*, by Medoc, out of Little Wicked.
15. Also, ro. f. *Roanna*, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Potomac.
16. W. W. Bacon, Jr. names (Wm. Harris's) b. f. *Mary Morris*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter.
17. Thos. Van Swearengen names ch. c. *Darnley*, by John Richards, out of Lady Grey by Sir Richard.
18. Reason Jordan names bl. f. *Caroline Warfield*, by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Sophy Winn by Blackburn's Whip.
19. Geo. N. Sanders names b.f. *Occidenta*, by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Turpin's Florizel.

Second day—A Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, P.P., Three mile heats. To which are the following subscribers:—

M. W. Dickey,	T. J. Young,
W. W. Bacon,	Charles Buford.

Third day—A Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, P.P., Two mile heats; to which are the following subscribers:—

E. Warfield,	W. W. Bacon.
M. W. Dickey,	

Same day—A Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, P.P., Mile heats; to which are the following subscribers:—

M. W. Dickey,	M. W. Bacon,
Chas. Buford,	R. P. Snell.
E. Warfield,	

Fourth day—Association Purse $500, Three mile heats, free for all ages. By order of the President,

EDWIN BRYANT, Secretary.

Lexington, April 9, 1839.—[a203t]

STOCKHOLDER.

MR. EDITOR—This will inform you that I have purchased the celebrated Race-Horse and Race-horse Getter, old STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen.

He will make his next season at my residence, in Wilson County, 8 miles from Lebanon, on Cumberland River, 15 miles from Gallatin, and 35 miles above Nashville, at $75 the season, $125 to insure, and $1 to the groom. Mares will be pastured and grain fed at $1 per week, which must be paid when the mares are taken away. The season money will be due on 1st Jan., 1840. All mares sent to my care will be well treated, and every precaution used to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability for either. The season will commence on the 15th Feb. next, and end on the last day of June.

His character as a Racer and a Stallion is too well known to require puffing.

The performances of his colts at all distances, from One to Four mile heats, are equally well known, and the cross between Imp. Leviathan and Stockholder is considered equal, if not superior, to any other in America.

The pedigree of Stockholder, for the satisfaction and interest of all concerned, has been made a matter of record, and is registered in the Registrar's Office of Wilson County, Tennessee.

From the untarnished character of Old Stockholder, and the great pains I am taking to give general satisfaction, I shall expect a liberal share of public patronage.

His stable is well worth the attention of all horsemen.

Tuscaloosa, Ala., Dec. 9, 1838.—[d29-tf.] A. B. NEWSOM.

MAZYOUBE AND OMBARK.

MAZYOUBE, imported by Capt. James Riley, from the Empire of Morocco, October, 1835, a cross-breed Arabian and Barb, 7 yrs. old in May next, 16 hands 1 inch high, dark iron grey, and of lion-like form; stands at Troy and Piqua, Miami Co., Ohio, $25 insurance pasturage gratis. For sale at $5000.

OMBARK, imported by Capt. Riley, from Mogadore, Sept., 1836; a pure blood Arabian race horse, 15 hands 1½ inches high, jet black, long round body, and finely formed from ear to hoof, 6 yrs. old in June next, stands at St. Mary's, Mercer Co., Ohio, at $15 the season, pasturage gratis; he is for sale at $3000.

J. W. RILEY.

March 17, 1839.—[M30]

OAKLAND COURSE, LOUISVILLE.

THE following are the nominations for the great Sweepstakes to be run over the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., at the next Fall Meeting (first week in October), $2000 each, h. ft., Four mile heats; closed 1st Jan., 1839.

1. Y. N. Oliver & M. W. Dickey enter gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia, by Wild Medley, now 3 yrs. old.
2. W. T. Ward enters b. f. *Mary Vaughan*, by Waxy, out of Betty Bluster, by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs. old.
3. W. Viley enters ch. f. *Queen Mary*, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 3 yrs. old.
4. G. N. Sanders & Lewis Sanders, Jr. enters b. c. *Occident*, by Bertrand, out of Diamond, by Florizel, 3 yrs.
5. Sidney Burbridge enters b. c. *Tarlton*, by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Gray, 4 yrs.
6. Jas. L. Bradley & H. B. Steele enter ch. c. *Hawk-eye*, by Sir Lovell, out of Pressure's dam, by Jenkins' William, 4 yrs.
7. Archie Cheatham enters b. c. *Billy Townes*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.
8. Jas. S. Garrison enters ch. c. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 4 y.
9. William Wynn enters br. c. *Picton*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archie, 4 y.
10. Wm. Buford, Jr. enters ch. f. *Musedora*, by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko.

[Mar23-4t] JOHN S. GRAHAM, Sec. J. C.

MEDOC.

THE services of this fine horse are again offered to the Breeders of Kentucky. He will remain at his old stand at Col. Wm. Buford's, Woodford County, where he will be let to mares at *One Hundred Dollars* each, to be paid in the season, which will end on the first of July next. He will be limited to seventy-five mares. Every attention will be paid to mares sent to him, and excellent blue grass pastures furnished gratis. We recommend him with great confidence, believing that he has proven himself equal, if not superior as a breeder, to any horse that has ever appeared in the United States. His first season was made when he was only five years old, and last year his colts appeared on the turf for the first time, at 3 yrs. old, and numbered *Sixteen Winners at all distances, from One to Four mile heats*. The time made in these races will compare with any upon record. (See the race of Maria Duke and Curculia at Louisville last Spring, Mile heats best 3 in 5, each heat run in 1:48—Picayune and Musedora's race at Crab Orchard, in August, Three mile heats, run in 5:57—5:55—5:54,—Curculia's race at Lexington, Two mile heats, 3.52—3:52—3:54, distancing the field, track heavy.)

Out of the dams of these 16 colts, not one, except the dam of Curculia, ever produced a race-horse before. Nine of his colts have been sold for $23,500, viz; Curculia, $5000, Maria Duke $4000, Medoca $3000, Sthreshley $2500, Picayune $2000, Musedora $2000, J. F. Robinson $2000, Filly out of the dam of Ironette, $2000, and Ben Harrison $1000, when a yearling.

His colts are remarkable for their gaiety, beauty and symmetry, and as a strong evidence of their fine appearance, they have had awarded to them more premiums at the Fairs in this part of Kentucky, than the colts of all other horses together have received. Medoc's blood and performances on the turf, have been published in all the sporting journals of the United States, to which reference may be made. We wish, at this time, to present him as a very distinguished breeder, and hope that he will receive that consideration and patronage to which he is entitled.

Woodford County, Ky., Feb. 20, 1839.—[m2-t1J.] WILLIAM BUFORD & Co.

ENVOY.

THIS thorough-bred and magnificent imported horse will stand next season at the stable of Lewis K. Grigsby, near Winchester, Clark County, Kentucky, and will be let to mares at Fifty dollars the season, and $1 to the groom. Enclosed and extensive pasture of the best kind has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for accidents or escapes, should any occur. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

Envoy's *Pedigree.*—Envoy was got by Memnon, out of Zarina (bred by Lord Anson, and foaled in 1827,) by Morisco—her dam Ina (bred by Sir John Byng in 1821) by Smolensko—Morgiana by Coriander, out of Fairy by Highflyer—Fairy Queen by Young Cade—Routh's Black Eyes by Crab. [See Skinner's General Stud Book, page 657.] Memnon, the sire of Envoy, was bred by Mr. Watt in 1822; he was got by Whisker, (brother to Whalebone, Wire, Woful, etc.,) out of Manuella, the dam of The Abbott, Belzoni, Margellina, Nitocres, Belshazzar (lately imported to this country) and other first raters. Manuella was got by Dick Andrews, her dam Mandane by Pot-8-o's, out of Young Camilla, sister to Colibri. [See General Eng. and Am. Stud Book, page 687.] It will be seen that *Envoy's* pedigree combines the purest and most fashionable blood on the side of both sire and dam; his distinguished ancestry were celebrated as winners at long distances, carrying heavy weights; the stock of both his sire and dam are remarkable for their beauty, speed, and stoutness, winning at all distances, and training on.

Description of Envoy's *Sire, the renowned* Memnon.—He was foaled in 1822; in 1824, when 2 yrs. old, he won his two races, and the next year, at the York Spring Meeting, he won the St. Leger Stakes, and at Doncaster, on Tuesday, 25th Sept., he won the *Great St. Leger Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, 88 subscribers, of which 30 started; he won it so easily, that none but he and his great antagonist, *The Alderman*, were placed. He won many other races at all distances

Description of ENVOY.—He is now 5 years old, and was imported from England by the Hon. Wm. Wilkins, late Minister to Russia, before he was 2 yrs. old. He is much improved, and looks remarkably well, with his points now finely developed. He is of the richest bay color, without a white hair upon him, and is over 16 hands high. The Proprietor has, at his stable, a colt by him, out of his old Moses mare, 18 months old, and now between 14 and 15 hands high, that is said to be one of the finest colts in the country; also, at the stable where he stands in Clark County, Ky., a filly foaled on the 14th April, 1838, out of the same mare, which is very large and very fine. To judge from these colts Envoy must breed well. Breeders and Turfmen would do well to call and examine Envoy and his colts [F2-tes]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

TO THE BREEDERS AND TURFMEN OF THE SOUTH AND WEST.—A portion of the Stud of Horses belonging to Col. John Heth, of Virginia, will be sold for cash at Lexington, Ky., during the ensuing Spring Meeting. Among them are the following, of the most approved and fashionable stock.

1. *Chesnut Mare*, 6 yrs. old, by Sir Charles, out of Brenda (the dam of the celebrated race-horse and stallion, Collier,) by Young Whip, the son of Old Whip, owned by Mr. Cook of Kentucky: his dam by Old Medley, and her dam a Medley mare.
2. *Drunken Frolic*, out of Brenda by Sweet Larry, he by Sir Alfred, out of a full sister to old Sir Archie.
3. A —— *Mare*, 4 yrs. old, by Andrew (the sire of Balie Peyton), out of No, 2.
4. *Chesnut Colt*, 3 yrs. old, by Hotspur (the sire of Mazeppa), out of No. 2.
5. *Bay Filly*, 2 yrs. old, by Gohanna, out of No. 2.
6. *Chesnut Horse*, by Sir Charles, out of Mr. Wickham's Tariff mare.
7. That beautiful stallion *Ormond*, one of the handsomest sons of Sir Charles, out of an Alfred mare.

☞ Several other horses, mares, &c., will be offered for sale at the same time, whose pedigrees and ages, in consequence of Col. Heth's absence in England, cannot now be obtained, but a full and authentic account of everything relating to the stock, will be ready by the day of sale.

Richmond, Va., Feb. 27, 1839. [m2.]

Dr. HULL'S NEW TRUSS.

HERNIA CURED—PATENT OF 1833.—The public can now be assured that by the use of this Truss, young persons and children are the subjects of a speedy and certain cure, unparalleled instances of which are daily occurring in persons of advanced life. The approval of this instrument by the first Surgeons in the United States and England, and the immense number of Patients cured, has rendered its *superiority* over all other Trusses a matter of certainty.

Caution—The celebrity of Dr. Hull's Truss has caused many inferior articles to be manufactured, pretending to be his. Those wearing trusses cannot be too cautious in avoiding these dangerous *spurious instruments*, which have caused additional suffering to the afflicted. The genuine will have the signature of Dr. A. G. Hull on the pad of each of them, by attention to which safety will be ensured.

Office No. 4 Vesey Street, Astor House. [m2-4m].

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA RACES.

THE Spring Meeting of 1839 will commence the 3d Tuesday, 21st May, and continue four days.

First day—Match, for $1000 aside, P.P., Mile heats, between Mr. Cochran's 3 yr. old by Busiris, out of the dam of Chester, and Mr. Kelly's 2 yr. old by Busiris, dam by Escape.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old Shark colts, sub. $300 each, $200 ft., viz.:

1. Capt. R. F. Stockton names c. *Gloucester*, by Shark, out of Miss Mattie.
2. Col. John Heth " c. by Shark, out of Arietta.
3. J. H. Hellings " b. c. by Shark, out of Kate Kearney.
4. J. D. Kirby " b. c. by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid.
5. Col. W. R. Johnson " b. c. by Shark, out of Coquette.
6. Wm. Gibbons " c. *Mariner*, by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue.

Second day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $500 each, $200 ft. Mile heats; viz.:

1. R. C. Hemphill names ch. c. by Star, out of Malinda by Sir Charles.
2. J. D. Kirby " (Dr. Merritt's) b. c. *Tally Ho*, by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Primulo by Cervantes.
3. Dr. Geo. Goodwyn names (Col. Hampton's) br. f. by Argyle, out of Pocahontas.
4. Capt. R. F. Stockton names Imp. br. c. *Mercer*, by Emelius, out of Rat-trap's dam.
5. Also, " Imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel.
6. Dan'l Abbott names s. c. by Gohanna, out of I. Smith's Bussorah mare.

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Third day—Match for $1000 aside, $500 ft., Mile heats, between Mr. Kelly's full sister to Busiris, 4 yrs. old, and Mr. Cochran's *Chester*, 5 yrs.

Same day—Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, bred in Pennsylvania, sub. $100 each, $50 ft. Mile heats; viz.:

1. J. Cochrane names s. c. by Busiris, dam by Potomac.
2. D. Kelly names s. c. by Busiris, dam by Escape.
3. Gen. Irvine names s. c. by Busiris, out of Bay Bet by Rattler
4. Col. Heth names b. c. by Shark, out of Fair Rachel.
5. J. McDaniel names br. c. by Shark, out of Betsey Archie
6. J. H. Hellings names br. c. by Imp. Richard, out of Fidelity.
7. J. Potter names b. c. by Busiris, out of his brown mare.

Same day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats. W. N. FRIEND.

Philadelphia, 11th April, 1839.—[a13]

STABLE OF HORSES FOR SALE.

THE Imp. b. m. *Lily*, by The Colonel, dam Fleur de Lis, by Bourbon; will be 5 years old in May.

B. m. *Zoraida*, by Virginius (of Transport), dam by Comet, (he by Sir Archy, out of Matchless, by Bedford—Matchless out of Rea,) g. dam by Buzzard, g. g. dam Witch; for her pedigree see Turf Register, Vol. 8th, page 431. Zoraida will be 4 yrs. old in May.

G. m. *Virginia Merritt*, by Bertrand, Jr., dam Gray Girl, by Buzzard, g. dam Eliza, the dam of old Bertrand; she is 5 years old in May. Her fore legs have been injured in training. She would make a fine brood mare, as no blood could be better.

Ch. f., 3 yrs. old, by Mucklejohn, Jr., dam by Little Billy, the dam of Betsey Baxter, and I do not believe she is through-bred. Address

AUG. FLUD,
Vances Ferry P. O., South Carolina.

[a13-4t]

WHEELING RACES.

THE Races over the Wheeling Course, three miles from the city, immediately on the National Road, will commence on Tuesday, 25th June next, and continue five days.

First day—First race, for 2 yr. old colts, Mile heats, for a handsome Silver Pitcher, *to be given* by the Proprietors.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats. Entrance $50, h. ft. To name and close on the 1st of June next.

Second day—Two mile heats for a *Splendid Sett of Cut Glass*, manufactured in Wheeling—cost $250. Entrance to be governed by the number of subscribers.

Third day—Proprietors' Purse $300, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Purse $150, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Wheeling, March 30, 1839.
[a13-5t]

JNO. E. NORVELL, } Proprietors.
J. H. OLIVER, }

KANAWHA RACES, CHARLESTOWN, Va.

THE Races over the Kanawha Course, situate about two miles from Charlestown, and immediately on the Kanawha River, about 40 miles from its junction with the Ohio, accessable at all times by steamboats, will commence on the 12th of June, next and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $50 each, h. ft. Entries to name and close 1st of June.

Second day—Purse $100, Mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Purse $100, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

JNO. E. NORVELL,
Proprietor.

Charlestown, Kanawha C. H., March 30, 1839.—[a13-5t]

GREENE COUNTY (Ala.) RACES.

THE Races over the *Pactolus Course* near Clinton, Greene county, Ala., will take place on the first Tuesday in June next, being the 7th, 1839, and first meeting.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $300 each, h. ft. One subscriber; 3 or more to make a race.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $400, ent. $20, free for all ages, Two mile heats.

Third day—Purse $600, ent. $30, free for all ages, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $50, free for ages.

Fifth day—Purse $300, ent. $25, with entrance money added; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

JAMES D. McALISTER,
EDWARD JOHNSON.

Clinton, Greene Co., March 20, 1839.—[a13-2m]

ANOTHER STAKE ON THE KENDALL COURSE.

A SWEEPSTAKES has been opened for 3 yr. olds, with a subscription of $300 each, $100 forfeit, Mile heats. To name and close on the 20th April. Three or four nominations are already promised from Maryland. To enable those gentlemen that are subscribers to the $1000 stake to "take a second chance," this new stake will be run on Friday, the Two mile day. Nominations to be addressed to

JAS. B. KENDALL, Prop'r.

Baltimore, April 3, 1839.—[a6]

COLUMBUS RACES.

THE Jockey Club Spring Races over the Hyde Park Course, near Columbus, Miss., will come off on the third Tuesday in May, being the 21st of the month.

First day—Post Sweepstakes $200 each, P.P., for 3 yr. old colts and fillies; Mile heats. To name and close on the 18th May.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Sixth day—Citizens' Purse $300, Two mile heats.

It is necessary to state, that this Race Course is now entirely under the control and management of the Jockey Club, having been tendered to them by its owners. The Club has, for the accommodation of racers and others who attend this course, selected Mr. P. R. Starke (formerly President of the Club,) to manage and have everything prepared necessary for the comfort and convenience of racers. It will be perceived the purses for this Spring Meeting are small, in consequence of expenditures necessary to make the course equal to any in the Southern country. Our purses for the Fall and all other meetings for the future will be much larger. The above purses will be hung up without discount, free for any horse in the United States, complying with the rules of this course.

Columbus, Miss. March 22, 1839.—[a6]

FILES OF THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

A FEW files for the last year remain for disposal. Gentlemen desirous of obtaining the same are advised to make early application at the Publication office, corner of Broadway and Barclay street. [A6]

FINE BROOD OR RACE MARE FOR SALE.

BY Andrew, out of Lady Flirt by Hickory, dam by Duroc, (*vide* Eng. and Am. Stud Book, page 1067.) 4 yrs. old this Spring. She has fine size and action; a more desirable mare for the turf or breeding stud is rarely to be purchased, except at an enormous price. She will be sold low or exchanged for a good road horse. She can be seen at the Four Mile House, Third Avenue.

WM. D. SPARKS.

[Mar30-3t]

JOHN DAWSON AND CRAZY BILL.

JOHN DAWSON was got by Pacific, dam by Grey Archie—g. dam by Berry's Medley—g. g. dam by Old Truxton—g. g. g. dam by Imp. Mousetrap. Grey Archie was got by Old Archie, his dam by Pacolet—g. dam by Wonder, and he by Imp. Diomed. John Dawson will stand for mares the present season at the stable of FRANCIS GORDON, one mile from Spring Hill, Maury County, Tenn., at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. John Dawson is a deep bay, full 16 hands high, 9 years old this Spring.

CRAZY BILL was got by Imp. Leviathan, his dam by Clay's Sir William—g. dam by Pacolet—g. g. dam by Imp. Sterling—g. g. g. dam by Medley. Crazy Bill is a chesnut, full fifteen hands high, and 6 years old this Spring. He will stand the present season one half of his time at my stable, in Dallas County, 12 miles above Selma, and the other half at DANIEL KIRKLAND'S, in Autauga County, Alabama, and will be let to mares at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom.

R. B. HARRISON.

Benton, Lowndes Co., Ala. March 9, 1839.—[M30-3m]

BEACON COURSE RACES.

THE Races over the Beacon Course will commence on the second Tuesday, the 14th of May.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, $300 each, $100 ft. Mile heats. To close May 6th. Also, Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, $200 each, $50 ft. Mile heats. To close May 6th.

Second day—Purse $300, Two mile heats, (of this purse, $50 will be given to the second best horse, to be determined first by New York, then by Virginia Rules).

Same day—A Post Stake, Mile heats, $50 each, P.P., free only for horses that never won a race. To close May 6th.

Third day—Purse $500. Three mile heats, (of this purse $100 will be given to the second best horse, according to the preamble of the $300 purse).

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats. ALEX. L. BOTTS, Sec'y.

[March 23.]

FINE IMPORTED MARE FOR SALE.

A THOROUGH BRED BAY MARE, imported into the city of Boston, by Thomas H. Perkins, Esq. in 1833, is offered for sale on reasonable terms. She was got by Toby, out of a Grogg mare—is 15½ hands high, and for symmetry and beauty cannot be surpassed. She has never been broke nor bred from, and is well worthy the attention of breeders of fine stock. She may be seen at the stable of Mr. WILLIAM FORBES, Boston, Mass., to whom letters (post paid) respecting her may be addressed, and will receive prompt attention.

Boston, March 25, 1839.—[M30-3m]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

No. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For the accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the [Mar16-tf.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, May 11—Mons. MARTIN'S Benefit, on which occasion Mons. and Madame LECOMTE will appear. The first act of LA BAYADERE; Zoloe, Madame Lecomte—PROMOTION; the two first acts of MASANIELLO; Masaniello, Mons. Lecomte—Divertisement; A Pas de Deux by Master and Miss Wells; A Pas Styrien by Mad. Lecomte and Mons. Martin; to conclude with SHOCKING EVENTS.

MONDAY, May 13—Last night but one of Mr. SINCLAIR and Mrs. GIBBS' engagement.

TUESDAY, May 14—First night of Miss CLIFTON'S engagement.

WEDNESDAY, May 15—Last night of Mr. SINCLAIR and Mrs. GIBBS' engagement.

THURSDAY, May 16—Second night of Miss CLIFTON'S engagement.

FRIDAY, May 17—Mr. SINCLAIR'S Benefit.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, May 11—The Grand Opera of THE MOUNTAIN SYLPH; Donald, Mr. WILSON; Hela, Mr. SEGUIN; Eolia, Miss SHIRREFF; Jessie, Mrs. BAILEY—To conclude with the farce of THE MIDDY ASHORE (1st time).

MONDAY, May 13—Rossini's Opera of CINDERELLA; Cinderella (first time in N.Y.), Miss Shirreff; Prince, Mr. Wilson; Dandini, Mr. Seguin; Baron Pompolino (his 1st appearance,) Mr. Morley—To conclude with a new and popular farce.

Tuesday and Wednesday a grand Opera, in which the above popular artists will appear.

FRANKLIN THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, May 11—Benefit of Mr. WILLS—JACQUES STROP—1st appearance of Mr. JOHN STICKNEY, who has kindly volunteered—To conclude with BLACK EYED SUSAN.

MONDAY, May 13—JACQUES STROP and TOM CRINGLE.

TUESDAY, May 14—Benefit of Mr. D. F. CARPENTER.

WEDNESDAY, May 15—Benefit of Miss LOUISA FREIDAUF.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

NOTICE TO DRAMATIC AUTHORS.—The subscriber would respectfully inform the professsion, that in some degree to encourage native talent, he will give $100 for any successful new drama of not less than 2 acts, and one half the receipts of the house on the 6th night of representation—and $50 for a farce, and one third of the house on the 6th night of representation as above.

The strictest attention will be paid, and no expense spared, to give effect to all pieces produced. Address (post paid)

D. D. McKINNEY,
Olympic Theatre.

[my4tf]

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

NOTICE.—All persons having claims against the above establishment, under the present management, are particularly requested to present the same, daily, at the Box Office between the hours of 10 A.M. and 2 P.M., for ajustment. The box book is now open, and seats can be secured.

WM. M'KINNEY.

May 1, 1839.—[m1tf]

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—To write of the theatres this week is a pleasant duty, because we have to tell of the continued, the increasing success of the Park. Since it has been rendered fit for decent people to frequent, you may see its old supporters, one by one, returning to fill their accustomed seats, and indeed it is a pleasure again to hear an overture played to an attentive house, as you may now, even if it be not a medley of "Betsey Baker" and "Zip Coon." We were struck by the contrast which the house on Wednesday evening presented, with any of those which not far back were attracted by the "great tragedian." The pit was equally full, but how different in character! You could sit there with a conviction that you were surrounded by those who like yourself came to enjoy the music or the play,—by people who were fitted to appreciate the one or the other. The boxes were marked by a corresponding distinction,—you had not whole fronts crowded with orange-sucking ladies and gin-sling attendants; but if by chance you cast your eyes aloft, you did indeed perceive a change! The third tier, which six weeks since, was lined throughout its extent with bedizened patrons of the "great tragedian" was happily vacated, and some solitary wretched one alone remained to wonder at the solitude and silence of that lofty circle.

Sinclair and Mrs. Gibbs have drawn good houses uniformly the past week; his voice has suffered less from age than could be believed, and Mrs. Gibbs all allow never sang better here. Lecomte too, and her brother, have likewise been doing a very good business. They appeared, now a fortnight since, in some unfortunate dance in which they excited little applause, but the moment the "Bayadere" was substituted, there was a decided change. But their most eminent success was achieved in a new ballet entitled "La Fille mal Gardée." It is an extremely pretty thing,—a little rustic, truel-ove tale of sunny France, told in *action*, not words, with perfect distinctness, and with pointed effect. Lecomte looks better in *Lisa* than in any character she has yet assumed. There is full scope in the ballet, not alone for her brilliant dancing, but for that grace by which all her movements are characterized. She cannot raise her arm or turn her head, without impressing you by her most gracious mien, and she falls into attitudes so easy and elegant, her hands obeying this rule of her action with even more certainty than her limbs, that your senses are charmed with the repose and beauty of the picture she presents.

Had we seen this little ballet previously, we should not have written so coldly as we did last week of M. Martin. In it he has a character every way fitted to develope his powers, and he certainly dances with a spirit and brilliancy which we have seen equalled by no man for these many years. Grace is as much the characteristic of M. Martin as of his sister, and it is difficult to conceive of so much of it united with the rapid movements which he incessantly executes, approaching oftentimes mere *tours de force*. He takes a benefit to-night, and every reader whose eye this page may previously meet, is advised to attend; we have been by no means extravagant in our praises, and our readers who will heed to us may assure themselves of the highest gratification. This engagement, by the way, is a very proper one for the management shortly to renew. Why cannot the ballet be attached permanently to our theatres, so much better is it than the common farce?

M. Taglioni, the brother of *the* Taglioni, arrived by the Liverpool, with his wife. They are engaged at this house, and will draw, be they ever so indifferent as artists, by the force of their great European celebrity. We have heard it said, too, that Augusta is again in town—the beauteous favorite, wherever she may go. We know not whether she is yet engaged, but presume that Mr. Simpson will not allow her to escape. The names of these three dancers recall the idea of a fixed ballet to be attached to our theatres. Let us think more of it.

We wished to write much more of the Park, and its prospects this week, so prolific is the theme, but our columns are so occupied with intelligence from Europe, that we can only find room to announce that Miss Clifton is to play a short engagement here, commencing next week with *Anne Boleyn*, a new character to us, in which she was very successful in New Orleans the past winter. Her beauty alone is usually all-powerful in attracting an audience, and we risk nothing, therefore, in anticipating crowded houses.

Miss Tree is either in town or close at hand. She, too, will soon appear at the Park. How welcome will she be!

The National.—We have had a succession of fine operas here this week, which have been fashionably attended, but we have not left ourselves room to say more of them, nor of the attractions for next week. A similar difficulty prevents us from giving a column to the Bowery, agreeably to the notice which the "Star" promulgated for us the other evening. We have been up there and no mistake, and can tell, and will, just how it all looks.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS.

The great event in Parisian Theatricals is Auber's new opera of "Le Lac des Fées." It is rightly appreciated by the writer of the following letter, if we may judge from numerous notices of the press, although the "Examiner's" correspondent thinks differently.

Paris, Tuesday, April 2, 1839.

"Next to the formation of the Ministry, the important event which has agitated us here has been the long-promised production of Auber's new opera of "Le Lac des Fées" (The Fairy Lake), which was brought out last night with transcendant, and, I will add, with deserved success. The applause was loud and frequent during its progress, and at the conclusion the cheering was deafening. Auber was loudly called for, but did not appear; but his name as the composer, the names of MM. Scribe and Melesville, as the writers of the *libretto*; those of MM. Philastre and Cambon, as the scene-painters; and of M. Coraly, as the arranger of the ballets, were announced and received with immense approbation. "Le Lac des Fées" has two undoubted claims for popularity; first, the general, excellence of the music, and secondly, its great charm as a spectacle. It is truly enchantment from beginning to end—gorgeous in its pageants, rich in costume, picturesque in scenery, and unparalleled in its fairy-like effects. Such a spectacle, in fact, which only the resources of such an establishment as the Academie can produce, and which leave far behind the pigmy attempts of our London theatres. The house was filled in every part by a brilliant assemblage and no places could be obtained for days before except at five times the usual prices, one great evil of the Parisian theatres, where the admission tickets are bought up by speculators, who charge what they please. Thus for a stall fifty francs were paid, the customary price being ten francs.

Auber is generally very happy in his overtures, and he has been particularly so in this instance. It opens with a march *maestoso*, a nice effect being produced by the subject being played by the wood band, with the stringed instruments pizzicato. The march steals into a flowing melody, which is heard through the opera, and haunts my memory at this moment. A *motif* for the flute will be remarked with pleasure. Then comes a broad *chorale*, in the German school, succeded by a lively allegro, the subject of which is very popular. The whole is wound up in Auber's spirited style, and with not too much, however, of the brass band, drums, cymbals, &c., and, we may add *par parenthese*, that he has eschewed throughout the opera the noisy orchestral adjuncts."

Another writer says that the Opera House at Paris has been crowded every night since its first appearance, and the music is likely to prove, if possible, more popular than that of *Gustave* and *Masaniello*. The managers of more than one metropolitan theatre have sent agents to Paris in order to secure the score. Strauss and Musard are occupied arranging waltzes and quadrilles from the most favourite subjects, and Doehler and Herz are already engaged in the manufacture of variations and fantasias on all the striking melodies.

We have a full account of the plot and the music, and hope to be called on to publish it, by the probability that the opera will be brought out here. It is already announced as in preparation for performance at Drury-Lane Theatre, under the title of "The Fairy Lake." To back this novelty a new ballet is also promised, in which Perrot and his wife (Carlotta Grisi) are to make their first appearance on an English stage.

Rooke's new opera, which was to be brought out at Covent Garden Theatre on the 30th ult., is entitled *Henrique; or The Love Pilgrim.*

Mdlle. Taglioni had arrived at Vienna, as is stated in a letter from the Austrian capital. The Italian Opera was to commence its season early in April The tickets are to be doubled or tripled in prices during the ten nights of Mdlle. Taglioni's engagement. Four *primæ donnæ*, three *primi tenori*, and three *primi bassi* are engaged!

Jenny Vertpré, the lively, witty, and piquant actress, has just retired from the stage, of which she has long been a distinguished ornament. She lately took leave of the Parisian public at the Odeon Theatre, when Mademoiselle Rachel and the principal *artistes dramatiques* of the capital contributed to she splendour of her last performance. The *beneficiaire's* receipts on the occasion amounted to 12,640 francs. Jenny Vertpré, or Madame Carmouche, commenced her theatrical career in 1816 in the part of *Annette* of *La Pie Voleuse*, and from that period maintained her reputation as a graceful, arch, and original actress in upwards of forty characters. She was alternately applauded at the Porte Saint Martin, Vaudeville, Gymnase, Varietés, as well as in London, at Amsterdam, and Berlin; and if she have resigned her profession earlier than many of her friends wished, it is because her good sense warned her to shun the example of but too many of her comrades who, heedless of an inconstant public, cling to the last to the wrecks of their talent, fame, and vogue.

It was rumoured that the celebrated comic actress, Mademoiselle Mars intended to avail herself of the success of M. Dumas's new drama, "*Mademoiselle de Belleisle*," to retire from the stage, after commanding public admiration for forty-seven years. Such is not the case for we learn from another paper that she is about so subscribe a new engagement with the Theatre Français, whereby, for five years more, she is to perform exclusively and without competition in every character she pleases, whether young or old, and in every description of dramatic pieces. Madlle. Mars performed thirty years ago in the farewell benefit of the great actress, Madlle. Confat; and last week, dressed in the most elegant manner, and wearing her most splendid diamonds, she enacted the part of *Celimene*, in Moliere's *Misanthrope*, for the farewell benefit of the tragedian, Lafont, the best remaining tragic actor of the Theatre Français. He had belonged to that theatre for the last thirty years, ane though during the latter fifteen his performances had been confined to a few characters of the classic drama, which enjoyed little favour, he had, in the commencement of his career, not only been Talma's most dangerous rival, but had even completely eclipsed that great tragedian for two years together. His farewell benefit, wherein Mdlle. Rachel played for the first time the part of *Laodice* in Corneille's *Nicomède*, yielded 14,000 francs.

A report which excites general attention, is gaining ground, so much that it may be worth while to notice it. It is said that the Duke D'Ossuna, a young foreign nobleman, whose fortune is as large as his name is illustrious, being deeply touched with the personal accomplishments of the young Jewess, and not less enthusiastically admiring her talent and success, intends to wrest her from the stage and place upon her head the coronet of a Castilian Duchess. It is affirmed that one of the first conditions of a marriage which will give her a fortune of many millions, and raise her to one of the first ranks in European aristocracy, is to be her abandonment of the stage, for it is certain that theatrical nobility would but ill suit Spanish pride. If these reports be confirmed, they will prove that philosophic notions have penetrated to the heart of Charles the Fifth's old monarchy, and that there is now as much philosophy at Madrid as in London and Paris. The Upper House of England includes several noble Lords who have married actresses, and but a short time back the Earl of Essex married Miss Stephens, the celebrated vocalist. In the last century Mdlle. Clairon was very near marrying the Margrave of Anspach; why should Mdlle. Rachel not become a Spanish Duchess, and the wife of a Spanish Grandee, she who has often seen the brother of Philip II., in Casimir Lavigne's *Don Juan D'Antriche*, on the point of marrying the Jewess, Dona Florinda? All is so marvellous in the young girl's career—her infancy, talent, and success, that such a marriage would be the least extraordinary event of her life. What is to become of the Theatre Français if she become a Duchess, must be anxiously asked there. When she performs the receipts amount to $1200, and only to $60 when she is away.

Many of the London press ridicule the recent attempt upon Vestris as a hoax, though we do not believe that it was. But Madame herself is so grieved that any should be incredulous, that she is cutting down her free-list rapidly. Even "The Times" is dropped, as is the "Dispatch," the "Age," and others. One paper turns upon her like a rabid dog, and thus pays it into "Charles," as the most effective way of reaching Madame in the following theatrical gossip.

It is a pity Madame Vestris or Mrs. Mathews (for we are really puzzled to hnow by which name she desires to be addressed) has so many *bad advisers*, about her. We say it, and distinctly, she has not a single honest-hearted gentleman admited to her councils. Her spouse is a mere flippant popinjay, whose knowledge of the world has been long since accurately defined by Dr. Johnson—a pitiful chatter-box, who would heve dropped through the stage of any barn in any portion of civilised Christendom, had he not had for his histrionic godfather the immortal Liston, who drew him from the protecting shadow of Vestris' petticoat, and implored a good-humoured audience, by the recollection of the father, to think well of the sod! This coxcomb always reminds us of a cast-of valet, set up the gentleman upon his own account, with a few suits of his master's and a monstrous idea that, having once brushed a man of fashion's coat, he must be a man of fashion himself when he wears the discarded garment. The impudence of this conceited puppy, and it was all through his consummate conceit that he got himself and Madame *chased* from America, is ludicrously exhibited in more ways than one.

There is something particularly diverting in one singularity of this *soi-disant* gentleman, which completely shows the innate narrowness of his mind, and the vulgarity of his origin; proving that as the fellow never was born to be a gentleman, he never will be one. "Master Mathews, e-ah, e-ah, never answers letters!" was the reply lately made to a most respectable firm. Now, if there is one point of punctilio with a true gentleman, it is a rigid adherence to the courtesy, of reply when an answer is required. The simple acknowledgment of receipt is a reply; though the coldest formality of language may be used, still it is a reply. But the *parvenue*, who plays to footmen for their shillings, "never answers letters!" Does he ever soap his nose? As for Madame, we repeat she has *bad advisers* about her, and she will find that out in time. With her we have no quarrel; but, whether she considers us friends or foes, she will do wisely to think of what we say.

When "Rule Britannia" was sung, at the Fund Dinner, a gentleman near us kept his seat. "Why don't you rise to 'Rule Britannia?'" we asked. "Rule Sir!" was his reply—"not I! I will *not* stand up to hear a lie sung—'Britannia' *does not* rule the waves.'"

Van Amburgh could not appear in front after the conclusion of performances in the Dens, and Titus was obliged to appear and apologise for him. The audience were in the dark upon the subject—we will enlighten them. Van Amburgh unfortunately split his inexpressibles.

An Unrehearsed Stage-effect.—On Saturday night, whilst the audience of the Haymarket Theatre were laughing at the humours of Power as *Paudeen O'Rafferty*, while telling the Neapolian Count how he was "born to good luck after all, bekase the quality were all so kind and hospitible to him—in fact, it was ating and drinking at ivery house."—the circular leaf of a claw-table which had been unsecured in the recesses of the scenery, and was being removed, suddenly rolled across the stage and waddled towards the "orcheonic" musicians, who had just been let down below the horizon of the pit. The oddity of this unexpected appearance excited roars of laughter, and the table was on the point of rolling into the orchestra, where undoubtedly it would have executed a "grand crash" amongst the heads and instruments of the performers, had not one of them instantly risen and pushed it back from the front light. The table then took a new direction, and made directly for *Paudeen* and the Count, and then pulling up half way, it commenced a fit of clumsy, noisy, horisontal gyration, and at last settled down in peace on the floor of the stage. Irresistible peals of laughter and applause greeted the new debutant, and Power rescued himself and his colleague from the awkwardness of their position by remarking, "You see even the tables themselves come rowling afther me." This *apropos* interpolation was received with another burst of applause and laughter.

The members of the Shakspeare Club recently gave a splendid entertainment to Mr. Macready, at the Piazza Coffee House, Covent Garden, to commemorate his great exertions in the restoration and support of the legitimate drama. There were present about fifty gentlemen, most of whom are associated with the literature and the fine arts of the country, and some of them their brightest ornaments. Charles Dickens, Esq. (*Boz*), was the chairman, in the absence of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, the president of the Club, who was engaged on the Midland circuit.

An amusing trial was recently had, deeply involving the interests of the stage and its professors. A performer named Young summoned Mr. Davidge, lessee of the Surrey Theatre, before the Southwark Court of Requests, to show cause why he refused to pay complainant a week's salary. Mr. Young had been engaged for glee-singing and general business, and in the latter capacity had for one night only made one of the seven who figured on the shoulders of Mons. Bihin, during the temporary sojourn of that eminent actor in the "Giant's Castle" at the Surrey. Plaintiff, however, not relishing so elevated a position, refused to appear a second time, and was therefore dismissed *instanter*. For the defence it was urged that Mr. Young had entered into articles to do whatever should be required. Mr. Young replied that he had been engaged to perform in "respectable utility," and not in "general utility." Being requested by the unlearned commissioners to explain, he said "respectable utility" meant the higher class of performances, whereas "general utility" gentlemen must do every thing. The commissioners were of opinion that Mr. Young having appeared one night on the giant's shoulders had tacitly admitted the "respectable utility" of the part, and allowed only one night's salary.

Miss Faucit was lately seized with so serious an illness, while playing in "Richelieu" as to be incapable of going through the part. Miss Vandenhoff on subsequent evenings was substituted, and it was feared that Miss Faucit would be unable to play for her own benefit which was soon to take place.

On the evening of the 28th ult., her Majesty honored Drury Lane with a visit (*incog.*) on which occasion Madame Albertazzi made her re-appearance in *Annette*, in Rossini's delightful opera of *La Gazza Ladra*. Madame Albertazzi experienced a hearty welcome, and is said to have sung the music of her arduous part with her accustomed excellence. The only novelty in the cast was Mr. Balfe's performance of the old soldier, *Annette's* father. Her Majesty accompanied by her suite, arrived almost at the commencement of the performance, remained during the whole of it, and retired during the first act of the ballet. Her privacy was not interrupted by any intrusive expressions of loyalty. Few persons in the theatre noticed either her arrival or her departure.

Mr. Braham was engaged to perform at the Liverpool Theatre for a limited number of nights, commencing on Monday, the 15th ult.

General Theatrical Fund Association.—A very numerous meeting of the members of this association was held on Tuesday at the English Opera House. Mr. Elton, of Covent Garden Theatre, in the chair. The arrangements for the establishment of the association having now been completed, to the entire satisfaction of the members; the rules and regulations for the government of the institution, finally agreed to at a meeting of the committee held at the English Opera House on the 22d of January last (together with an introductory address), which had been printed, were brought up and read by Mr. Halford, the secretary. The following gentlemen constitute the committee of the association:—Messrs. Elton (chairman and treasurer *pro. tem.*), Sheridan Knowles, Vandenhoff, Vining, Attwood, Cullingford, Cowle, Cathcart, Elliott, Forrester, T. Green, Hemming, Kenneth, J. Lee, Lyon, M'Ian, Melville, Turnour, Perry, Ransom, Strickland, W. Smith, and J. F. Saville.

Jim Crow Rice is taking a provincial tour, and is likely to jump at most of the principal cities in the kingdom.

Van Amburgh and his lions are going to Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, and then to Paris.

Mr. H. Hall, to use little Buckstone's words, "has made a precious go" of it at Sheffield. His *Luke* is highly spoken of, and his *quaintness* in *The Soldier's Daughter* has completely astonished the venders of hardware.

Mr. Charles Kean commenced an engagement at Dublin on Monday. He will, after scouring the provinces, proceed to America, and join Wallack at the National. Stephen Price has lately remarked that the Park is at a discount.

Mrs. Honey has been amusing the Lancashire witches. *On dit*, she intends to visit the New World in the course of the spring. Chesterfield must go to *Newmarket*.

Buckstone's benefit at Glasgow was a bumper. It was under the patronage of Sir Walter Scott; and the little comedian gained a prize in his *Lottery Ticket*.

In the snowy weather last week, Sir —— —— met Mrs. ——, rather sprinkled with the fleecy fall, and said "Why do you wear your sable *boa* on a day like this?" "Because, my dear sir," replied the lady, "I do not like my *chinchilly*."

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839 enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES. printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831; the *Old Series* contained Five Volumes. On the 20th Feb., 1836, a *New Series* was commenced. which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising Three Volumes; a very few copies of the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

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E. L. GARVIN, Printer.